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SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF NAPOLEON AND HIS TIMES.

By John C. Ropes.

I.

Profile of Bust by Ceracchi.

IT has not been difficult of late years to collect contemporary prints of the First Napoleon. It may have been otherwise under the Second Empire — probably it was—but since the establishment of the Third Republic it has been easy enough. The history of Napoleon's prestige in France may be told in a few words.

Napoleon's personal force was so great, and he had so identified himself with France, that, in spite of the reaction consequent on the Restoration of Louis XVIII., the French people, as a whole, accepted him and glorified him as the national hero. His fame, and the magical influence of his name, suffered little even from the recollections of Leipsic and Waterloo; his reputation, in fact, increased steadily all through the period of the rule of the returned Bourbons, and at no time was more potent than in the reign of Louis Philippe. In his day Napoleon's remains were brought back from St. Helena, and interred, with great pomp, in the Invalides. The shops of Paris were full of pictures of his battles, of portraits of him and of his marshals. Up to the Revolution of 1848, Napoleon's government and policy were always, in the popular mind, opposed to the policy and government of the Bourbons. He stood for the principle of the national will; they—the older branch, of course, more particularly—for the principle of divine right. After the deposition of Louis Philippe, the tremendous influence of Napoleon's name carried Prince Louis into the chair of the President of the new Republic by an overwhelming majority, in spite of everything that the government could do to prevent it. But from that moment a new chapter began. Napoleon was now no longer, in the minds of the French people, placed in contrast with the Bourbon kings, but with the Republic. The *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, embittered the Republicans against the uncle almost as much as against the nephew, for it was by the uncle's name that the nephew had won. Hence came a systematic effort to write down the First Napoleon, with the view of weakening the hold of the Third Napoleon upon the popular mind. Lanfrey's History is the best illustration of a work of this kind. The fall of the Second Empire, with all its mortifying incidents and terrible disasters, did much — however illogically — to lower the prestige of Napoleon the First; and since 1871, Republicans and Bonapartists

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have been always at swords' points. In France to-day, whatever may be in fact the strength of the veneration felt for the First Napoleon, one sees and hears little of him. There are, of course, many prints, busts, medals, statuettes

Plate II.—A Bronze Bust.

of him to be found in the shops; but they are not so highly prized, I fancy, to-day as they were forty years ago.

The likeness of Napoleon in the frontispiece to this article is from an engraving of a portrait by Appiani. It was evidently taken when he was general of the Army of Italy, in the service of the Directory, somewhere about 1796 or 1797, when he was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old.* At no time of his life did he excite more admiration, awaken more enthusiasm, than during his first campaigns in Italy. He was so young, so handsome, so alert, so untiring, the odds were so tremendously against him all the time, that he at once became a hero in the popular imagination. In this and in the next three portraits we can see, I think, clearly, the expression of a man whose youth had been spoiled by no excesses of pleasure, and had been devoted to serious and manly pursuits. The expression is at once gentle and earnest. There is an almost feminine delicacy in the eyes and in the lines of the mouth in these four portraits, which we do not elsewhere find. That it, however, once really existed, and was a marked and attractive characteristic of Napoleon's countenance when a young man, the cumulative testimony of these four portraits makes one very sure.

Our next illustration (Plate II.) is from a bronze bust in my own possession. It is, exclusive of the bracket, ten inches high—the bracket itself being nine inches in length—and is really a beautiful work of art. I found it at a bric-à-brac shop in Paris—No. 3 Rue de Provence—in 1879. I make no doubt that it was made in Italy, and from life, but I know not by whom. The filigree work on the lapel of the coat is the same as in the Appiani picture.

While the portrait given in Plate III. strongly resembles the Appiani head and the bust, it is by an artist named Bouillon, which would indicate that it was made in France; and, as the engraving purports to be a likeness of Napoleon when First Consul, the portrait may have been made at a later date than those of which we have just been speaking, although I think not. It is, in my opinion, one of the pleasantest of the early likenesses of Napoleon.

The original of Plate IV. is a pencil-sketch, signed "Isabey," who was, we know, one of the best portrait-painters of that period, to whom Napoleon often sat. When I obtained it, it was accompanied by two steel-engravings, apparently made from it, one showing the same side of the face as in the sketch, and the other showing the reverse side. Neither of these engravings was, however, equal in point of delicacy of expression to the pencil-sketch, which is reproduced here. It is dated "1801."

The next four likenesses seem to me capable of being classed together. In them the gentle and winning expression

* At first sight it would seem that this statement is contradicted by the title of the engraving, which is "Napoleone I., Imperatore dè Francesi e Rè d'Italia." But the picture is said to have been engraved in 1803, which was the year before he became emperor. How long before it was engraved it was painted is a matter of guesswork: I think the date is probably given correctly in the text. The title, at any rate, gives us no help.

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that we have just been observing is quite gone. In its place we find set lines in the face, showing enterprise, not to say audacity, and stern decision of character, bordering on severity. All this would be but the natural result of the terribly trying campaigns of 1796 and 1797, when Beaulieu, Wurmser, Alvinzi, and the Archduke Charles were successively defeated through the ceaseless vigilance, untiring energy, and rapid and sure intelligence of the young commander. Bonaparte must have grown old fast between April, 1796, and April, 1797.

The first of these (Plate V.) is from a rough pen-and-ink sketch by the Baron Le Gros, a famous portrait-painter of those days, who often painted Napoleon. It is, as I have said, rough, but there is a good deal of character in it. There is here a certain rigidity in the outlines of the face suggestive of harshness.

Something of this is to be remarked even in the beautiful white-marble bust of General Bonaparte by the celebrated and unfortunate Ceracchi, of which we give a representation in Plate VI., and a profile vignette at the beginning of this article. Ceracchi was an Italian, as his name indicates, and an ardent Republican. When Bonaparte was in Italy, in 1796 and 1797, Ceracchi became one of his most ardent admirers. It was at this period that he made this bust. But when, after his return from Egypt, Napoleon overturned the Directory and made himself First Consul, Ceracchi was disappointed and incensed beyond measure. He connected himself with some others

Plate III.—From an Old Engraving of a Picture by Bouillon.

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in similar plight—discontented Republicans—was accused of having had a share in the conspiracy of December, 1800, when the First Consul was nearly blown up by an infernal machine, and was convicted and executed in 1801. I think it is now generally believed that he and those who suffered with him were innocent, and that the plot was in reality of Royalist, and not of Jacobin, origin. This bust is, so far as I know, unique. Many years ago it came into the possession of Thomas Jefferson, who had it at Monticello, his home in Virginia. Afterward it came into the possession of the late Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, who married a granddaughter of Mr. Jefferson. It is now owned by his son, Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, of Boston, and it is through his courtesy that I have been able to procure a photograph of it.

Plate IV.—From a Pencil Sketch by Isabey.

As a portrait, it is remarkable for the union of delicacy of feature with a certain seriousness, not to say austerity, of expression. There is a well-defined difference between this bust and that represented in Plate II., showing clearly the hardening of the features and the deepening of the lines of the face, the consequence of care, authority, responsibility. Yet the countenance is one of great beauty. The workmanship of this bust is perfect—it is an exquisite work of art.

Not unlike this, but showing more animation and enthusiasm, is the admirable sketch in black and white by David, which is reproduced in Plate VII. David painted Napoleon a number of times; but I do not recall any portrait of his equal in point of strength and charm to this unfinished sketch.

The legend on the engraving from which Plate VIII. was made—"Lodi-Rivoli-Castiglione-Pyramides-Aboukir"—informs us that it was made after Bonaparte's return from Egypt, in the autumn of 1799. This portrait—one, I think, of the most characteristic of those which represent Napoleon as a young man, is by the Baron Le Gros, a rough sketch by whom we saw in Plate V. In the picture before us we have the vigor, the audacity, the masterful spirit, the *gaudium certaminis* of the successful general very strongly and unmistakably portrayed. It is interesting to remember that this portrait must have been taken shortly before the crossing of the Alps and the battle of Marengo.

There can be no question that Napoleon's overthrow of the Directory and assumption of the reins of government, on the Eighteenth of Brumaire, 1799, was cordially approved by the French people. They may have been right, or they may have been wrong, in this, but the fact is really beyond dispute. The truth is, the Directory was itself a government of usurpers. The then existing board had, in the *coup d'état* of the Eighteenth of Fructidor, 1797, a little more than two years before, nullified the elections, turned out their competitors, and banished and proscribed their opponents. But it was not resentment at this which was at the bottom of the popular approval of Bonaparte's action. The French public had very little, if any, more sympathy with the defeated party, in the struggle of 1797, than with their

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more unscrupulous and successful opponents. The trouble was far deeper than this. The Revolution was gradually losing its momentum; it had done its work, which was in great part destruction; its existing agents and functionaries were men of no political or social strength; the Monarchists were beginning to show their heads; and moderate men were considering whether even the old *régime*, shorn, as they supposed it would be, of some of its worst features, would not be more respectable—in fact, preferable in every way to the indefinite continuance in office of an irresponsible committee who had, as appeared by their recent action, plainly made up their minds to hold on to power, whatever might be the result of popular elections. On the other hand, liberal men, who recognized and appreciated the enormous benefits which the Revolution had gained for France, shrank back with dread from the idea of turning the country over to the Royalists and the returned emigrants. In the then chaotic state of the law, it would be perfectly possible to undo almost everything that the Revolution had gained for popular rights, to destroy its great acquisition—equality before the law—to replace all the old abuses, inequalities, monopolies, distinctions, exemptions. Hence, at the time when Bonaparte returned from Egypt, public opinion in France was in a very excitable state. On the one hand, it was felt that the rule of the Directory was unstable, resting, since the Eighteenth of Fructidor, 1797, neither on the authority of law nor on the consent of the people; on the other, it seemed that, bad as it was, it must be supported indefinitely, as the only alternative seemed to be the restoration of the monarchy and the reintroduction of the abuses which the Revolution had swept away.

It is to be observed that in all these views there is no point made of the kind of government, as affecting the right of the people to govern, but only as affecting the legal and civil rights and equalities of condition gained in the Revolution. Everybody expected to be governed; that went without saying; nor did it so much matter by whom; the only important thing was the preservation, or abolition, of the great reforms, in the direction of equality of civil rights, introduced by the Revolution.

Plate V.—From a Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Le Gros.

Hence, in Bonaparte the Liberal party, the party opposed to the restoration of the Bourbons, saw precisely the man they wanted. His fame as a soldier, his great reputation for ability of every kind, commended him to public attention. He was unmistakably in favor of preserving all the good worked by the late Revolution. Nor had he been a

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month in office as First Consul before the whole nation rejoiced to find that there was now no further doubt as to the preservation of the rights and liberties and equalities, so recently acquired, and at such a vast expense; while at the same time the industries of the country sprang into a healthy activity, as they recognized the firm grasp of an able man of affairs on the helm of the ship of state.

The well-known full-length portrait, by Isabey, of the First Consul walking in the grounds of the Palace of Malmaison, of which we give an engraving here (Plate IX.), shows us Napoleon at this stage of his career. He is in uniform, to be sure, but the countenance gives no sign of being stirred by the anxieties or the elations of war. On the contrary, we have here Napoleon in civil life, calm, serious, intelligent, devoting his time wholly to the great tasks of the public service.

Taken about this period, in the year 1803, is the portrait by Gérard, which we reproduce in Plate X. It is noticeable that in this picture the features are not so thin as in most of the portraits we have hitherto seen. Evidently his face had begun to fill out. As is well known, he ultimately became very corpulent. At this time, however, judging by this picture, he was as handsome as ever, although there is certainly less expression in his features than is to be found in several of the earlier likenesses.

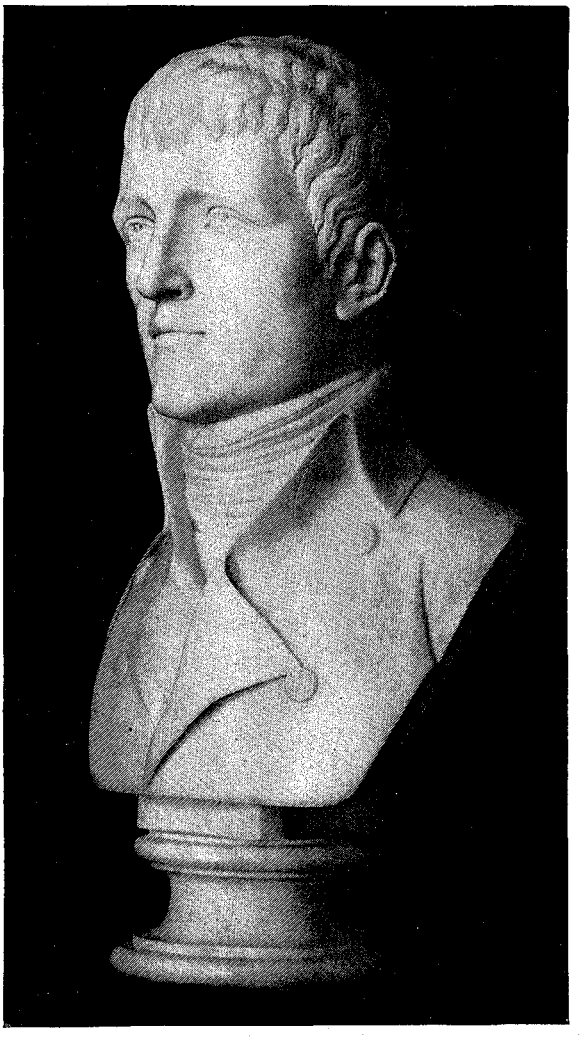

Plate VI.—From a Bust by Ceracchi.

It was, of course, to be expected that the great sculptor of the period, Canova, should try his skilful hand in modelling the head of the new ruler of France; and in Plate XI. we have a representation of the colossal bust by Canova in the Pitti Palace in Florence. Handsome it unquestionably is, notwithstanding that the photograph from which our picture was made, albeit an excellent one, distorts more or less the features, as many photographs do. But the bust is not very valuable as a likeness—there is too much effort to produce a striking effect.

The extremely fine portrait reproduced from an engraving by Raphael Morghen of a picture by Gérard of Napoleon in his imperial robes, which is given in Plate XII., is one of Napoleon's best-known likenesses. Perhaps it is a somewhat flattered likeness; still, it may well be that, taken, as it was, when the exceptional fatigues and anxieties of the Italian and Egyptian cam-

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paigns had been succeeded by peace and prosperity, he may have looked his best. There is, nevertheless, to be noted, an absence of the interesting traits observ-

Plate VII.—From a Crayon by David.

able in the earlier portraits. This picture was made probably in 1804 or 1805, about the time he became Emperor.

To this period belongs Gilray's famous caricature of the projected invasion of England, a copy of which we give in Plate XV. The delightful self-confidence of the British public demanded this diet. These caricatures were all of a piece. Bonaparte was always held up to ridicule, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. The English believed themselves invincible; at that time they invariably beat the French at sea, and they had no doubt they could do so on shore, if ever their enemies succeeded in

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effecting a landing. And in so far as they were actuated in all this by patriotism, and by the sturdy courage of the English race, they were to be admired. Still, it must be confessed, there is a

Plate VIII.—From an Old Engraving.

ludicrous side to it all. Thackeray says, in his "Four Georges:" "You may have seen Gilray's famous print of him [George III.], in the old wig, in the stout, old, hideous Windsor uniform, as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, while in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pygmy. Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon."

England, however, as we all know, was not invaded. The French Admiral Villeneuve was outmanœuvred by Lord Nelson, and, finally, at the great battle of Trafalgar the combined French and Spanish fleets were destroyed. All hope of gaining, even for a short time, the mastery of the Channel being gone, Napoleon determined to deal another member of the coalition a swift and decisive blow. The camp at Boulogne was broken up; the army, one of the finest, if not the finest, that, even in those days of continual war, France ever saw, was hurried rapidly through the German states on the Lower Rhine, and the Austrian General Mack, who was awaiting at Ulm the advent of his foes from a very different quarter, suddenly awoke to find himself surrounded and his whole force taken prisoner. Pursuing his march without delay, Napoleon entered Vienna on November 13, 1805; and on the memorable 2d of December the allied army was routed at the famous battle of Austerlitz. The caricature which we reproduce in Plate XVI. was evidently made after the capture of Ulm and before the fall of Vienna. It is a French take-off of the allies, and is stated to be drawn by a dragoon of the Second Regiment and dedicated to the "Grande Armée." On the left, standing in front of the city of Ulm, is the unfortunate Mack, shaking and quaking with rage and mortification, his "Plan de campagne" sticking out of his coat-pocket; a long column of prisoners, in the well-known white uniform of the Austrians, is filing out of the town; in the centre is a French dragoon, evidently getting much the better of a Russian soldier; on the right is the traditional John Bull, his money dropping from his pockets, horror-stricken at seeing the coalition to which he had so liberally subscribed, coming so speedily to grief; and in the distance are to be seen the walls of Vienna and the steeples of St. Stephen's Church. It looks like a soldier's picture, and as a contemporary bit of history is certainly interesting.

The battle of Austerlitz was fought, as has been said, on December 2, 1805. Early in 1806, peace was made by the Treaty of Presburg; and Napoleon returned to Paris, to occupy himself in consolidating his influence in Germany by founding the Confederation of the Rhine. It was at this time, in the year 1806, when he was in the zenith, or about the zenith, of his fortunes, that the portrait by Longhi, of which in Plate XIII. we give a representation, was taken. Our print is from an excellent engraving, made by the artist himself. The face is certainly extremely handsome; there is great refinement in the features, and every indication of intellectual power. The remarkable thing about it is, that it does not in the least suggest a warrior; it is hard to imagine that it is a portrait of Napoleon, drawn in the brief period which intervened between Austerlitz and Jena. It is, however, a

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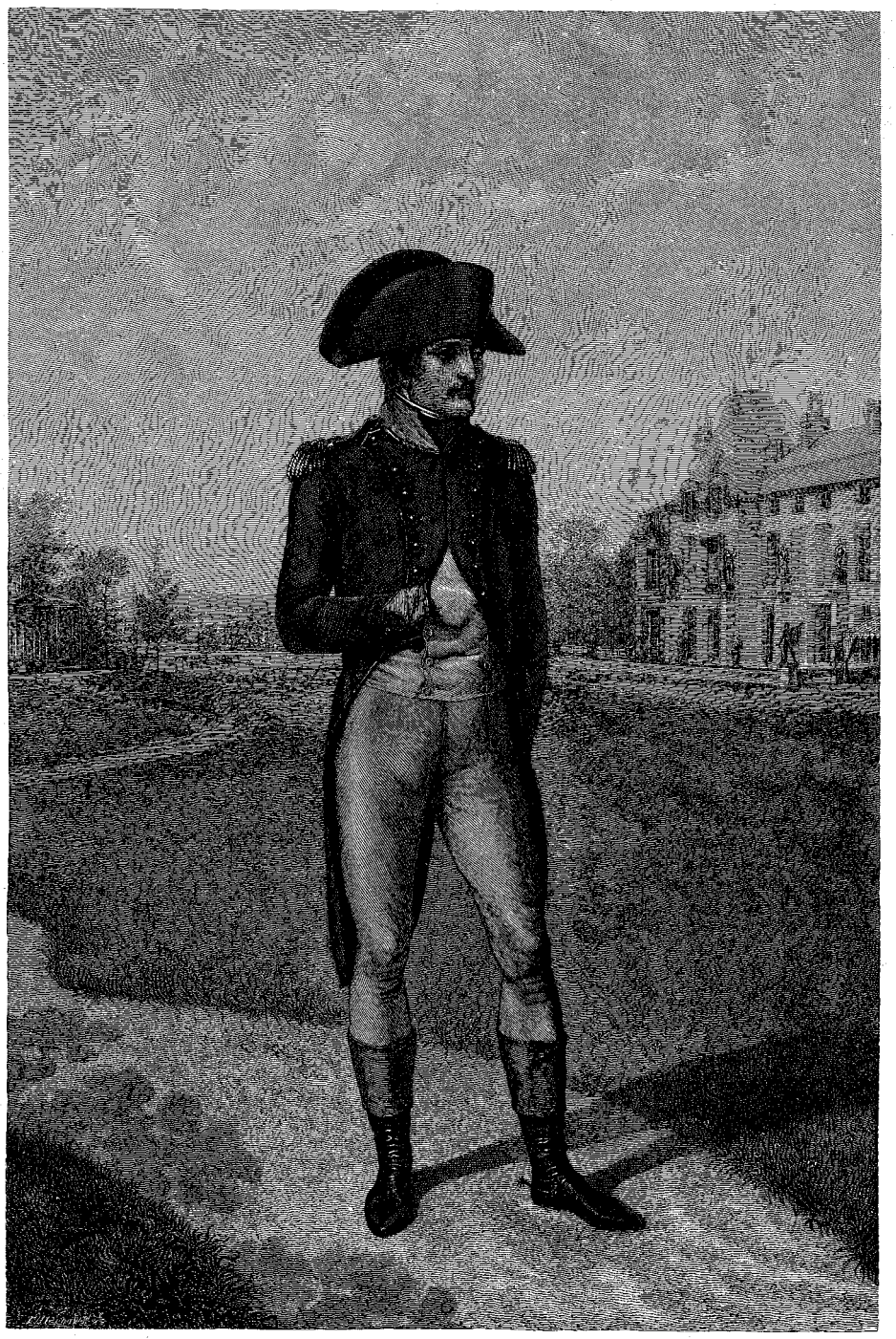

Plate IX.—From an Engraving of Isabey's Picture of the First Consul at Malmaison.

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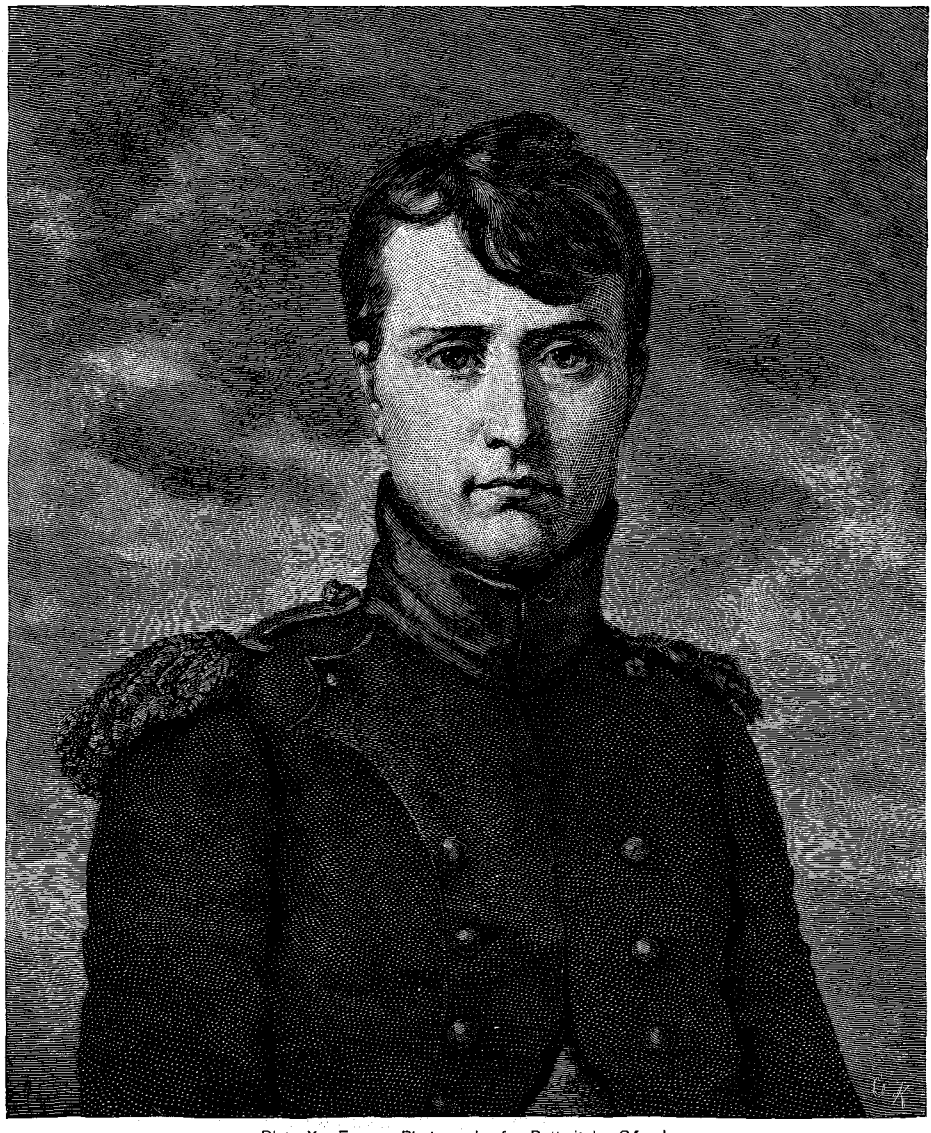

Plate X.—From a Photograph of a Portrait by Gérard.

great mistake to regard Napoleon as only, or even chiefly, a soldier; great as he certainly was in the field, he was equally great in the cabinet. No man of his day took hold of the work of government with anything approaching the energy or capacity displayed by him; no man of any day has ever surpassed him. Roads, canals, colleges, schools, civil as well as military, all received his attention; reforms of administration and of taxation, all the manifold tasks of government, were approached in an enlightened spirit, with the clear good-sense of a man of affairs, and with an entire absence of the prejudices so characteristic of this period. Above all, his code, at which he employed the best lawyers of the day, and which he pushed through to completion in the comparatively brief period of four years from its inception, feeling, as he did, a thorough conviction of its prime necessity, in casting into the form of law the great practical reforms which had been brought in by the Revolution—this work stamps him as

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being, beyond question, the most sound and practical statesman of his time, so far as the internal management of his country was concerned.

In all this, however, there was no philanthropy, strictly so called. Napoleon was only a ruler, possessed of great power, having a comprehensive and clear mind, fully acquainted with the needs of the public service, addressing himself to all the tasks of government, and especially to the task of improving the condition of the populations over which he ruled, with an energy, assiduity, and intelligence, rarely, if ever, seen before. He was not a philanthropist, let us admit, but he was probably a great deal better ruler than if he had been a philanthropist. No sentiment ever disturbed his vision, or turned him aside from carrying through what he deemed to be a desirable reform. All that a highly educated man, of wonderful sagacity, thorough information, resolute purpose, and untiring industry, could do for the people of France and its dependencies was done by Napoleon Bonaparte. The France of to-day bears everywhere the marks of his marvellous capacity for reconstruction and organization. In spite of the excesses of the Revolution, of the disturbances consequent on such a tremendous upheaval of society, of the continual wars, France speedily recovered under the First Consul; and what she became under the Empire, in point of administrative efficiency and liberal and judicious use of the powers of government, that she is to-day.

In all Napoleon's legislation we find the same wise, enlightened, humane spirit—I was about to say modern spirit, and the word modern does define what I mean with a good degree of exactness. I mean that the spirit of the nineteenth century—its tolerant, hopeful, progressive spirit, to which the hatreds and bitternesses begotten of aristocratic and religious prejudice are unknown—runs through all the legislative and practical work of Napoleon in Europe. Such a man, for instance, as our own Dr. Franklin, if he had lived in France in Napoleon's day, would have found him a man after his own heart, in some respects certainly—a man who, while never in the least sentimental, was always willing, eager even, to listen to the projects for practical reforms of various kinds with which the doctor's ingenious mind was always teeming. But it is probably due in great measure to this absence of sentiment in Napoleon's composition, of which we have been speaking, that he does not, with many people, receive due credit for his laborious performance of public duty.

Longhi's portrait was taken, as we have said, in the brief interval between Austerlitz and Jena. After the former battle and the Peace of Presburg, which ensued, the Russians, having no longer an ally on the Continent, returned home; and it was supposed that Prussia had clearly seen that her true course was to continue, for a while at any rate, her policy of peace, that her time for attacking Napoleon had passed, and that it would be suicidal to take up arms.

War, however, was never far off in those days. The French Revolution had not only shocked and horrified the sober-minded folk of Europe—and, we may say, of America also—by its atrocities and bloodshed, but it had brought about a state of things which was to the ruling classes of the Continent and Eng-

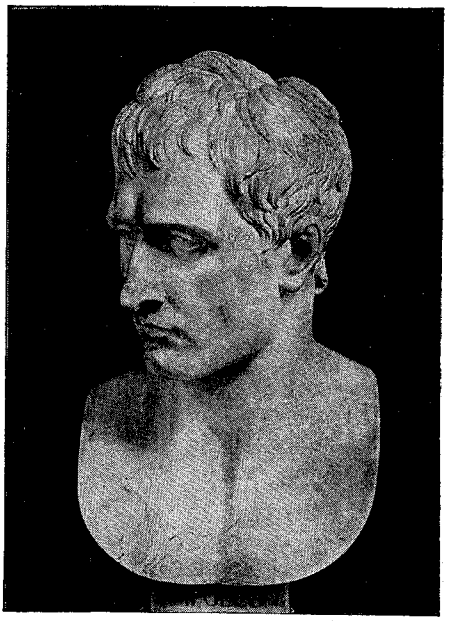

Plate XI.—From a Photograph of a Bust by Canova.

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Plate XII.—From an Engraving by Raphael Morghen of a Picture by Gérard.

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Plate XIII.—From an Engraving by Longhi of a Portrait by Himself.

land a standing outrage upon the fundamental principles of society and government. Here was a "Corsican upstart" at the head of France; his ministers were men risen from the ranks; his code, which he rigorously imposed on all the territories which he either conquered or annexed, made all men equal before the law, and rendered an aristocratic government impossible. The walks of life were thrown open to all; any man, no matter how humble his origin, might be an officer of the army, might even become a marshal of France. The spectacle which the Empire of Napoleon presented, moreover, was most encouraging to the growth and spread of the new ideas and the new system. France, Belgium, Holland, the German states on the Upper Rhine, Italy, had all adopted, to a greater or less extent, the new doctrines, and they were all in a condition of unexampled prosperity, despite the wars of the last dozen years. The new monarch, too, was plainly a restless, scheming, ambitious man. He and his system ought to be overthrown; the safety of society, the interests of public morals, demanded it, to say nothing of the balance of power, which was greatly disturbed by the excessive preponderance of France.

The state of feeling at this time in Europe was, as respects this subject, wholly different from that which exists to-day. It has now been found, by experience, that these contrasts in the ideas and forms of government existing in contiguous countries do not necessarily, or even generally, lead to war, or even to the introduction into the more conservative countries of the liberal notions of their next neighbors. But in the last years of the last century, and the first years of this, almost everybody in Europe thought differently. The few English Liberals who, like Cobbett, wrote and spoke on the other side fared hardly; they were cast into jails or heavily fined. The Conservative party throughout Europe—outside, that is, of France and her allies—carried matters with a high hand.

If now we add to all these antipathies and jealousies and hostile feelings the alarm and resentment which Napoleon's dazzling successes in the war with Austria and Russia must have excited in Prussia, we shall see how inevitable it was that war should speedily break out

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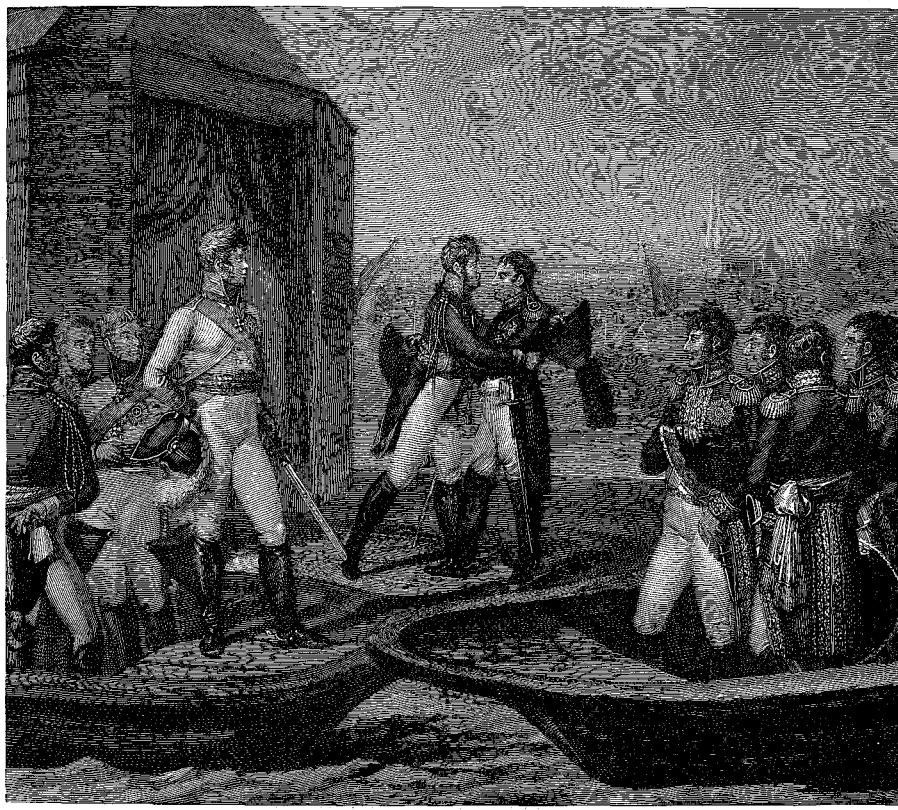

Plate XIV.—On the Raft at Tilsit. (From a Print published in Berlin.)

between that country and France. For more than a dozen years Prussia had abstained from taking part in the crusade against France. This was not because she had any sympathy with French ideas of government—on the contrary, she had none whatever; her constitution was intensely aristocratic; her peasantry were little, if at all, better than serfs. But she was governed by a set of narrow-minded and vacillating ministers, who were incapable of following out any policy intelligently or consistently. The Italian wars of the French Republic with Austria did not directly concern Prussia; indeed, she was quite willing to see her great German rival deprived of her outlying provinces. It was quite another thing, however, when the victory of Austerlitz laid Austria at the feet of France. The golden moment for intervening, when Napoleon was still in the enemy's country, had, it is true, slipped by; but the consolidation of French influence in Germany, which was being effected through the establishment, in the spring and summer of 1806, of the Confederation of the Rhine, added greatly to the existing irritation and alarm.

On October 1, 1806, war broke out. From the start Prussia was doomed. Her generals were old and infirm—their counsels were divided, their plans uncertain and feebly executed. The battles of Jena and Auerstädt, fought on the 14th of October, destroyed the Prussian army, and a state of demoralization ensued which is almost without a parallel in history. Fortress after fortress surrendered, without making even an attempt at defence. On the 25th, Davout entered Berlin. To him this honor had been accorded, in recognition of his great services at the battle of Auerstädt.

The picture we now present (Plate XVII.) is from a contemporary print,

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made, in all probability, in Berlin, not long after the battle of Jena. It bears the legend "Parade der französischen Garde, vor Sr Kaiserl: Königl: Majestät Napoleon I, am Lustgarten in Berlin."

This has always seemed to me an extremely interesting historical sketch. It is evidently not to be classed with those imaginary pictures intended to glorify the principal figure in it—if it had been made in this sense, we should find it a French picture and bearing a French inscription. Being a German picture, however, its existence is to be accounted for simply by supposing that the artist * sketched the French Emperor as he saw him at some guard-mounting or inspection of a detachment of the Imperial Guard. Now, Napoleon was in Berlin only from the 27th of October to the 24th of November, so that this drawing must have been made during those four weeks. As a drawing, it is quite accurate as regards the locality—the Lust-garten, in Berlin; there is no attempt at effect; it is a simple and truthful picture.

"My little friend Yuldrig you have made a most admirable
"panegyric upon yourself and Country but from what I can
"gather from your own relations & the answers I have with much
"pains wringed & extorted from you I cannot but conclude you to be
"one of the most pernicious little odious reptiles that nature
"ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the Earth —

Plate XV.—From Gilray's Caricature.

With the assistance of the Russians, Prussia protracted the war, and during the winter and spring of 1806 and 1807 both armies manœuvred in the marshy districts of East Prussia and Poland. On February 7, 1807, was fought the bloody and indecisive battle of Eylau. Finally, on the 14th of June, the battle of Friedland terminated the war. The emperors of France and Russia met on the raft in the Niemen, on June 25th, and arranged the terms of a peace which was to comprehend the various states of continental Europe.

In Plate XIV. we have a contemporary German print of this famous meeting. In the centre are the two emperors, on the raft, cordially greeting each other. On the left of the foreground is a barge containing the Russian officers, the Grand-Duke Constantine being noticeable in front. Immediately behind him is a man whom I take to be Sir Robert Wilson, a distinguished English officer, who was the British Commissioner at the Russian headquarters. Still, it is unlikely that Wilson was present at the interview. On the right of the foreground is a barge containing the French officers. In the distance are to be seen, across the river, the French

* His name appears to have been F. Tügel.

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Plate XVI.—From a French Caricature.

army, and the spires of the church of Tilsit.

The Peace of Tilsit set France, Holland, Western and part of Central Germany, and Italy, together with the new state formed out of Prussian Poland, and called the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw, over against Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The states in alliance with France received either the Code Napoleon entire or a great part of it. Their laws were all assimilated, to a greater or less extent, to the code. In all these countries great practical reforms had been introduced—life had been made easier for the poor; all employments had been thrown open to the public; monopolies, oppressive burdens, serfdom, a host of irrational and vexatious imposts and customs had been swept away, religious freedom had been established, and the welfare and happiness of the populations had already been perceptibly augmented. It was undoubtedly Napoleon's expectation that these internal changes would, when time enough had elapsed to enable them to bring forth their appropriate fruit, operate to unite the whole West of Europe in a sort of confederation, resolute to oppose any attempts of the three great reactionary monarchies—Russia, Austria, and Prussia—to reclaim their former possessions and their ancient influence, and restore the old state of things. In giving to the new kingdom of Westphalia, composed of certain of the German states which had been attached to Prussia, a constitution which abolished the old anomalies and distinctions and embodied the fundamental principle of the equality of every man before the law, he writes to his brother Jérome, the new king, as follows: "The benefits of the Code Napoleon, the publicity of legal procedure, the establishment of the jury system, will be the distinctive characteristics of your monarchy. And to tell you my whole mind on this matter, I count more on the effect of these benefits, for the extension and strengthening of your kingdom, than upon the result of the greatest victories. Your people ought to enjoy a liberty, an equality, a well-being, unknown to the German peoples. . . . This kind of government will be a barrier separating you from Prussia more powerful than the Elbe, than fortresses.

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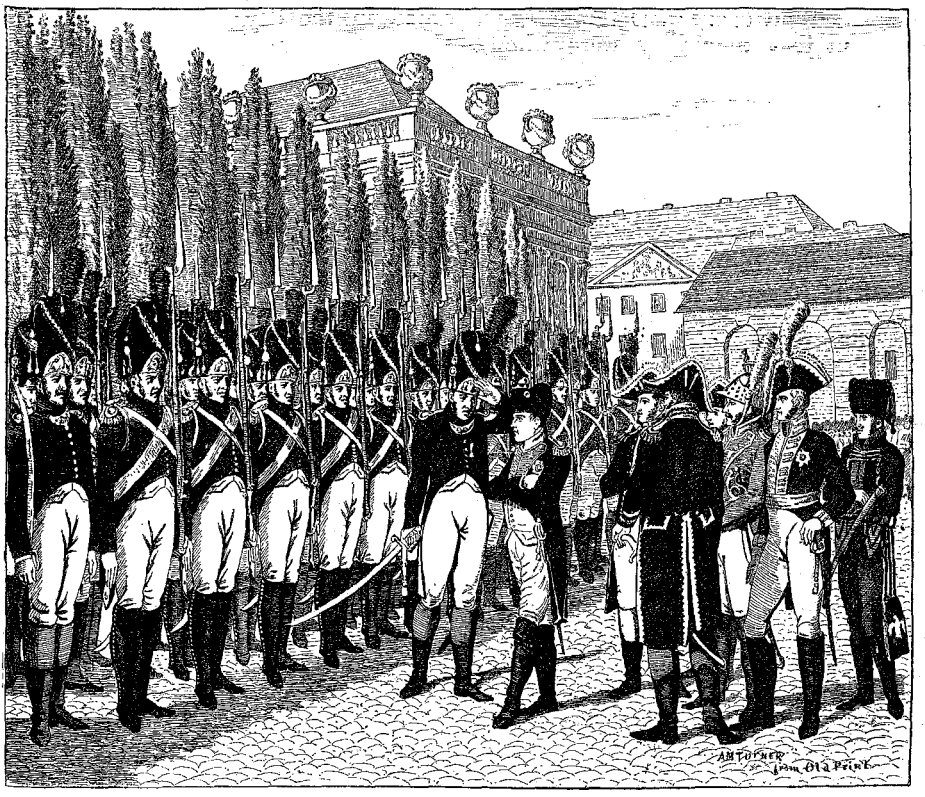

Plate XVII.—From an old German Mezzotint.

than the protection of France. What people would wish to return to the arbitrary government of Prussia when it has tested the benefits of a wise and liberal administration?"

That these expectations might have been realized, had Napoleon been content with the Empire as it then existed, and not sought to carry his new system into Spain against the wishes of the Spanish people, is certainly not impossible. Complications with the three great monarchies would no doubt have occurred in time, but the French Empire would have been much better able to meet them. Napoleon, it would seem, expected that it would be abundantly competent to defy any alliance against it; and, very probably, had its strength not been first wasted to so great a degree in Spain, and then so ruinously impaired by the issue of the Russian campaign, he might have been justified in his expectations. Certainly the French Empire never was so strong and compact as it was in 1807; and it seems as if it might have lasted substantially to our day, had Napoleon's only care been to consolidate it, to improve its internal condition, and to increase its strength and prosperity.

For, it must be remembered, the French Empire at this moment possessed a remarkable degree of unity and cohesion, considering how very recently it had been founded. This unity and cohesion were in great measure the result of the adoption into all the countries allied to France of the equality and toleration, as opposed to feudal and ecclesiastical privilege and intolerance, which the Revolution had established in France, and which the Republic and the Empire had carried into the neighboring countries. Let it be clearly understood, the mission of the French Revolution was not to vindicate for the masses the right to govern the state, but to acquire for them imperatively needed changes in legal and social *status;* it was not to give to the

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peasantry and *bourgeoisie* the suffrage, which at that time they were wholly unfit to exercise, but to raise them by equal, just, humane, enlightened legislation, to a footing of equality with their more favored fellow-citizens; it was to remove all the artificial and burdensome restrictions and disabilities which hindered their welfare and darkened their lives, and to give a new value to life in opening every career to those who chose to pursue it. This, and not to confer upon the people political power, was the great, the characteristic, work of the Revolution —often lost sight of, even sometimes denied, in the confusion produced in many people's minds by looking solely at what was said, and not at what was actually done. No doubt there was declamation enough about political rights —the most arbitrary of the revolutionary despots were constantly talking about these rights—but none the less did they, when they had the upper hand, govern the people. There is no use in denying it—the great mass of the French people were at least as despotically governed in the days of the Convention and the Terror and the Directory as in those of the Consulate and the Empire. But the Convention and the Terror and the Directory had, in spite of all excesses, gained enormous practical benefits, initiated sweeping and imperatively needed reforms, for the French people; and not one of these was ever lost sight of by Napoleon. It was the introduction of these reforms and benefits into the constitutions and governments of the countries composing the Empire that gave the new congeries of states what of stability and of unity it possessed. The hostility, constant and bitter, of the three reactionary monarchies—Russia, Austria, and Prussia—would have tended to solidify and strengthen the French Empire, if only, as has been said above, it had been the chief thought of the head of that Empire to keep what he had gained, and to content himself with the astonishing success which, in so brief a period, his ability and good-fortune had secured.

AN ART MASTER.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

He gathered cherry-stones, and carved them quaintly
  Into fine semblances of flies and flowers;
With subtle skill he even imaged faintly
  The forms of tiny maids and ivied towers.

His little blocks he loved to file and polish;
  And ampler means he asked not, but despised.
All art but cherry-stones he would abolish,
  For then his genius would be rightly prized.

For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions
  And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;
Serene his way through surging years and fashions,
  While Heaven gave him his cherry-stones and file.

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THE ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY.

By F. J. Stimson.

I.

MANKIND, from the dawn of history until almost within the memory of living man, has been busied in his political activity with but three things—conquest, religion, and freedom. Until a period which may roughly be indicated as lying between the English, American, and French Revolutions, all men's energies have been taken up, either with freeing themselves from the tyranny of others or with imposing their own rule or religion upon other peoples. There always has been a king to be dethroned, a yoke to be thrown off, a creed to be evaded, or, at least and at last, a tax to be escaped. Man had to struggle, first, to protect his life; second, to get a living; third, to protect his property; fourth, that he might think and say what he chose. The history of the people has hitherto been in what we may call its defensive or destructive stage; it has been necessary rather to avert evil than to seek after good.

But with the permanent coming of democracy, all these things have changed. And we have now at least one country where, for over a century, there has been neither king, nor oligarchy, nor oppressive taxes, nor established religion, nor desire for conquest, nor alien enemies, nor armed propaganda. For four generations the people's hands have been untied; they have laid aside the sword; even the plough (such has been their prosperity) has not been grasped in all their working hours. Their hands have been free, their minds have been at rest; the people have had both the sceptre of power and the leisure to employ it. For the first considerable time in the history of the world, they have had their wishes and have worked their will; what have they done with it? We have had our say, we so-called masses; what have we said?

In the old fairy tale, the poor man and his wife were given their three wishes. And the wife wished for a black pudding; and the husband wished it at the end of his wife's nose. And there was nothing left for the third but to wish it off again.

We may hope, and justly, that democracy has been more wise than this. But that there has been a tendency rather to wish for black puddings than for hands free to get them and stomachs able to digest them, it were useless to deny. And the explanation is to be found in what we have said. For three thousand years humanity has thought its woes all came from others, from tyrants or enemies, aristocrats or false religions; itself was capable, in itself, of perfect blessedness. Suddenly these other things have been eliminated; what, then, was left but happiness and perfect light? And democracy, grasping, like Icarus, the reins of power, drove straightway for the sun.

Inter arma silent leges; and, surely, the converse may be true. And it is. *Tacent arma, loquuntur leges;* the first obvious result of the people's rule has been enormous and audacious extension of the quantity and scope of written laws. It is not too much to say that the laws passed since the Revolution in this country have been more important, more varied in scope, and more radical in social effect, than all the other laws from Magna Charta to King George the Third. The older body were meant mainly to check the oppression of the few; the later statute-books have more frequently aimed at constructing the happiness of the many. The conclusion was unavoidable that, all ills having come from power, and power having been enforced through laws, the people, having at last the power, by laws could gain all good. We are not through this illusion yet; but—except, possibly, in the direction of socialism — there is growing evidence of a healthy and conservative reaction.

The writer of this article has for sev-

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eral years been occupied with a work which involved the careful study and comparison of all the statute books of the United States. And the statutes, however contemptuously the courts of law regard them, are after all only the utterance of the people's will. They are the direct speech of the "One who has authority." And the present writer would seek here to set forth, diffidently, a few of the generalizations to which he has been led by a repeated careful reading of the laws of all our States and Territories together. There is no space to more than state them here, but he has tried to state them impartially; and whether the result be a paradox or a truism, it is equally the outcome of hard facts, almost numberless in detail.

Two great eras may be marked, in this country, in the voicing of democracy by law. At first, as was natural, the people so lately escaped from domestic tyranny or foreign menace sought to bind and clinch the matter by a multitude of repressive and prohibitive provisions directed against its older enemies; a series of chains which, fortunately, have proved as unnecessary as Bunyan, somewhat prematurely, thought the gyves on Pope and Pagan. Of this nature is the careful iteration, in all our constitutions, that men are free and equal, are possessed of inalienable rights to life and liberty, and (in all the States, except Missouri, in which gloomy commonwealth they have not, it appears, such right) to pursue happiness; and that they are not to have exclusive or hereditary privileges, nor standing armies, nor martial law; nor feudal tenures, nor be burdened with established churches or compelled to attend them, nor to make sectarian appropriations, nor submit to religious oaths or tests. Of this nature is the constitutional clause that men shall have freedom of speech, liberty of the press, shot-guns *ad libitum*, rights to assemble and consult, to emigrate, to sue at law, claim *Habeas corpus*, have jury trial, and no imprisonment for debt; and bail, and warrants for arrest, and indictments, and freedom from attainder, cruel punishments, and *ex post facto* laws. Of such nature, finally, is the sweeping constitutional provision that these rights (and more, if necessary) shall be forever saved and excepted out of the powers of any and all governments, even though amended in the constitution and voted unanimously by the people's representatives. This last clincher is a padlock from the arsenal of Jean Jacques Rousseau; as is also the statement, nearly universal in our State constitutions, that all political power is inherent in the people, who have at all times a right to make and overthrow a government whose existence is founded upon their contract; and these, with the others, are evidently framed with a view to what we have termed the *destructive* or *defensive* stage of the people's assertion of itself; the stage when it was necessary for them rather to prohibit or prevent, than to provide, direct, and foster. And among these inalienable rights, notably, we find, in nearly thirty States, the right to acquire and possess property. It may be speculated whether this would pass so unanimously to-day; and it is, perhaps, profitable to remember that, by their very compact of government, a single dissentient citizen may constitutionally rebel, secede from these States, if his property be not protected. New York, however, is not among those which thus sanctify property in their basis of government. Illinois and other States imply the same thing indirectly; for they include the protection of property among the objects for which all government (they say) is constituted; as also the protection of life itself, even that of policemen; and of liberty, even that of employers of labor. And three States go still further, and add to life, liberty, property and happiness, a further natural right to one's personal reputation—a principle not without interest in these days of interviewers and personal journalism. Democracy declared all these things, at the start.

But soon the refluent wave, the era of construction and experiment, appeared. It gradually became evident to the minds, even of the most ardent democrats, that tyrants in coat-of-mail were no longer to be expected; that the feudal system had really ceased to be the structure of the State; that there was no immediate likelihood of the establishment of a church inquisition in Boston or New York. Some earnest souls

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were loath to believe that the war was over, then as now; and set themselves to follow the defeated foe in scattering squads. By these the last vestiges and savor of the old order of things were valiantly removed; such as the few remaining property qualifications on the right of suffrage, even in many States the educational ones, and long tenures of office, honors, and decorations. Titles and hereditary privileges were eschewed by our grandfathers with a zeal only equalled by the eagerness with which their granddaughters espouse them. The principles of rotation in office, of elective judges, of the illegality of exclusive charters, were established. Inherited, even acquired, superiorities were ruthlessly frowned down; until to some it almost seemed as if the all-powerful masses were about to place the ban on excellence itself. This campaign culminated, perhaps, in the Know-nothing movement, although we are not quite out of it yet; "feudal myrmidons," we are still told, are the men we hire to protect our property; the people have even yet hardly learned that what they have to fear is the power of money used, not of that inherited; the power of political rings, not of social privilege; corporations and not aristocracy; but there are signs that the reaction has come.

But at the same time with these over-zealous and, perhaps, unnecessary efforts to cut off the last outposts of the beaten enemy, there appeared the beginning of the great constructive movement, of the long-deferred effort of the people to mould society to its ideal perfection—the assertion, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say, by democracy of its essence; the founding of the corner-stones of the people's New Republic. This, as it seems to me, is one of the most suggestive, instructive, and, perhaps, fruitful movements of this nineteenth century, whose output is as yet uncast and undetermined, after all. For ninety years or more, in forty-six different workshops, the masses, so lately over-feared, and now (it may be) over-praised, have worked their will at moulding out of men a perfect world. And despite the not of late infrequent cry of the Nihilist that this, too, has failed and should be wiped away, like a child's slate-drawing, with a sponge, we cannot feel that it has wholly failed. At all events, let us first be sure that it is wrong, vain, ill-drawn, childish, hopeless; for the sponge that is to make a blank page once more is filled with brave men's blood.

II.

When democracy, freed and fearless, looked about itself and saw its sceptre lying ready; when the *demos* first became a *demiurg;* when that first moment of fruition had passed, and the last echo of the pæans that greeted it had died away—it considered itself; and it found that it was not happy. And it thought what might be the cause of this; and it saw, or seemed to see, several reasons. One man said, it is money; and others, it is woman; and many others, perhaps more philosophical, it is man's own weakness, and particularly that variety of weakness which finds its most definite expression in a desire rather to gloss things over with strong drink than to tackle with the primal curse of labor.

Accordingly, we shall find the first organized voice of the people directed to the softening of money troubles, to the mitigation of domestic unhappiness, and the attempt to enact a popular weakness out of existence by statute, much as a drunkard "swears off" on the first of January. However nugatory we may consider this last effort, it is, perhaps, the most instructive fact of the three, as showing how quick was democracy to grasp the truth that man's woes came rather from himself than from any law of nature or of God outside of him, a truth that of late seems in danger of slipping from our minds.

It cannot be said that any of these three efforts has either yet succeeded or been pushed to the end and abandoned. It looked a few years ago as if the divorce question, for instance, was to be pushed to its furthest extension; it looks to-day as if a stable equilibrium of position were soon to be reached, and it were to become a *question vidée.* But even after saying this, it must be remembered that the question in its larger development—woman's rights—is as active to-day as ever, and that the marriage question and

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the question of divorce go with it. Politically, woman may, perhaps, be given the sole right of suffrage alone without affecting her status in society or modifying her other human relations; but socially, this is impossible. Upon the quickness, the fine-wittedness, of our people to perceive this fact, any intelligent, unhasty decision of this question must depend. We may give woman the ballot, and right of holding office; but, happily or unhappily, she will not then remain what she has been.

Before proceeding to consider these three campaigns in detail, let us pause to note that democracy has gone furthest, neither in the least intelligent States nor in those most favored, at their start, with general education. It may, perhaps, be roughly stated that the extreme Western States have been bolder than the older Eastern ones; as men founding a commonwealth are naturally more ready to try experiments than those who live in one already existing. Among the most radical innovators we may therefore expect to find California, Texas, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and the Territories; among the most conservative in their use of power New Hampshire, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina. But we are not, perhaps, prepared for finding Georgia and Maine among the rashest experimenters, and Missouri and Oregon at the other extreme; while New York and Massachusetts, Nevada and New Mexico, occupy a middle ground.

If any question has ever been exhausted by discussion and experiment, it is the question of regulating the use of intoxicating drink by law. But this is only one part of a much broader question; namely, how far it is wise and possible to impose rules of conduct on mankind by law. There is no more logical, or even more practical, reason why we should tell a citizen that he must not drink, than that he should not smoke, or live in two houses, or own a yacht, or give his wife a necklace or fine clothes. Intoxication leads to crime, we are told; but so do ostentation and extravagance. Still less is there more reason for a statutory curb upon this vice than upon many others, as, for instance, incontinence, or commercial dishonesty. But the laws levelled at incontinence among unmarried persons, at adulteration of goods, even of the necessaries of life, at commercial or even fiduciary dishonesty, at fraudulent insolvency or debt, are few and insufficient as compared with the universal and repeated efforts to check or regulate the sale of intoxicating liquor. The very word intemperate has ceased to mean intemperate in manner, or in diet, or in luxuries, language, or the use of drugs; it means intemperate in alcoholic drink alone. Now this must be either because our law-makers deem such other vices not so heinous, or because they think their repression by law more difficult; but this latter is surely not the case. We are, therefore, led to our first conclusion. *Hitherto democracy has deemed the intoxication-habit a more dangerous or a more sinful vice than incontinence or commercial dishonesty.*

We must hasten to add, however, that there may be yet another reason for this —the people may believe that there are more possible drunkards than probable dishonest men. Whether true or false, this popular conviction is in itself instructive. True democracy, it may be added, is always optimistic; only Socialists and Nihilists are pessimists.

The liquor question has been so thoroughly tested and written about that it is only worth our while to indicate with clearness the general result. It is obvious that all men are agreed that intoxication is an evil, and that there are but three classes of opinion on the subject—those who believe in moderated repression, *i.e.*, license laws or local option; those who believe in prohibition and think it possible; and those who are "in favor of a prohibition law but against its enforcement." The last class may seem novel to the reader; but it includes all those who still believe in prohibition while they tacitly or openly admit that it cannot be enforced. And there is at least one practical politician, a respected friend of the writer, who justifies this with a certain logic. If we are to give over repressing evil by law because every case is not punished under it (he would say), the argument proves too much; most evil-doing goes unpunished. Moreover, there are many other valuable laws which are rarely enforced, and this without bringing their principle into disre-

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spect. The laws against profane cursing and swearing, for instance, or against Sabbath-breaking, are only rarely enforced, and in necessary cases. But it is useful, all the same, if a gang of bargemen come and swear under your parlor windows, or if all corporations should force their employés to labor seven days in the week, to be able to invoke the law against them. So of prohibition. Solitary drinking, quiet evasion of the law, may neither be discovered nor suppressed; but the public nuisance, the social evil, the bar-room as a centre of political and social life, must be stopped; and so much, at least, is not impossible.

It is still too early to forecast the decision of the people on this question. The first, or license class, is perhaps increasing in the West; the second and third (in what proportion it is hard to say) in the East and South. In four States prohibition has been made an article of the constitution (with, of course, the sole effect of making it more difficult of repeal); Texas has a local-option provision in the constitution; while in Colorado, only the sale of drugged or adulterated liquor is so forbidden. But one conclusion we may note as certain; it is now the decided and wellnigh universal opinion of democracy that the sale of intoxicating liquor should, if possible, be prevented. That is, democracy believes men are too weak to be left at liberty in this particular, and would seek to fence them from themselves.

Turning now to the question of the sexes, about which the mind of the people has been even more active; and beginning with the institution of marriage. Twenty-two States and Territorries have declared that marriage is a civil contract, the essence of which is the consent of both parties. The obvious corollary from this is that marriage, like all other civil contracts, may be dissolved at any time by mutual consent. For there is no contract known to the law, even when expressly stipulated to last for life or a long term of years, even when the parties expressly contract not to alter it, which may not be brought to an end notwithstanding, by agreement of all the parties interested. And it looked at one time as if this corollary, that marriage is dissoluble by mutual consent, were about to be recognized. There were at one time over forty causes of divorce in this country, including the so-called "omnibus" clauses, which practically enabled a judge to grant a divorce whenever he pleased or whenever the parties wanted it. But the final step was not taken; in fact, the present tendency is the other way. Legislatures are not, as in England, commonly authorized to grant divorces; and but nineteen general causes of divorce are now recognized throughout the Union; and in all but three States the "omnibus" clauses are abolished.

It is true that Blackstone states that the common law considers marriage in no other light than as a civil contract; but this merely means that the law does not recognize marriage as a sacrament beyond its own control. Marriage is properly a *state*, a legal relation, like paternity; not a contract, like partnership; a fact that the law has recognized from his time to ours; and when we consider that in Blackstone's time there were no causes of absolute divorce arising subsequent to the marriage, that is, in practical effect, no divorce at all, it will be seen that much of the advanced position since taken has been maintained. Limited divorce—that divorce which allows no re-marriage—is very generally abolished in America; and only South Carolina continues to allow no divorce at all. Most of the States still have as many as eight causes, arising since marriage. And in several States the laws recognize and establish elaborate rights for the status of separation in fact—*i. e.*, a separation made by the parties or either party with or without the consent of the other, and without any decree of court whatever—which, in all points except re-marriage, makes marriage a contract dissoluble at will.

Among the nineteen causes of divorce our various laws still recognize, some are noteworthy. The habit of intoxication is generally a cause, but not so misdemeanors, fraud, or dishonesty. Adultery is always a cause; so, in many Southern States and in Iowa and Kansas, incontinence before marriage, but only if on the part of the wife; a dis-

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tinction that most reformers would term a feudal injustice. California and Dakota require, with a degree of specification quite impossible decently to quote, conjugal affection from both parties if they would keep each other in the bonds of Hymen. Maine and Connecticut, until recently, Wisconsin, Florida, Arizona and Washington Territories still have, or had, "omnibus" or indefinite clauses; and in Wisconsin and Kentucky the parties may separate by consent and thereupon, after five years, be divorced. Failure to support, or poverty, is not a cause; but it is so in several States when caused by idleness or dissipation, the marriage service to the contrary notwithstanding. In Washington Territory the court may grant a divorce when satisfied that the parties can no longer live together, and in Florida for the "habitual indulgence of an ungovernable temper"—which, we take it, would include profanity and prolonged grumbling.

If we turn from the causes of divorce to the formalities and precautions interposed by procedure, we are met with a result still more remarkable. Only two States require a residence in the State on the part of the petitioner of more than two years, and in the vast majority a divorce may be granted to any person who has come to the State for that purpose and (in theory) remained there for one year, or even six months. Generally no notice is required to the other party which there is the slightest probability of his receiving; so that, practically, divorces are granted *ex parte* and almost as a matter of course. Among the wealthy classes some restrictions are placed upon this loose state of law by the fact that the divorces thus easily obtained cannot be accompanied by a satisfactory decree (to the petitioner) affecting the rights of property and custody of the children of the parties; but among the vast majority, nearly all the trading and laboring classes, this salutary brake is not applied, and it is a fact familiar to lawyers that divorce is more common in the middle classes than among the rich or the very poor. All these matters are so well known that we may spare the reader further particulars upon the subject, merely pausing to note this curious confirmation of the old French economist's cynical reason for marriage—that it is an institution made necessary by property, and designed for its protection and preservation alone. It is certainly the fact that divorce in America is least common (if we leave out the Catholic Irish) among the wealthy classes; for the laboring classes, not Catholic, are few in number and more likely to do without divorce at all.

As to the relation of marriage itself, we shall find that the common-law view has been greatly modified. A hundred years ago the wife was hardly recognized as a separate person; her legal identity was merged in the husband's, whose chattel she was, and for whose civil acts he was almost absolutely responsible. For felonies short of treason and murder she was not punished, if committed at his instigation, and the husband might administer to her a "moderate correction," which the courts gravely ruled to mean a stick no bigger than one's little finger.

With us, all this has been absolutely changed. The clear and almost effected tendency of to-day is to consider that the marriage relation makes no difference whatever in the status of the two married persons, except to affect the descent of their property after death, and to make it a penal offence for the husband to refuse to support his wife. Only in California, Dakota, Georgia, and New Mexico, is it declared that "the husband is the head of the family and the wife is subject to him." Only in Louisiana and New Mexico does she "owe obedience to him" and is she expressly obliged to live with him, and this because the law of those States comes from French and Spanish sources. In many States a husband is no longer liable for his wife's trespasses; and in nearly all she is not bound to pay his debts. And in Oregon and Washington Territory "all laws (except voting and holding office) which impose or recognize civil disabilities upon a wife which are not imposed or recognized as existing to the husband are repealed;" while Mississippi boldly pronounces the common law as to disabilities of married women and their property to be abrogated. While, on the one hand, the doors

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of escape from marriage have been multiplied, the entering into marriage has been encouraged. Pennsylvania and Georgia expressly so state, and in all States the ease, quickness, and simplicity of the marriage ceremony has been greatly increased. The solitary exception to this rule—that the age of legal marriage has generally been changed from the common-law rule of fourteen and twelve to sixteen, eighteen, and even twenty-one—is probably due to climatic reasons. The prohibited degrees have been reduced, and first-cousins can generally marry; bans have been done away with, and informal and deceptive marriages recognized. Illegal relations have been more strictly treated. Adultery has in many States been made a criminal offence, and if other illicit relations have been treated leniently in the criminal law, in the civil law every possible remedy has been afforded the injured party for reparation or compensation. We may therefore conclude, despite the conservative reaction notable in the last few years, that *the tendency of democracy has so far been, while recognizing marriage as a civil status, to deny that right of the husband to authority and possession which has hitherto been the axiom of the Anglo-Saxon view of that institution, and to make marriage a contract easily made and easily ended, while strictly punishing offences against the marital relation while it lasts.*

In other relations of the sexes, still more has been done. Democracy has already emancipated woman; will it enfranchise her? All restrictions of property, privilege, trade, or contract, have been generally removed; save only those of political power. Socially, it may fairly be said, or, at all events, may soon be said, that women have their rights; politically, they are still women in the etymological sense, wives.

On this question, democracy's first utterance was most conservative. By the express constitution of all the States of the Union, without exception, the elective franchise was confined to males. But in Colorado and in Wisconsin the constitution gives the legislature power at any time to extend the right of suffrage to women, if approved at a general election by a mere majority of the people; and both in Colorado and in Minnesota, it provides that women shall vote upon school questions; and the same is law in several other States. Several States are now agitating the question of giving women a right to vote at municipal elections also. By the constitution of California no woman may be disqualified from entering upon any lawful business, profession, or vocation; but by that of Missouri it is specified that the governor and the members of the legislature must be men. In Georgia alone is it expressly enacted that women can neither vote, hold office, nor perform any civil functions unless especially authorized by law; and, on the other hand, that they are free of military, jury, police, patrol, and road duties. So, in Louisiana, it is sanely declared that the law, by reason of the difference of sexes, has established between men and women essential differences with respect to their civil, social, and political rights. But in Illinois women may not be excluded from any occupation or profession except the military; though they may not hold office, as a rule, nor serve on juries, nor be forced to labor in the streets. And in most States women are enabled to practise particular professions, such as law and medicine, and to hold specified offices, such as clerkships and registries of deeds, and places in the schools. Finally, as we have already said, women are almost universally put on the same footing with men in respect to their property, trade, and services. And in three Territories — Washington, Wyoming, and Utah—woman-suffrage is an accomplished fact. I think, in view of all this, it may be safely stated *that the tendency of democracy is neither to impose, to recognize, nor to authorize, any legal, social, or political difference between the sexes.*

The money question—the question of the things that are of this world—of the treasures that are therein laid up, and of the moth and rust and of the thieves that break in and steal—has been perhaps the main subject of our hundred years of legislation. The law has had to do with property and persons; let us sweep away the property, say some, and the persons will take care

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of themselves. But this view has not prevailed. At present, democracy seems quite as likely to sweep away the rights of persons in its care for property; or for what it deems a proper division of the benefits of property.

No space is left now in which to more than epitomize the course of things in this direction. Anything in the nature of punishment or imprisonment for debt has been generally done away with. A numerous and ever increasing list of possessions has been entirely exempted from execution for debt, starting with the traditional homestead and going on through all necessities of life, implements of trade, and even corner-lots and money, until in some States, as in Texas, almost every conceivable object of desire, from a house and corner-lot to a span of fast horses, may be held and enjoyed by the poor man free from all claims of his creditors. Without going further into details, it may be boldly stated that the tendency of democratic legislation on this subject has been to require the repayment of debts only when it can be made out of superfluous accumulated capital; and even the well-to-do debtor, it may be feared, may often avoid the obligation of a loan or credit, if not too honest to avail himself of the dodges of the law. In short, *the tendency of democracy is not to force a man to pay his debts against his will.*

So far, the tendency has simply been destructive. But the positive efforts of democracy to regulate the use and the abuse of property have been far more diversified and far more widely spread. It is difficult to find a comprehensive name for this species of legislation; a name which shall at once include the laws which regulate the possession and the distribution and use of all property and worldly values, as well as the exercise of trades and the relation of employers and employed. There is, however, one name which not only includes all this, but is, in logical analysis, co-extensive with it; and this name, although (perhaps because) it is somewhat startling, should be employed. Now, all such efforts of government, their scope and theories, are what we really mean by Socialism.

We should hasten to add that there has never been any question of the propriety and virtue of certain socialistic enactments. For instance, as a recent writer has well pointed out, the poor law of Queen Elizabeth is as plainly a socialistic measure as any that could be proposed by Marx or Gronlund. So are the public-tax-sustained roads, waterworks, post-office system, the free libraries, and public schools. The only question is, how far we may safely go in this direction without too greatly abridging personal liberty. Where do we overstep the line? Where does the aggregate injury to individuals begin to exceed the benefit to the community?

That we have gone very far is obvious. We may define pure socialism as that system where, on the one hand, all the labors, and, on the other, all the earnings, of all citizens, are respectively regulated and disposed of by the State. (And here let us again insist on the fact, so often lost sight of, that socialism is by no means communism; if we may be allowed to coin the word individualism, the distinction becomes clear. Individualism, the old state of things, may stand for that society which recognizes personal liberty and property; pure socialism vests property in the State and merges personal liberty in the will of Society; nihilism recognizes neither property nor State, but merges everything in the will of the individual; true communism recognizes personal liberty but denies the right of property entirely. Thus, nihilism is the true obverse of socialism, and between the two extremes we should place communism and individualism. Communism does recognize the State, or Government; nihilism not. The true order is, therefore, Socialism, Individualism, Communism, Nihilism; and, perhaps we may add, the truth of two old proverbs again verified—that the middle way is the safest, and extremes meet. And we may here note also that tyranny, autocracy, seems always to gravitate rather to nihilism, or communism; democracy, to socialism.)

If we thus define socialism, we may observe considerable progress already made in the direction of regulating human action. Speaking broadly, and including indirect taxation, it may be stated that *the laws now purport to give the State*

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power to dispose of at least one-third the annual revenues of property. The earnings of labor are treated more leniently; as yet, by indirect taxation only. But when we consider that a tax of a tenth the annual fruits was considered burdensome a century ago, this result is still remarkable. In brief, one side of socialism, that which disposes of the earnings, has been partially realized; and considerable progress has been made in the other, as by labor laws, railroad legislation, and other statutes regulating the relation of employer and employed.

Of course, these taxes are largely, by the richest citizens, evaded; but upon land, at least, they are effectual. It is certainly understating it to say that the general taxation, local and national, upon land equals one-third the net rents, *i.e.*, Ricardo's margin of cultivation, less expenses of management. But this side of socialism is the familiar one. Land has always been a favorite subject for socialistic agitation; so much so, that anciently the term Agrarian almost replaced our modern Socialistic. The land is there, open to everyone, and inviting attack; we may leave this question to Henry George and his compeers. It is the other side of socialism that has been least discussed and is most interesting.

It is only very recently—within a few years—that the great step which separates State from what we may term universal socialism has been contemplated. The two things are vastly different; they bear the same relation that general blood-poisoning does to a local sore. When the State takes one-third of the citizen's income and applies it to general uses beyond the needs of government, that is State socialism. When it regulates the charges of corporations, even of individual carriers and warehousemen, brokers or physicians, as in the Granger Laws, that perhaps is State socialism also. But when it seeks to modify directly, not the relation of citizens to the State, but of citizens to other citizens; when it takes a portion of the earnings of masters and applies it, not to the general use, but to the pockets of such masters' servants; directly, and, as it were, automatically, without State intervention, that is universal socialism. Of such nature were the laws proposed last year for "arbitration" between employers and employed.

The writer does not recall that any socialistic statute of the clearly universal kind has yet been enacted in this country. But, perhaps, the trend of discussion is in that direction. And certainly more and more of State socialism is becoming law every year. Let us trace a few of the more striking instances.

Only two State constitutions (North Carolina and Florida) declare that the people have a natural right to education; but eighteen others declare that a free State education is necessary or expedient, and all the States but New Hampshire and Delaware provide in their constitutions for public schools. And there is no question but that, in the minds of the people, this distinction is lost sight of, and the Florida provision correctly expresses the popular view. But man has no more a natural right to free education than he has to free soup, bread, or circuses. Therefore the principle is socialistic, and becomes so immediately we go from the argument of expediency, under the police powers of government, to that of right.

Prohibition laws, like all sumptuary laws, are socialistic; not, indeed, as regulating property, but as restricting personal action. Still, if they only prohibit the sale, and not the use of intoxicating liquor, they may, perhaps, be ranked under these same police regulations which have always been considered a proper subject for legislation. So of road and poor laws, as has been said before; and tax laws in general; but a graduated tax is pure socialism. This has hitherto been adopted, however, only in the case of income taxes.

So far as statutes have sought to free property, they are of the remedial, not the constructive kind; such are laws simplifying conveyances, removing restraints on alienation, abolishing primogeniture; but laws fixing railway charges, limiting corporate rights, even those prescribing the accounts and financial management of insurance companies, are socialistic. It is true that the courts sustaining such laws have based them wholly upon the existence of a corporate franchise; but this reason will, sooner

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or later, prove inadequate and be discarded. Already the ground is being shifted to the fiction of public employment—owing to a coincidence of words with the ancient law of innkeepers. But the rule making an innkeeper liable for thefts committed in his inn is either a police regulation or a convention of the law of evidence; a law fixing a warehouseman's charges is neither.

Perhaps the laws most advanced in the direction of socialism are the labor laws. Those which fix the age of children to be employed in factories may, indeed, be considered as pertaining to sanitary legislation, always held orthodox and allowable, however socialistic in nature; not so the eight- and ten-hour laws which are now so frequent. It is a no more radical step, after saying that a man shall not work, to say in what way or ways he shall play; and surely quite as salutary a one. But the laws which enforce upon the operative his sixteen hours of leisure have not yet ventured to say that he shall spend four hours of that leisure in a picture gallery and the rest at the Young Men's Christian Association. They have only sought to close the corner grocery. And, although no law has yet been passed saying how much the employer shall pay, two or three States have ventured to say that he shall pay it once a week.

To close this last field of observation, we may say that State socialism—the allowable scope of State interference with the acts and possessions of the citizens—has been greatly extended; and that measures of universal socialism, although in no case yet enacted, appear to be on the verge of a trial. We will therefore conclude with the perhaps unforeseen result, that *democracy, when crowned with power, seeks rather what it considers the well-being of the community than the liberty of the individual.*

III.

I have spoken, at the beginning of these notes, of a conservative reaction. It is necessary to recur to this, for perhaps a far more radical conclusion would otherwise be forced upon us. It is certain that, at least until very recently—say up to a year ago—this reaction had been very evident. Fewer new experiments had been tried; many of the old ones were given over. The era since the war has been, in the main, reactionary. The women's "rights" movement has not progressed; and, with radical measures, not to progress is to recede. Prohibition was to a certain extent succeeded by high license. A disposition was shown to reduce the taxes, to limit and define the allowable functions of government, to take a conservative view of the marriage relation. It is impossible briefly to state the grounds of this conclusion, or, rather, inference; it can only be deduced from an actual survey of the whole field of State legislation. Perhaps, also, the reader may have noticed a corresponding social change; he may see about him a shade more moderation in all things, a little more impatience of the manifold 'isms and 'osophies than appears in the writings of the decades from 1840 to 1860. The fact is only noticeable in this connection as indicating a possibility that we shall permit ourselves no further rope; that a state of stable equilibrium has been reached. Though we still formulate, that "*the tendency of democracy* has so far been toward *absolute socialism*," we now accentuate the words *so far*.

Christianity, as a late writer has pointed out in words well chosen,* is the only system of socialism which commends itself as having a rational basis, and its founder the most practical teacher of it that the world has ever seen. "The aim of all socialism is the securing of equality in the social condition of mankind, and if equality is to be secured at all it will be secured only by changing the hearts of men, and never by setting to work, in the first instance, upon the conditions. But the present impulse of socialism is not Christian, but rather one willing to put an end to Christianity. And it is a system of machinery, like the kingdom of a tyrant, not of souls, like that of Christ. Now the Christian system did not rest on force at all. It was communistic, but not socialistic, as the word is properly used; for its very essence was the freedom of the individual will.

* Socialism and Legislation, Westminster Review, January, 1886.

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FOR AN OLD POET.

By H. C. Bunner.

When he is old and past all singing,
Grant, kindly Time, that he may hear
The rhythm through joyous Nature ringing,
Uncaught by any duller ear.

Grant that, in memory's deeps still cherished,
Once more may murmur low to him
The winds that sung in years long perished,
Lit by the suns of days grown dim.

Grant that the hours when first he listened
To bird-songs manhood may not know,
In fields whose dew for lovers glistened,
May come back to him ere he go.

Grant only this, O Time most kindly,
That he may hear the song you sung
When love was new—and, hearkening blindly,
Feign his o'er-wearied spirit young.

With sound of rivers singing round him,
On waves that long since flowed away,
Oh, leave him, Time, where first Love found him,
Dreaming To-morrow in To-day!

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MISS PRINGLE'S NEIGHBORS.

By Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Little Miss Pringle stood before the glass on her chest of drawers smoothing the hair over her temples with an air of indecision, glancing from the reflection of her face in the glass to her best bonnet and shawl which lay spread out on the white counterpane of her bed. Still uncertain, she walked toward the window, where she stood for several minutes regarding wistfully the garden and cottage below her. The garden, directly overlooked by her window, was a wilderness of untended flowers and blossoming fruit-trees; the house, old, low-pitched, and in ill repair, standing in the midst of a riot of color and perfume.

As Miss Pringle gazed from her vantage-ground a child's voice came pleasantly to her ears from the open door of the cottage. This sound—for Miss Pringle was fond of children in her way—gave an impulse to her inaction. She tied the bonnet carefully under her chin, arranged the folds of her shawl primly over her shoulders, and walked down-stairs. She smiled nervously as she caught herself repeating the form of introduction that she was used to consider proper on such occasions, for she was not a courageous woman, and a first call partook somewhat of the nature of an adventure.

As she tapped with her knuckles upon the lintel of her neighbors' open door, the tones of a deep full contralto voice, the like of which she had never heard before, thrilled and startled her unpleasantly.

"Who is there?" was repeated from within.

Taking heart of grace Miss Pringle stepped inside the room, saying as she entered, "Miss Pringle—from next door. As you and I have no other neighbors I thought it but friendly—" Her little convention of speech came to an untimely end. Before her, leaning with one shapely hand upon the back of a low chair, stood the mistress of the cottage, to whom, in her foolish heart, she had thought to be kind; a tall young woman of perhaps thirty, with a strong, supple figure, and a face of strange and somehow alarming beauty, who returned Miss Pringle's polite, shy glance with an expression in her black eyes for which that modest little lady was quite unprepared. Beside her stood a child, a cloud of yellow curls lying upon his shoulders, his black eyes fixed intently upon the intruder; for such Miss Pringle instinctively felt herself to be.

For some seconds no one spoke; Miss Pringle, in her embarrassment, found herself able neither to advance nor retreat under this battery of eyes. A gentle tide of anger, however, swelling in her breast gave her courage, and she was about to turn, when the child's voice arrested her.

"What do you want?" he said, slowly.

"I might say a little courtesy," returned she, with a trembling asperity. "I came with the most kindly intentions, because I knew you had no other neighbors."

"I had thought there were none," interrupted the lady; "that was why I took the house."

"Your neighbors will not prove troublesome, madam," said Miss Pringle; "I wish you a very good morning."

"Stop," said the child, with an air of authority, waving his hand toward a chair. "Sit down."

"Will you be so kind?" asked the lady, with a slight change in her voice, and pushing forward at the same time the chair she had been leaning upon.

It was so much more of a command than an invitation, that Miss Pringle, after a helpless glance at the door, sank into the chair assigned her, with difficulty repressing a burst of tears.

"What is it you wish, Felix?" asked the lady.

"I thought," replied the child, "that I would make her portrait. I should like to try a new person." As he spoke he walked about Miss Pringle, his hands clasped behind his back, studying her

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face from different standpoints with an air of serious abstraction. "Turn this way," he cried with an imperious gesture, frowning with his baby brows; "no, the other way. It won't do at all," he added, with a disappointed sigh, "you are too ugly."

Miss Pringle had been used to children all her life—sweet, bashful little creatures that hid behind their mothers' gowns, and had to be coaxed from their ambush with sugared tales and tempting bribes; and she thought she had a special vocation for them. But this one filled her simple soul with amazement, and she felt a twinge of pain at her heart, too. No one knew her plainness better than she, but no child before had remarked it. Her little nieces even called her "pretty Aunt Gatty," after they had become accustomed to her kind ways and her thoughtful presents.

"Do you know what I think?" she asked, winking her eyes hard, and with a quaver in her voice, "I think you are a very unkind little boy."

"You mistake his meaning," said the lady, raising her hand to enforce a hearing, for Miss Pringle had risen and was moving toward the door. "He is simply looking upon you as a model."

Miss Pringle gasped; the word to her had an almost licentious sound.

"He has inherited a strong artistic temperament from his father," continued the lady, gazing musingly into vacancy, the presence of her guest seeming to fade from her knowledge.

Miss Pringle's eye fell upon her hostess's black gown; her heart softened. "You are a widow?" she faltered.

"No," answered the young woman, returning suddenly to the consciousness of Miss Pringle, "I am Miss Mainwaring."

"Oh! I thought—" stammered Miss Pringle, "your dress—the child's strong resemblance——"

"I wear black from choice," said Miss Mainwaring. "I am not a widow; I was never married. The child naturally resembles me, because I am his mother."

Miss Pringle staggered against the wall as though she had received a physical blow at this astounding statement, the most damaging that could fall from a woman's lips. A deluded, deceived young girl she might, and with an effort, would have taken by the hand, and, with all the Christian charity possible, sought to lead to repentance and forgiveness; but this haughty, brazen woman boldly proclaiming her sin, this profanation of womanhood, was a thing too tremendous in iniquity for her contemplation. Her mental vision blinked at it and swerved aside.

Miss Mainwaring smiled. "It is not possible for you to understand," she said,—"nor necessary."

Miss Pringle walked out of the house, her brain in confusion, her mind a chaos. Her egress was interrupted by the child, who darted before her, his arms outspread across the way, smiling up into her face with imperious confidence as he cried, "You forgot to kiss Felix!"

She stopped and bent over him; a couple of tears that she had been repressing broke from their boundaries and rolled down her face. "Poor, poor, miserable child," she murmured, as she kissed his cheek, for he did not offer his lips. At these words he started back from her embrace and, to her surprise and dismay, bestowed a sounding slap upon her ear.

"How dare you speak to me like that!" he cried, his frowning eyes darting wrath, and a flame of indignation leaping to his cheeks.

Miss Pringle fled from before him, nor did she draw breath until her own door was safely closed behind her, when she sank upon the stairs and wept as she did not remember doing since she had been a child herself. As she stood again before the little mirror untying the bonnet-strings now so sadly crumpled, she almost expected to see some other stain than that of tears upon her cheeks, some smirch upon her forehead. She had had a terrible experience, for which the innocent purity of her nature was unprepared. She pulled down the blinds over the window (the only pleasant one in her small house), and drew the heavy curtains together and fastened them with a pin. A serpent had entered her garden of Eden, and she could take no more pleasure in the prospect. And yet her hand dallied with the cord that lowered the blind, with the pin that closed the curtains.

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Her cheek flushed, for she felt through all her humiliation and anger a stirring of curiosity, and was conscious that she refrained by intention and not by instinct from prying upon her guilty neighbors. She rang the bell for her maid-servant.

"Mary Jane," said she; "Mary Jane, if you touch pitch you will become defiled."

"Ma'am!" cried Mary Jane, amazed.

"At least," resumed Miss Pringle, with an effort to collect herself, "I wish the window of my bedroom on no account to be opened."

"Never, ma'am?" cried Mary Jane.

"Until I give you contrary orders," rejoined Miss Pringle.

Mary Jane held her mistress in no great awe, nor did she cherish toward Miss Pringle the fealty that a stronger and coarser nature would have commanded. She flounced as she closed the door a little more decisively than was necessary, with a determination to act according to her own lights in the matter of the window, as she had been in the habit of doing heretofore in all things connected with the household.

So the first time that Miss Pringle returned after having left the house in Mary Jane's charge, she found the curtain drawn, the blind up, and the low chair with the work-basket beside it in her favorite nook near the window. She looked at Mary Jane reproachfully.

"It was very stuffy," said the servant, sharply; "I had to take the first chance I could get to air the room."

"Ah, Mary Jane," said her mistress sadly, shaking her head, "you have taken the first chance to disobey me."

She sank, however, upon her low chair with a sense of comfort, for she had been far upon a charitable errand, and was tired. The soft, sweet air fanned her cheek. After all there was some excuse for Mary Jane; the room had grown close. She would sit and rest her wearied body until the room was freshened; and in the meantime, "lest Satan still some mischief find for idle hands to do," she took up her "work," upon which she resolutely fixed her eyes. Miss Pringle's "work" consisted of a strip of cambric muslin covered with blue hieroglyphics, through which she pierced holes, filling them up afterward with "button-hole lace-stitch." "Ah, well," thought she, "work is a great solace, and a refuge; who can tell — four — five — six — what temptations have passed me by that I might have been too weak to resist had I not had my work to flee to. Work"— she punched another hole— "work is a great safeguard. I don't doubt but that poor creature next door knows no more about work——"

The voice of the "poor creature next door," as though in defiance of such a term, rose full and clear and joyous from the garden below. She and her boy were playing together under an apple-tree. Miss Pringle dropped her work in sheer amazement, as, with an involuntary movement of her eyes, she beheld the woman, with a grand run forward, leap into the tree, where she swung back and forth from a pink blossomed branch, "for all the world," thought Miss Pringle, "like a wicked heathen goddess." Her feet and flowing skirts made an arc larger and larger until she suddenly loosed her hold, and flying through the air like a bird, dropped lightly before the laughing child, whom she caught in her hands and tossed into the tree, where he vainly sought to gain a hold, snatching wildly, and showering pink petals upon his mother's head, until, one twig after another slipping through his fingers, he came plumping down like an over-ripe fruit into her strong hands. Back again he was sent sailing aloft, this time making a surer anchorage, where he stood, shouting gleefully, on one swaying branch, while he held fast to another overhead. The mother ran round and round the tree, trying to shake its rugged trunk, and pelting the child with flowers and handfuls of grass rolled into balls. Finally, with another flying leap, she caught the end of the branch that upheld him and shook it, with hilarious cries, until Felix, dislodged, came tumbling down, again to be caught in his mother's quick arms.

A fugitive remembrance of a worldly young nephew's description of a trapeze performance had been wandering about in Miss Pringle's memory. "It is even worse than I had feared," she thought, "for they must be play-acting circus people."

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The child meanwhile had darted into the house, leaving his mother panting, smiling, and dishevelled, half riding upon a garden seat, to await his return. In a few moments he came dancing back.

"Helen, where is my kitty?" he cried; "I can't find her anywhere."

All the brightness went out of the woman's face at these words. She turned her eyes one way and another to avoid the child's astonished, searching gaze.

"Your kitty," she stammered, "your kitty—darling Felix, I'll get you another beautiful kitty."

"No!" cried the child, flaming into fury at these evasions, "I want my kitty! I want my kitty! Where is my kitty? Tell me! Where is my kitty?"

He came close to his mother as he spoke, and then, as though he saw something in her face that shocked him, fell back a step, still repeating, though more slowly, in a lower-pitched voice, "Where is my kitty?"

Miss Mainwaring, as much to Miss Pringle's astonishment as Felix's, holding out one hand as in deprecation, with the other covered her eyes and burst into tears.

When the boy again spoke, after a pause, his voice trembled, and there was a sob in his throat, but he still stubbornly reiterated the same question, "Where is my kitty?"

"Oh! Felix, Felix," cried his mother, "I cannot explain. You could not understand."

"Where is my kitty?" repeated the boy.

"Must I, then, give you to eat of the tree of knowledge?" cried the woman. "Felix, your kitty is dead."

"Dead?" said the child; "dead! What is that?"

"She—there was something wrong with her," said Miss Mainwaring, hurriedly, "she was ill. I did what I could, but she died."

"Oh," said Felix, with an inflection of relief. "Then you know where she is. Get her for me."

"Oh, no, my darling, no," pleaded the mother.

"Helen, get my kitty."

Miss Mainwaring rose and went to a box of trailing plants. From behind this she drew out a stiff parcel done up in white paper, the child waiting where he stood, but watching all her movements with keenly observant curiosity. She resumed her seat without speaking, and unrolled from the parcel a dead gray cat. Felix drew nearer and looked into his mother's face with dazed bewilderment, and then upon the dead cat.

"Is that my kitty?" he asked, in a solemn tone of awe and unwilling conviction. Once again he said, "Is that my kitty?" and touched the stiffened, bent limbs; then with a cry he threw himself headlong upon the grass and wept passionately. Suddenly his sobs ceased; he raised himself up on one elbow and said: "Helen, I was ill once; could *I* get dead?" He waited patiently and long for the answer.

"Felix, we must all die; it is a law inexorable."

The boy got up from the grass, his tears checked in the shock of this terrible revelation. He laid his hand upon the dead cat.

"Shall we be like this when we get dead?"

"Like this," she reluctantly answered.

"And then?"

"And then to be buried, and turn again to the elements from which we sprang." She spoke like one repeating a hated lesson conned by rote.

"Helen," said the child, looking piteously into her eyes, "I do not want to be dead."

She threw the cat's body to the ground, clasped the boy to her breast, and broke into a storm of tears. After a time the boy loosened himself from her hold and slipped to the ground. "I am sorry about that," he said, and then added, thoughtfully: "You are very, very old, Helen; very old, and you are not dead. Maybe it will be a long time yet."

"I'm sure of that!" cried Helen; "sure of it! Where, in all this world, are there two creatures so strong, so well as you and I? Oh, sure of it! You comfort better than you know, my Felix; we will live a long, long life, you and I, and a happy one, and when the end does come we shall be tired with having lived so long, and willing, and perhaps even glad, to have done with it. Think of it no

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more, my darling. But the poor kitty; we must bury the poor kitty."

"The poor kitty," said the child, with a rising sob; "my poor kitty. I never thought my kitty could get like that."

And so they two buried the gray cat. The playtime was over. They moved listlessly and talked with an effort, the boy casting many wistful glances at the gray cat's grave. As the twilight began to merge into dusk, Miss Mainwaring returned to the garden bench, where she sat, her arm around the boy, and her face turned up to the sky, and sang wonderful songs in a foreign tongue that thrilled Miss Pringle like the notes of the great organ in the cathedral. Her thimble fell from her finger and rolled under the bed; her "work" dropped to her feet; tears poured over her cheeks, and she fell upon her knees before the window, her hands clasped, in the attitude of prayer. She could understand not one of the Italian words, but as the waves of sound came rolling up and up, her soul seemed yearning to break bonds with the flesh, and she felt very near to heaven's gates. The cessation of the voice left her rapt in an ecstasy from which she fell into prayer. For more than an hour she knelt there, and poured out fervent and agonized supplications, beseeching divine interposition for the saving of these two lost souls, this mother and child, whose unconscious peril appalled her. She implored guidance in her own conduct toward them, and that she become not as the Pharisees are. A curtain seemed lifted from before her eyes, and she saw herself, narrow, cold, and self-righteous, lacking in Christian charity, no true follower of the Cross. When she lay down upon her bed that night, it was with the firm resolve that, at whatever cost to herself, whatever ruffling of her dignity, or hurt to her vanity and self-esteem, she would enter the house of her of whom she had falsely and in vain-glory said in her heart, "I am not as thou art." Once across the threshold, no shyness nor fear of misconstruction or ridicule should seal her lips; and whatever the issue of that day's venture, she would go again and again, until, in the fulness of time and the plenitude of God's mercy, the truth must prevail. With these holy thoughts Miss Pringle fell asleep, and all through her dreams she was attended by cherubim and seraphim.

But not the next day, nor the next, was Miss Pringle able to begin the prosecution of her design, for the cottage door was closed, and no one responded to her knock. Still she persevered, for a coil of blue smoke from the chimney proclaimed inhabitants. On the third day her insistence was rewarded and she was bidden to enter. Miss Mainwaring stood before an easel, and was scraping her palette free from paint.

"Oh, what a beautiful picture!" cried Miss Pringle in sincere admiration.

"Do you think so?" returned Miss Mainwaring. "You are a lenient critic. Felix does not agree with you. And he is right," she added. "I cannot paint; my work is hard, unsympathetic, dry, and mechanical. Still, it is an amusement. Felix is the true artist."

Her manner was less artificial and constrained than when Miss Pringle had first seen her; but the timid soul quailed inwardly as she remembered her errand. Still she had at least this advantage: they received her more kindly than she had anticipated. Miss Mainwaring, laying aside her brushes and palette, drew forth a chair, which she offered Miss Pringle, and bade Felix bring his sketches. To the inexperienced eyes of the country lady these seemed most precocious and wonderful productions, though not to be compared to the picture upon his mother's easel. She gave a cry of astonishment and delight as she turned them over, for she recognized in one a rough but unmistakable likeness of the child's mother.

"It is incredible!" she cried. "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" She forgot her shyness in the magnitude of her surprise. "How old is he? Only five? And I couldn't draw a gate-post if I tried till the end of my days," regarding Felix with something approaching awe. She laid her hand upon the pile of drawings. This was her opportunity, but her heart beat thickly. "Oh, Miss Mainwaring, what a responsibility, what a precious charge is this vouchsafed you—the moulding of a mind like this." She felt her danger and dared not stop, her timidity shak-

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ing the words in stumbling volubility from her lips, while waves of color swept over her face and neck. "Have you thought, do you think, of the future of this gifted child, not only his future life in this world, but in that to come? And your own—everlasting life—forgiveness of sins—" her voice faltered; "I have brought a—a little book—" She was lost. It was impossible to recover the broken thread with those four astonished eyes fixed upon her.

"My dear creature," cried Miss Mainwaring, after a blank pause, "what can you mean? Have you—I do believe you have brought *tracts!*" And covering her face with both hands, she sought in vain to check an irrepressible burst of laughter. Miss Pringle had half withdrawn from the reticule on her arm a little packet which she now as nervously tried to crush back again.

"I have been in the habit," she said, in a rather choked voice, "of presenting similar books to my little nieces, and I thought the pictures at least—but they are different; I did not expect, I did not know——"

The child was not affected by his mother's ill-repressed amusement, but held out his hand for the book; he, too, however, smiled when he turned over the leaves and looked at the illustrations, spelling out the legend under one of a child strangely clad, "not too young to be saved," with a puzzled air. His mother, becoming suddenly grave, took the book from him and handed it back to Miss Pringle.

"I have no doubt you mean kindly," she said, "but that is a class of literature I have a great abhorrence for, and I cannot allow Felix to read it. I think," she went on, smiling, "that you have come in a sort of missionary spirit, hoping to convert us to Methodism. Felix and I, Miss Pringle, are very well content as we are; and though Felix has never heard of even the elements of what you call religion, and I do not believe in them, we are much better and happier than the most of those whom you call Christians."

"Better!" gasped Miss Pringle; "but you told me yourself that you were not—that the child—" she paused in embarrassment.

"Ah, yes," returned Miss Mainwaring; "I had for the moment forgotten that—to your class of mind—unpardonable sin. You came, I suppose, to address yourself to an unrepentant Magdalen? Ah?" For the truth was confessed on Miss Pringle's face. "Well, Miss Pringle, your time will, I assure you, be better employed in your Sunday-school. Shall I tell you a little of myself and my life?" she resumed, as though touched by her visitor's evident pain and distress.

"Before the child?" murmured Miss Pringle, aghast.

"Do not be alarmed; I have no very startling revelations to make. Though I was but imperfectly educated, my earlier years having passed among people of narrow prejudices, and my profession of a public singer allowing me but little time for profitable reflection, I have long possessed the great advantage of association with minds infinitely superior to my own. But that," said she, interrupting herself, "can have but little interest for you. You have never heard, perhaps, of George Sand, of Mary Wollstonecraft, nor—but how should you? You will hardly believe it, Miss Pringle, that there have been women, loved by those who knew them, admired and honored by the world, who held the same opinions that I hold; who looked upon the forcible binding of the marriage relation, as the phrase goes, by the strong arm of the law, as a thing abhorrent and monstrous. Such are the broad lines of the views held upon this subject by the circle in which I moved; shocking to you, probably, justifiable in reason to them and to me. It chanced that my union with a man of great talents was rather an arrangement by my friends than precisely the choice of my heart. Perhaps that was why I disappointed their expectations. By all but myself the birth of my child was felt to be a misfortune. When they implored me to part with him, and represented to me, with the clearest truth, that I was wasting my talents and spoiling my career; that the cradle and the domestic hearth were not stepping-stones to that higher life of which I had dreamed, I could not refute them; I replied with a woman's logic; I fled with my child. I have proved a renegade to my theories, and false to my

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art. I have thrown away my life. But I am content. If I could not brook advice and interference from those whose wisdom I venerated, am I likely, do you think, Miss Pringle, to listen with much toleration to a stranger?"

Miss Pringle sat silenced. She hardly knew what she had expected, but certainly not the exposition of a cold immorality that struck a chill to her soul. Miss Mainwaring held out her hand (which she had never done before) with an air of friendly courtesy to bid her guest good-evening, saying, as she did so, "Now that you know my views and position, I am willing to be as neighborly as you like; within certain limits."

Felix offered his cheek for a kiss, and Miss Pringle knew herself dismissed. She felt that she had made no progress, and that the difficulties were great, perhaps insurmountable. She blushed in the darkness as she accidentally touched the little book in the reticule, and blushed again that she was ashamed.

. . . . . .

"Sure, miss," said Mary Jane, "it looks more like a garden party." Her mistress's eyes were red with weeping, and her empty hands lay idly in her lap. Her heart was heavy within her breast, and there was no solace to be found in work; for her duty had lain before her, and she had withheld her hand from the task. The propitious moment had passed, and it was now eternally too late.

In the garden where such a little time before Helen Mainwaring was playing with her boy, where the hateful explanation of the tragedy of death had been forced from her unwilling lips, tripping airily over the gray cat's grave, were gathered a company of strangers. Ladies, of gracious demeanor, clad in garments of simple elegance, the very acme of the milliner's art, sat and walked and talked under the apple-trees. Some, at variance with the seeming simplicity of their attire, wore rouge upon their cheeks, not with discreet shyness, but frankly, as one sticks a rose in the hair; all had the same ease of manner and distinction of bearing. Gentlemen, suave and courteous, with softly modulated voices, flirted decorously with these gracious ladies. Wit, delicately barbed, epigram and apt quotation, passed lightly from one to another like the petals of the apple blossoms borne on the soft air. It was like a scene in a comedy, exquisite, artificial, idyllic. It was thus that Helen Mainwaring's friends responded to the appeal of Rachel mourning for her children.

For Felix was dead. He had gayly kissed his mother good-night, and with his arms still about her neck his life had passed away in a single restful sigh. "Congenital defect of the organic structure of the heart," said the village doctor.

And now the gracious ladies and the courteous gentlemen trooped in regretfully from the freshness of the country garden; for the carriages were at the door, and the train would wait neither for quick nor for dead. No priest was present, and there was no service. There was nothing to distinguish this from any ordinary pleasure-party, save the presence of the small coffin and the one stricken mourner.

Miss Pringle felt as though a curtain had been blown aside for a moment from before a tragic picture, and yet in that short interval her own being had become incorporated into and a part of it. At the same time that she was beset by a haunting sense of the unreality of what had passed, she was palpably and miserably conscious of her own weakness and sin; as she believed, her culpable shirking of the awful responsibility that had been laid upon her. She brooded over her failures and inconsistencies with shame and wonder and agonized remorse. The sight of the cottage, now so empty and desolate, struck her always anew with a fresh pain. The wheels of her life had run so easily in the ruts of the worn track that she had hardly felt the jars that befall the ordinary traveller on that great road where we jostle each other so eagerly toward the end we would all so gladly avoid; and now at this late hour, and all unready, she was shaken to the soul.

In deep and bitter self-communing she sat one night with her Bible on her knees; it had fallen open at the words, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." The text to any but herself would have seemed almost ludicrously inapplicable, but to her it was of the keenest significance and smote her sore. From these painful musings she was sud-

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denly startled by a knock. Her cheeks paled and her hands trembled as she clasped the Bible nervously to her breast. From some vibration of sympathy she knew who stood at her door.

It was Helen Mainwaring who mounted the narrow stair, but not the Helen Mainwaring Miss Pringle remembered almost insolently vaunting her health and strength and beauty like a young wild mare. This was a woman aged by sorrow, gaunt and haggard, with fever-burned lips and sunken eyes, who dragged her body wearily, as though it were a dead thing she would fain detach herself from, but could not.

Miss Pringle strove for utterance, but her visitor silenced her with a gesture that still retained some resemblance to her former imperious manner. "Do not mock me with condolences," she said; "I have had enough of that. They tried to console me with their epicurean philosophy. He had been beautiful, they said; beautiful in his life, beautiful in his death, and with that I should be content. It was only an episode; an episode that they even thought might be used as capital. I had experienced emotions that should give more breadth to my acting, more passion to my song." A wan smile crossed her face; "Sing! I shall never sing again."

She laid her hand on Miss Pringle's arm. "Will you come with me? I am in strange straits and wish to have a witness to myself. Either I am mad, or a thing incredible has come to pass."

Miss Pringle followed her silently. The darkness that encompassed the cottage, blotting out all familiar landmarks, made it seem strangely isolated, and the house itself wore a new aspect in the night, with vague loose outlines lying against a mass of soft, dense blackness. As they neared the door a sound met them as of a vast army marching with measured step. "It is like the heavenly host," thought Miss Pringle, with a tremor of awe, and then she became aware that it was only the noise of a distant wind moving toward them through the tree-tops; but the momentary flash of a supernatural terror left her feeble courage weakened, and she felt involuntary chill shiverings pass through her body.

On the threshold Miss Mainwaring paused a moment. "You wonder that I am alone?" said she. "I am not so much alone as yesterday before I fled from them all. I came last night. Ever since I have been listening—listening—and yet I cannot be sure. What is that?" she added, in a sharp whisper.

With an effort to subdue the terror creeping through her veins, which she felt to be both unseemly and unchristian, Miss Pringle replied aloud, but the sound of her own voice startled her unexpectedly.

"It is only the reflection of the moonlight," she said, and then with a glance over her shoulder remembered the blackness of the night, and that there was no moon.

Miss Mainwaring made no response. She led Miss Pringle into the house, struck a light, and drawing her companion to her side on a sofa, fell into the attitude of listening. "You hear, you see nothing?" she asked eagerly.

"Nothing," replied Miss Pringle, with a stealthy backward glance at the black uncurtained window. "What do you expect me to hear?"

"*I* hear nothing," returned Miss Mainwaring with a weary sigh. "Nothing. I see you have your book. Read if you like."

Miss Pringle opened the Bible that she had inadvertently carried away with her. She felt a curious hesitancy in reading from the holy volume. It seemed to savor of an attempt at exorcism; but the lines that caught her eye decided her, and she read aloud in a trembling voice, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." She cast a timid glance upon her companion and saw that the words had not reached her understanding; and yet she was listening with a painful expectancy, her eyes roving restlessly round the room, that with its emptiness and silence struck the senses with a more chilling impression of loneliness than the widest expanse of open moor. Miss Mainwaring, as with a sudden impulse, rose and placed the lamp in an adjacent room whence it threw a long narrow shaft of light through the open door, and then glided back to the sofa, still evidently hearkening with every fibre of her body. Miss Pringle

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was immeasurably distressed by the unreasoning terror that was rapidly swamping her intellect. A click upon the window-pane made her start violently, though with the movement she knew it was but a twig whipped against the glass by the wind. She thought to speak, but the intense stillness oppressed her like a nightmare, and she could not. Instead, she, too, fell to watching and hearkening for she knew not what. Something she felt she almost heard, and strained her attention more sharply. A shock passed from her companion's body to her own, and a cold hand fell upon hers.

"Did you hear?" whispered Miss Mainwaring hoarsely. The cold hand pressed harder. "*Did you hear?*"

"I heard."

"What? Speak!"

"I cannot tell," returned Miss Pringle, shivering; "not so much as a breath, a movement in the air."

Miss Mainwaring made no reply, but gripping the elder woman by the shoulder, turned her face so that the shaft of lamplight crossed it, and devoured her countenance with dilating eyes.

"What?" she demanded, quickly noting a change in Miss Pringle's expression.

"Yonder, is there not something like a faint reflection, something almost luminous?"

"Yes, yes!" with a frantic eagerness, but not turning to look; "I know."

"Merciful God, *it is Felix!*" cried Miss Pringle with a strangled shriek.

Uttering a great cry, Helen Mainwaring sank upon her knees. Instantly all fear, all timidity fell from the weak, shy old maid like a garment cast off. "O woman, O mother, do you hear? He cannot find the way! Do you hear him? His baby feet have never trod the path that leads to the fold, and now the little child is lost in the outer darkness!"

But her words fell upon ears dulled to mortal sounds. With a countenance radiant with hope and love and joy, Helen Mainwaring held out her arms crying, "I am coming; *I* will find the way!"

Through the tumult of the brain that precedes a fainting fit, Miss Pringle believed that she heard a child's laugh of joyous surprise. When she recovered consciousness the slanting streak of lamplight lay across Helen Mainwaring's dead face, the lips yet smiling.

. . . . . .

Miss Pringle's neighbors lie together in the suburbs of a great city, under a heavy and costly stone, but weeds and rank grasses have crept gradually over their resting-place. Far away in the country, in the garden of what is called a haunted house, a gray cat's grave is carefully tended by a gentle little lady in loving remembrance of those who, except by her, have long been forgotten.

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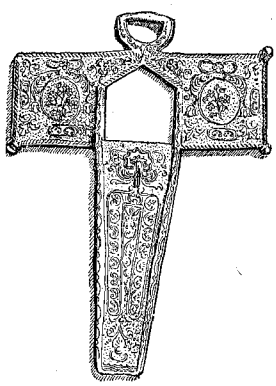
AN UNCOMMERCIAL REPUBLIC.

By W. T. Brigham.



An Iron Stirrup of the Time of Cortez.

To a descendant of the Vikings it seems a strange thing that man should deliberately set his house-pillars far away from the sea, whose waters yield him food and ever provide a highway for traffic or adventure. The old mariner who from early youth has ploughed the seas now comes into port and, as a farmer, tries to plough the land; but his farm must be where he can still view the ocean, or at least where he can smell its salt breezes. The great cities of this race must be on the coast, or on navigable waters. Before railroads there were few important inland cities.

Not far to the south of us, where the North American continent grows very narrow, and gathers its diminished surface into vast mountain wrinkles, scowling, as it were, on the two oceans that attack it on both sides, is a republic about as large as all New England, with a million and a quarter inhabitants, two hundred and sixty miles of coast on the Pacific Ocean and a hundred and fifty on the Atlantic, without a real port, and with all her cities far inland, away from navigable waters.

The Republic of Guatemala, the modern representative of that Captain-Generalcy of Spain which once embraced all Central America and a goodly share of Mexico, has a number of fair harbors utterly neglected. It is true that on the long southern coast there are at present no sufficiently sheltered harbors between La Union and Acapulco, that the surf rolls in on the beach of black volcanic sand often so violently as to preclude landing, and the steamers of the Pacific Mail Company have to pass by. It is also true that the climate of the shore region is far from salubrious, fevers of paludine and malarial nature attacking almost all European residents, and, indeed, frightening away the people of native birth but foreign blood, who might be thought proof against ordinary *calenturas*. In the sixteenth century, however, the Spanish Conquistadores built their fleets in the sufficiently comfortable harbor of Istapa, at the mouth of the Rio Michatoya, and there are at least two other places where a commercial nation would long ago have constructed what Nature insufficiently provided.

At San José, the Pacific port of Guatemala City, an immense iron pier, formed by iron piles screwed into the sand, and extending through the surf-line, affords landing for lighters plying between the steamers and the pier, but even with strong lighters and steam-hoisting cranes, it is often no easy passage from steamer to railway. Add to this that the pier is in the hands of a company who seem to believe that a very little business at exorbitant charges is the best policy, and it is little wonder that there is little commerce at San José de Guatemala. Without the printed tariff before one it is perhaps unfair to dwell much on the charges for lightering, wharfage, and freight to the city, but the statement is well within bounds that it costs more to get goods from a vessel to the city than to bring them from Hamburg to the port. The Compañia de Muelle y Agencias has undoubtedly made great profits, but has as certainly fettered commerce with outrageous charges.

At Champerico the story is the same, but here the railway is not yet extended from the port to any large city. At Ocós, on the boundary between Guatemala and the Mexican state of Soconusco, very little has yet been done of the far-reaching plans presented to the government. San José has less than five hundred inhabitants, Champerico

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less than three hundred, and Ocós is a mere hamlet. The pier at Champerico is no less than twelve hundred and sixty feet long and thirty wide, built of iron, and of sufficiently solid construction.

It is proper to say here that the insalubrity of the climate is at least as great a check to a large port as is the present want of harbors. The unwholesome emanations from the lowlands and marshes that are alternately lakes and swamps could probably be ended by judicious draining, filling, and planting, and the government has already planted Eucalyptus trees to some extent. A careful reconnoissance of a portion of the coast-land of Guatemala fairly representative of the whole indicates four things: A land well enriched by the wash from the mountains and the ejections of the coast volcanoes, hence capable of the highest cultivation; a slope sufficient for ample drainage with proper emissaries seaward, and material enough to fill in any low places; a climate (with the miasmata eliminated) not too hot for European constitutions, and admirably suited to vegetable growth. The fourth indication is presented with hesitation, as its scientific determination demands accurate data, which are as yet wanting; this is, that the coast is rising. If an opportunity had presented of journeying along the coast it would have been no very difficult problem, perhaps, but touching the coast at only one point, and at a place where there were no wave-washed cliffs nor any more permanent land-marks than a rather steep beach of black sand, the writer feels hardly justified in asserting that there has been here an elevation of coast. A rise of eight feet would, however, explain the present state of the once desirable port of Istapa, and within fifty miles of this shore are undoubted changes of elevation, of date subsequent to the sixteenth century, of twice eight feet. But a discussion of the reasons for a belief in the elevation of coast-line would be out of place here, and with the summary remark that soil, climate, and geography indicate capabilities that have never been developed by the uncommercial nation in whose bounds the maritime departments of Retalhuleu, Suchitepequez, Escuintla, and Santa Rosa are situated we may turn to the Atlantic side of the republic.

The little town of Livingston, on the Gulf of Amatique, has existed for more than three centuries, under various names, on a high bluff, at the mouth of the Rio Dulce, where a large commercial city should be; and with all these centuries upon it there is nothing there but a mud wall and palm-thatch camp to this day. Utterly isolated from the rest of the republic except by waterway, it occupies a site large enough for and well suited to an extensive town. On a high bluff more than fifty feet above the water, Livingston is fanned by the land breeze from the mountains all the early part of each day, while the descending sun announces the fresher breezes from the Gulf. Springs of excellent water break from the base of the limestone in many places, and aqueducts could easily bring even better water from the mountain-streams close at hand. Nowhere on the Atlantic coast is there a more agreeable climate taken the year through. Seldom does the thermometer mark a higher temperature than eighty-six degrees, and all distinctions of summer and winter disappear. A perpetual June reigns, and while Jupiter Pluvius washes air and foliage and earth to the extent of more than eighty inches of rain-fall each year, he considerately does most of this necessary work at night, and seldom veils the sun for twenty-four hours at a time.

All this is on the northern shore, while across the river, here expanding into a bay, the shores offer choice places for residences, and fertile fields for plantations, to the very slope of grand San Gil, which much of the time, like another Atlas, bears the clouds on his broad shoulders. There are none of the swampy shores so pernicious to health in a wet and tropical climate. The land beneath one's feet is firm, and not like the fever-haunted Belize, a mere mass of vegetable and animal corruption, soaking in the river-water. Here is a town where fruits grow well, flowers, such as our most skilful florists cannot equal, brighten the jungle that hems in this mere patch of open ground, and where two of the greatest of mate-

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rial needs abound, pure air and wholesome water. The death-rate is less than one-third that of Boston, and there is only half a doctor in the place. Now, with all these advantages, why is there no city here?

Only a few miles up the Rio Dulce, by a deep channel, eighteen fathoms in places, a ship could anchor in one of the grandest harbors in the world, the Lago de Izabal, but, alas for the apathy of this people, even the light-draught (twelve feet) fruit-steamers from New Orleans cannot enter the great river over a bar on which is barely six feet of water (the tides are but a few inches here, and the high water is in time of flood in the river feeders). That bar might be easily cut or dredged, and be kept open by the current of a narrower outlet, while at present it is increasing in the usual way—that is, the river sweeps through its comparatively narrow water-way until it approaches Livingston, and then spreads out to a breadth of nearly a mile; loaded with detritus in flood-time, the sudden check to its velocity causes a precipitation of the more solid parts of its load, and the check is greatest where the river-water meets the current in the bay, which usually has a course across the river stream; then the bar begins, and its growth is more rapid with time, for with greater bulk it can demand more toll of the flowing river, and its toll builds its wall. If that river-mouth were in the land of "river and harbor" bills, how soon it would be put in navigable condition! For the present, Livingston is curiously enough a foreign town, the great bulk of its population being of Carib stock, so-called, the remains of that once warlike race that not only gave its name to the Caribbean Sea, but also to those of our fellow-men who have anthropophagous tastes (caribal = cannibal). Besides the few government officers, the white inhabitants are Italian, French, and a few English and American (*del Norte*).

Three centuries and a half ago Cortez stood on the banks where now are the coco-palms of the illustration (page 704), and what he saw then we can see now—neither more nor less. There were some palm-thatched houses, and a few canoes hollowed from single logs of mahogany, cedar, or other trees, much as they are fashioned there to-day, were dragged up on the narrow beach, for then, as now, the worms rapidly destroyed all unsheathed vessels. He sent a few Spaniards, whom he found here collecting sapotes, a fruit that still is very abundant at Livingston, across the river in the canoes to the little Spanish colony inland on the flanks of San Gil, and he awaited their return with more and larger boats to ferry his retainers and horses across the wide river. It is easy enough to recall the scene as one sits under the coco-nuts on the point. The modern shops are out of sight, and if a dory drops down the river it takes well the place of its predecessors of the same pattern that ferried the travel-weary Spaniards over the river so long ago. But what brings back those olden days most vividly is to sail up the Rio Dulce, as the great Conquistador did. Almost before the dory is well away from the shore her bows turn toward the mountain-wall, that seems quite unbroken, but as she speeds on in the fresh sea-breeze of the afternoon the high limestone cliffs slide apart just enough to let the river through, and hardly a dozen boat-lengths behind her stern they seem to close again and shut out the world of to-day. Like Cortez, we were explorers, though we watched the banks, not for enemies, but for flowers. All was bright and fresh—no ancient trees nor decaying stumps—the palms stretched upward and the ferns and vines hung downward, as in eager rivalry to see which advancing party could most completely hide the white rock of the cliffs that tower hundreds of feet above the quiet but quickly moving stream. The vegetation was bright and fresh, and so it was three centuries and a half ago. It is watered, perhaps, with that wondrous spring which Ponce de Leon sought in vain; but as it is now, so it was then. No change that man may have wrought endures, but Nature is here supreme. The white heron stands calmly on the log that has caught on the shore, as if man had never frightened him, the lories sweep chattering across from tree to tree, and here and there a fish jumps. Cortez went up the Rio Dulce nine miles, into the lake-like Golfete, and on through a narrow

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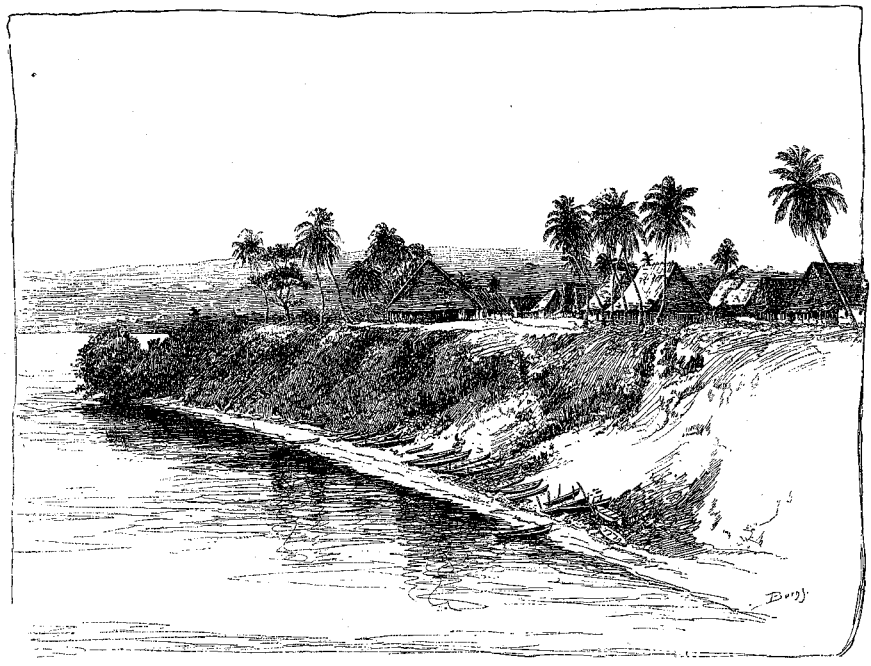

Barrack Point, Livingston.

passage into the broad Lago de Izabal. Still farther he sailed or rowed or paddled, into the crooked river Polochic, and here he found an Indian village where is now unbroken forest, and the brave villagers boldly attacked him as he drifted down-stream, and the conqueror of Mexico nearly lost his life by the arrow of an Indio whose tribal name, even, has been forgotten.

I have often gone over this river in a steamer when the boat seemed to be an intruder on the quiet scene, but when the first time I travelled in a dory for a week from Livingston to the head of navigation at Pansos, on the Polochic, the centuries rolled away and I was with the Conquistadores again. Their print on the country has never been effaced, and I keep a memento of these cruel but brave and dauntless men in the shape of one of their uncouth and heavy stirrups, given me by Don Enrique Toriello, then Jefe Politico at Livingston. This iron mass, carefully wrought in old Spain, weighs five and a half pounds, and is nearly eighteen inches long. If their other instruments of travel were like this, no wonder their colony has not progressed further.

But Livingston, the Rio Dulce, and Izabal do not comprise all the commercial facilities of Guatemala's Atlantic coast. Northward England has seized the Guatemalan coast in defiance of the Monroe doctrine; but ten miles eastward of Livingston is the fine Bay of Santo Tomas, with deep water close in shore, good anchorage and shelter, but no bar, because no river. There it was that more than forty years ago the now almost forgotten Belgian colony was projected, but by sad mismanagement the unfortunate colonists were landed in the wet season, without shelter or sufficient food, and they either died or got back to Europe as best they could. Now the little hamlet of hardly a hundred inhabitants seems quite dead, and the mango-trees cast a dense and solemn shade where might be warehouses and noisy streets. Nature has done her part, and is patiently waiting for man to take his turn at the wheel. The only commerce seems to be in cattle, though generally a canoe is on the ways, for to that extent Santo Tomas is a ship-yard.

On the same bay the new Puerto Barrios is not at all so well situated, and

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perhaps before the new railroad, for which it was to be the shore terminus, is completed, the older port will be preferred. Puerto Barrios is at present a swamp, with a few rough houses for the railway contractors, and a few miles of railroad extending into the forest; but in one of these shanties was kept, at the time of my visit, a large and elaborate plan of the future city. Forts, plazas, theatres, churches, were down in black and white, and it is said that the numbered house-lots were the subject of no little speculation in the early days of the railroad scheme.

Guatemala has ports; why are they not used? What has turned the population from the shores inland? The country was not originally settled by a people who landed on her shores. The darkness which hangs over the early history of this continent has been lifted a little to show us a people on the banks of the lordly Usumacinta, in that earthly paradise not so far to the northward of Guatemala. How they got there is not of importance to us just now; but we can trace their descendants, conquerors, or successors, by the dim light of tradition, language, and sculptured remains, to the highlands in the interior of the republic. There were several reasons why these people should not go down to the shore. The uplands enjoyed a better climate, and the mountain-tops served well for fortresses and places of worship. It is, perhaps, an indication of the mountainous nature of their cradle that whenever they drifted southward into low, flat lands they longed for the hills, and, like the Eastern queen, reared terraced mounds and pyramids to keep green the memory of their fatherland. Then the shore valleys were choked with a denser vegetation, hence more difficult to cultivate, subject to a greater rainfall, and by no means so easily fortified. To these reasons we may add the insalubrity of the Pacific coast.

It is true that remarkable remains are found in the maritime valleys, as at Quirigua, on the banks of the Rio Motagua; but these do not indicate cities so much as places of sepulture or worship. At Quirigua it is evident that the large monoliths, carefully sculptured from top to base, front and back, with human (portrait) figures, and both sides with hieroglyphs as yet unread, are monuments of the dead—the royal dead, for combined with the effigy are always the emblems of kingly power, a tiger or lion, and of death, the skull. In the illustration (p. 707) these were above the head and are now defaced; on the re-

The Entrance to Rio Dulce.

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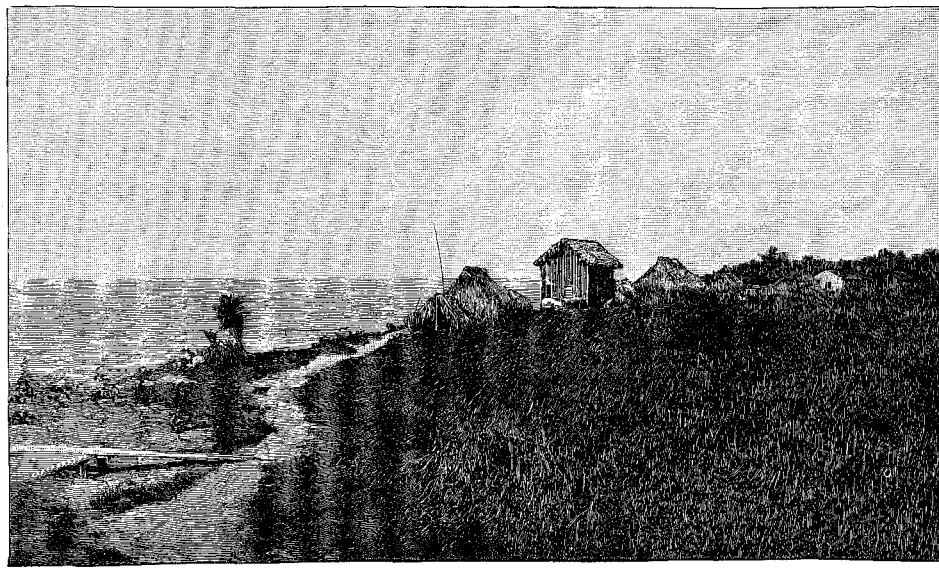
verse they are well preserved. Even in the lowlands of Yucatan the towns were away from the shore, and only approached it at the point of embarkation for the sacred island of Cozumel.

When, in 1525, Cortez made his wonderful journey from Mexico to Livingston, he found an almost unbroken forest, much of it swampy and liable to be overflowed during the rainy season, and in its depths but few inhabitants, in scattered villages. When Pedro de Alvarado came southward on the other side of the country, he found large cities on the high land, none less than a thousand feet above the sea, and the fiercest battle he fought in his cruel subjugation of the Kingdom of Quahtemalan was on the plain of Quezaltenango, at an altitude of little less than seven thousand feet.

As the earlier inhabitants, so the Spaniards came into Guatemala by land, and their towns were founded in the uplands near, though seldom among, the ruins of the Indian towns they had destroyed. Leaving commerce and easy intercourse entirely out of view, the Indios always pitched their tents in well-chosen places. Whether the more level slopes of a well-watered valley, as Sacapulas; a high and strongly fortified bluff, like Cunen; the broad mountain valley, like Quiché; or the precipice-bound lake at Sololá—in each and every case one can see that no barbarian picked out the spot.

Look at the Plaza of Sacapulas, where the old ceiba tree, sacred to the ancient Indios, as to the dweller in Palestine the oak at Mamre, shades, and has shaded for perhaps a thousand years, the little traffic of the town. Think of a city where all the bartering can be done under one tree! It is Domingo, the Lord's day, and a quieter air perhaps breathes through the doorless portal of the ruined church. On the left are the *mozos de cargo* preparing their burdens for the shorter Sabbath-day's journey; under the tree are a few old women with earthen pans of salt for sale, or paltry dishes of fruit or *dulces*, while on the steps of the *cabildo* on the right are the alcaldes and other officials of the town. The façade of the old church tells of earthquakes tumbling down the strongest of man's work, while the far older temple of pagan days, that fine ceiba, was unharmed. It tells another story of decline in the contrast it offers, roofless and shattered, its area crowded with graves, but still a noble ruin, to the wretched little church reared



Puerto Barrios.

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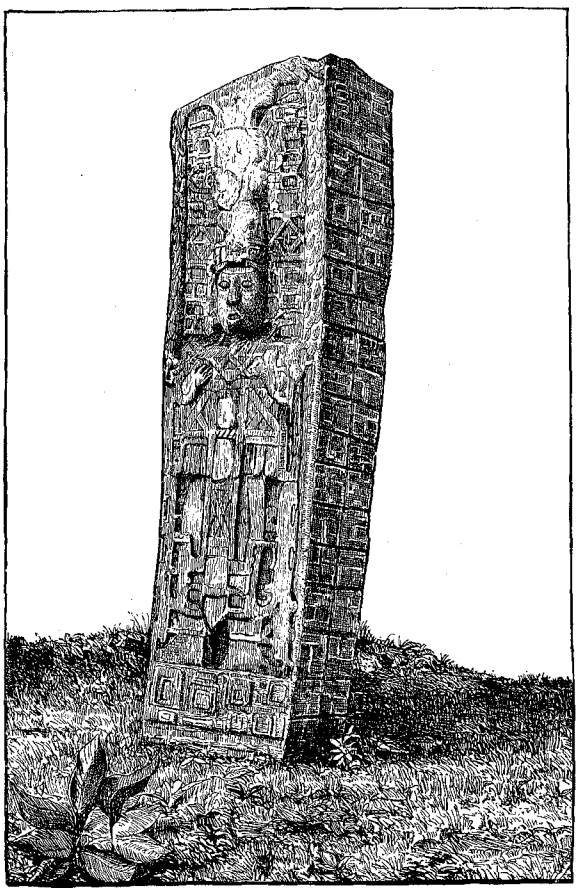

A Monolith at Quirigua.

by its side for the present generation. As one approaches Sacapulas from the pine-clad mountains he sees the little city, with its red-tile roofs, spread out three thousand feet below him and five miles away. Far in the distance, some forty miles, rises the volcanic cone of Tajumulco; through the valley rushes the rapid Chixoy on its way to join the Usumacinta, and all the lower slopes are cultivated into every shade of green.

Sololá is not less beautiful, and its white walls glisten among its gardens; while beyond the blue lake of Atitlan rise the beautiful volcanic cones, clothed with forests nearly to the summits, although one still smokes. Oh the feasts for artists to the north, south, east, and west of these Indian towns! An uncommercial traveller is quite at home in this uncommercial country. No dusty roads, for the sandalled foot of the *mozo* treads lightly on the grass growing in the path; even the mules and horses hardly disturb the surface. If you meet people they all move noiselessly, like phantoms; you are not disturbed. Fashion is of little account, and comfort may here clothe or unclothe the man. No highwaymen, no footpads in all the Republic of Guatemala—at least none outside the cities; and the traveller will sleep by the road-side unguarded, but as safe as in his own home. Personally I have never felt so secure in sleeping in camp as in this country, and often I have chosen a blanket on the turf, with my saddle-bags for pillow, rather than the best bedroom in the best house in town.

There is one inconvenience in a country where no one travels for business—a complete absence of hotels. It is surprising, at first, to come to a town of ten thousand inhabitants and, on inquiring for the *posada*, to be told, "No hay;" there is none. Still, the people are hospitable, and never refuse a meal or a bed, and there is always the refuge of the town buildings. The court-room is often quite comfortable, and I once arranged a very acceptable bed on a mahogany bench by using the bundles of official documents for a mattress.

Guatemala has been called "The Land of the *No hay*," so common is this reply to the traveller. But the same is true all through Spanish America, and the absence of things is by no means so irritating as the non-use of what the people have. The *mañana* (to-morrow) is the most abused word in their language, and the rule seems to be, "Never do to-day anything you can possibly put off until to-morrow."

A nation like Spain, eminent in the fifteenth century for her commercial ventures and discoveries, whose galleons

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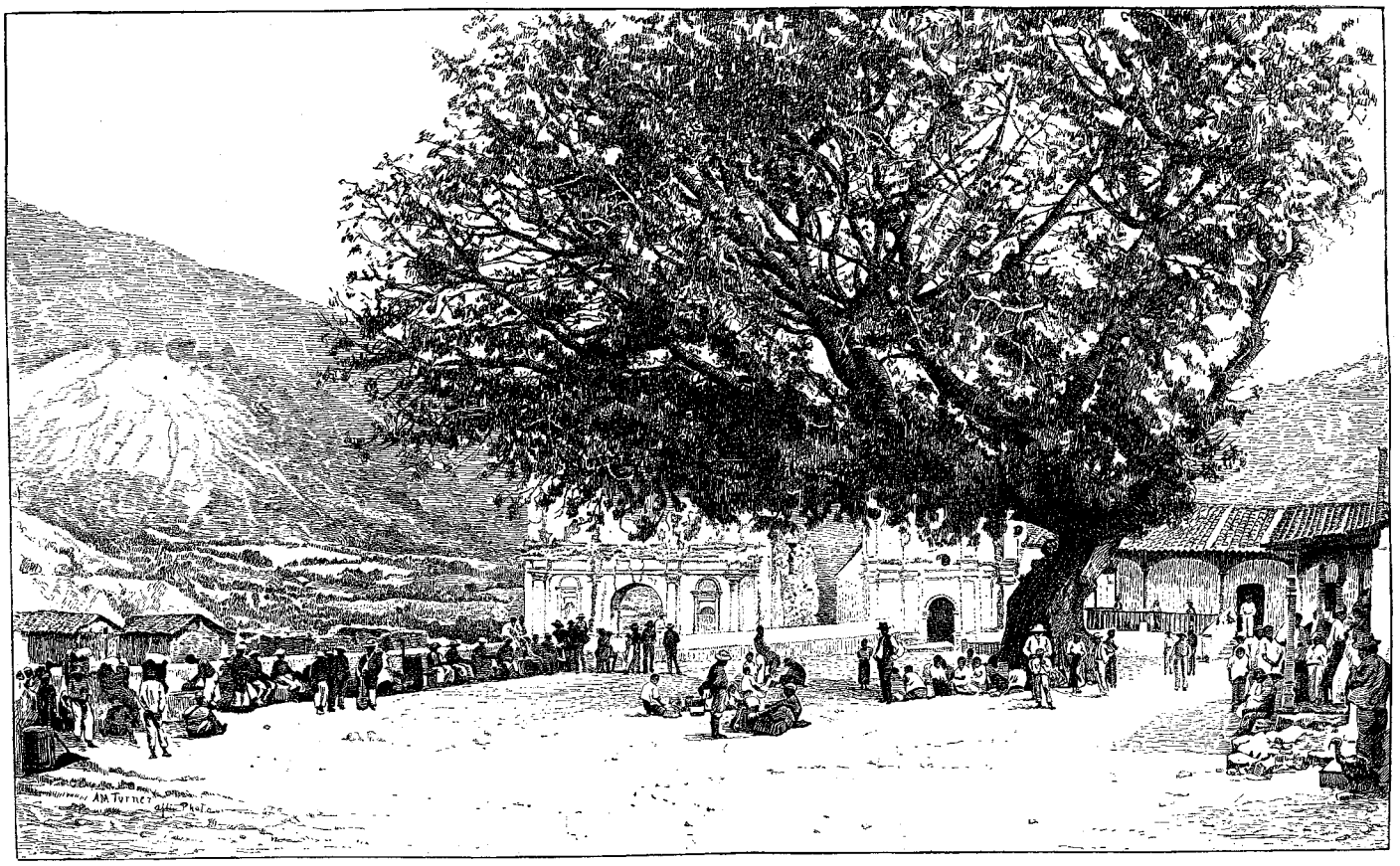

Sacapulas on the Chixoy.

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and plate-ships a century later knew all the paths from Old Spain to New Spain, and from this to far Cathay, would naturally need ports in her new colonies; and yet, where are her coast cities? Trujillo, near the point where Columbus on his fourth voyage first landed on this continent, is but a village still, without a wharf or decent landing-place for merchandise; and yet its church was no longer new when New York was founded.

Sololá and the Volcano of Atitlan.

The people the Spaniards had conquered and on whom they depended for servile labor were all inland, as were also the silver mines and gold washings, and the centripetal tendency was promoted not a little by a strong suspicion of other nations and a desire to keep their ill-gotten gains to themselves. Brigand-like, they sought the mountain-fastnesses, and in the course of years it proved fortunate for their towns that they were well inland, since they escaped the oft-repeated misery which Panama suffered at the hands of the buccaneers.

If safe from the dreaded pirates, the capital of Alvarado did not escape a more deadly foe, and the young city hardly survived its founder; but during his obsequies an earthquake overturned and an avalanche from the Water Volcano buried it in 1541. It was rebuilt a few miles away on the slope of the same mountain, and grew in beauty and wealth, until the terrible earthquake of 1773 so shattered its eighty noble churches that land-speculators persuaded the terrified inhabitants to move to the high valley of La Hermita, where stood, in solitary glory, the famous Church of the Carmen (p. 710), fortress as much as church then, but now only a monument. Antigua Guatemala was not wholly deserted, and to-day is a most charming city; its ruins, so fresh that it seems impossible that a century and more has passed since they were whole, add not a little to the beauty, and the population now numbers ten thousand. The Volcan de Agua rises to a great height above the city (12,400 feet above the sea); its summit, often cloud-capped, is easy of access and affords a charming view of the Pacific southward, and the mountains and cities on every other side.

The present capital of this important republic was thus shaken into its present position, more than five thousand feet above the sea and sixty miles from any navigable water. Until with-

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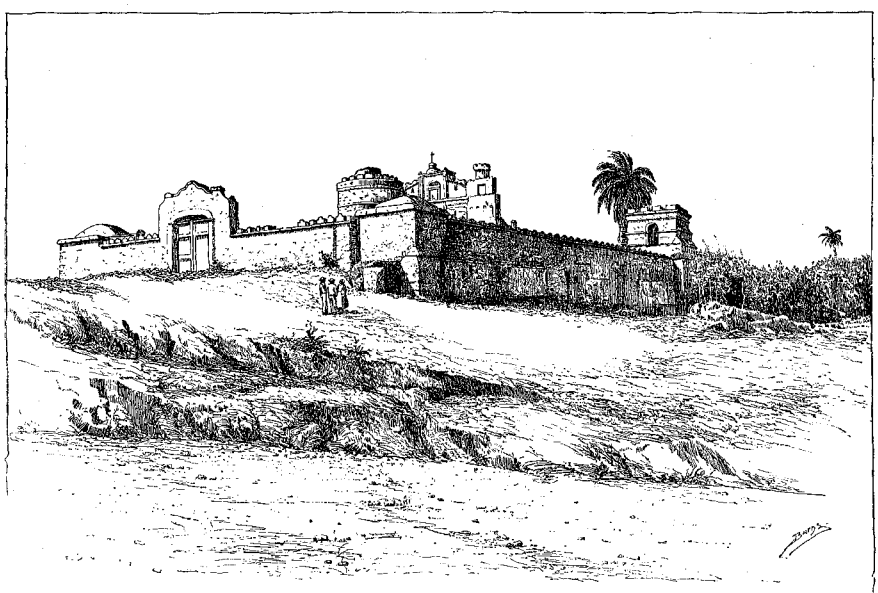
in a few years Guatemala (Santiago de Guatemala) was connected with her chief port on the Pacific by a rude cart-road, and with the Atlantic, through Izabal, by only a mule-path. With all these disadvantages, it has become the chief city of all Central America, perhaps because of this very concentration and isolation.

Quezaltenango has grown to be the second city in enterprise, although only a rough road connects it with Retalhuleu, whence there is a railroad to the port Champerico. Coban, in the midst of one of the finest coffee countries of the world, has only bullock-cart communication with Pansos; thence by water to Livingston. The other large towns, Totonicapan, Chiquimula, Sololá, Quiché, Zacapa and Salamá, do not grow, if they hold their own.

Several times have the Guatemaltecans tried to break this rule of non-intercourse with other lands by sea. When Cortez founded what he believed would be the entrepôt of the Kingdom of Guatemala at Puerto Caballo (now Puerto Cortez) he chose an excellent location, and with wise prevision of the needs of the commerce of the country. Here the ships from Spain brought immigrants and supplies, and hence carried home the spoils of the Indios. But Cortez and all his generation of *conquistadores* passed away, and their successors, less brave if less cruel, yielded to the attacks of the buccaneers, who were on the sea very much what Cortez and Alvarado had been on land; and the Puerto was removed far up the Rio Dulce to Izabal, and the curious old fort which is known as the Castillo de San Felipe was built at the narrow entrance to the Golfete to keep out the pirates who sought the rich booty of the home-laden plate-ships.



The Church of the Carmen.

I have tried that Rio Dulce often, and, when the water was high and the current strong, have held by the overhanging branches to rest from the hard pull up, and I have heard in fancy the "*Caramba s!*" of the ancient *marineros* as they towed their heavy vessels against the stream.

The energy of the *conquistadores* was dying out in their descendants, in whose blood mingled largely that of the Indios, and commerce, even with Spain, grew less and less until the Revolution of 1821 separated Guatemala and the rest of Central America from the mother country and put an end to the decaying traffic.

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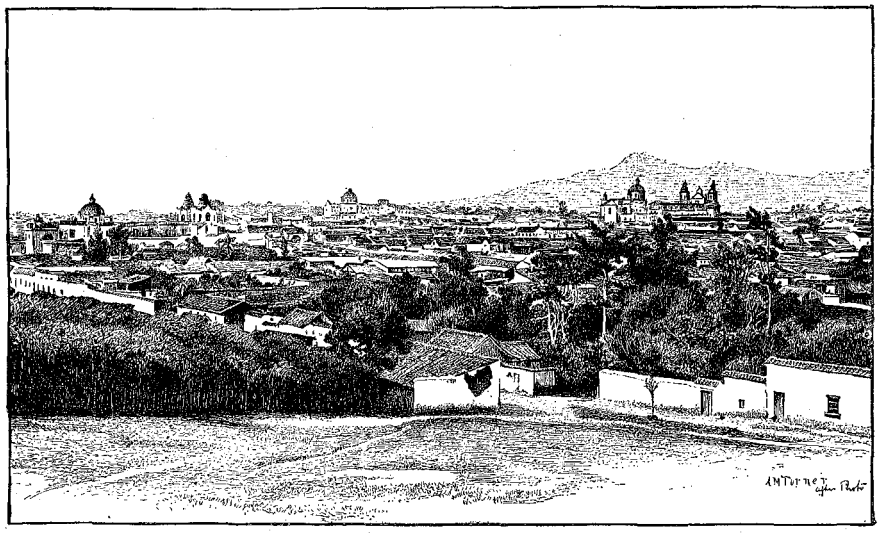
Then came another invasion, but this time a peaceful one—although some believe that the new invaders, the fruit steamers, are little better than robbers. The government saw a chance to shake off the lethargy of its hide-bound life and, wisely enough, made Livingston a free port. Under the energetic President, General Y. Rufino Barrios, strong efforts were made, not only to improve the ancient hamlet at the mouth of the Rio Dulce, but, more important still, to build a railway from the Atlantic to the capital, which was already connected with the Pacific by the untiring exertions of Barrios.

In this modern awakening was disclosed the weakness of a nation satisfied with itself. A hermitage, however beautiful, however picturesque, is but a hermitage after all. Guatemala had tried the experiment of living by herself and for herself, and the experiment had miserably failed, as it always does. The pleasant cities which had been slowly growing for centuries in the upland valleys and beautiful slopes of this mountainous country were owned and inhabited by a contented people, deprived of much that seems needful in our northern land, cultivating their little wheat-fields and corn-patches and slowly beating out the grain with trampling oxen as in the Eastern lands, carrying it on mule-back, or more commonly on man-back, over roads fitted only for such traffic. To many cities nothing could come from abroad too bulky or too heavy for such transportation. I once met half a dozen men carrying with much trouble a large framed painting because the road between two large cities would not admit a wheeled vehicle. In short, with no commerce there was no money, and when funds were needed to build roads to connect Guatemala with the rest of the world the real poverty of the people was disclosed. Foreign capital was needed, but so slight had been the commerce with the other nations (indigo, cochineal—a dyeing business at best) that no one knew the would-be borrower, and no capitalist came forward to build the desired railroad which should bring the rich woods, ores, coffee, coco, and sugar to the Atlantic ports, and supply with machinery, furniture, clothing, glass, paper, iron, the cities of the interior.



Guatemala City.

General Barrios did all in his power, and with the money raised among his people commenced the "Ferrocarril del Norte" (Northern Railroad). Here again the old habits weighed against the Guatemalans. They had not, like

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The Totonicapan Valley.

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the northern nations, grown up in railroading, and they were cheated on every side in the unaccustomed work. A few miles were built on the thirty-six-inch gauge system, when the contractors failed, and the death of Barrios put a temporary stop to the *empresa*.

A good illustration of the lack of capital among the people is shown in the method of raising the capital stock of this railroad. The par value of a share was $40, payable in quarterly instalments of $1 each, the whole payment thus extending over ten years, an arrangement intended to make the undertaking popular and engage the interest of even the poorer Indios. The man who subscribed for twenty shares was looked upon as a wealthy and most public-spirited citizen. Now, it was not possible to open subscription offices all over the republic, so subscriptions were made payable in adhesive stamps, which could be purchased as postage stamps were, and whenever forty of these special stamps were attached to the *accion* it was a fully paid share and entitled to dividends (if earned by the railroads), or could be turned over to pay for public lands at its par value.

In the absence of commerce, there is but little travelling, and the stranger finds great difficulty in obtaining information about roads, even from the *jefes* of the departments through which the roads pass. It is, of course, not peculiar to Guatemala to find ignorance of local geography and complete inability to judge of distances, but the Guatemalans have a happy way of indicating the condition of a road in the expressions, "a big league," "a little league," and on rivers they usually reckon distances by *vueltas* or bends. While the North American must have express trains and considers every way-station an attack on his comfort, his neighbor in Central America hires men enough to carry his luggage—and each man can carry from five to six *arrobas* (an *arroba* is twenty-five pounds)—and mounting his horse or mule, plods leisurely along up hill and down dale, his bearers generally keeping up with him. There is very little wear and tear in such a journey, one is never in a hurry, and it is hurry that exhausts one, not reasonable work. For myself, it was a restful kind of travel. My saddle-bags contained the needful clothes, my blanket was rolled behind the saddle, my rubber poncho with map and note-book in front. One man carried a coffee-pot and a supply of coffee and sugar, my hammock, and a photographic outfit; another, a supply of photo-plates, my son's hammock, and various articles gathered on the way. We rode along chatting and enjoying everything, even the rain that ran into our boots, and when we wished to make a photograph, a whistle brought our *mozo* to our side, and in less than fifteen minutes the camera was unpacked (and everything must be rainproof), two exposures made, and we were again in the saddle. Much more convenient than an express train! Then, where no one travels, a journey is an exploration.

When the road branches, and this is not very common in Guatemala, our map and compass stood us in stead, for guide posts are unknown, and there are no intelligent police to tell one the right way. Getting into a railway train and being fired, as it were, at the mark of our destination is a very helpless, lazy way of going from place to place. The phrenologist's "bump of locality" would be in danger of atrophy, and would be of no more use than the eyes of a cave-fish, if one always trusted to others to deliver him by the right road to the right place. A correct map is of course a sufficient guide, but Guatemala has never been surveyed and has no correct map. Two so-called maps, one made in Germany (the best for names), the other in France, and both by government aid, are only sketches, and while mountain-ranges and rivers seem drawn at haphazard, the principal towns are frequently twenty miles from the position on the map. The maps that the Indios made for Cortez as he pushed his way through unknown forests were probably as correct as these showy maps of Guatemala. Commerce has not yet required the survey, and in the meantime a traveller of reasonable intelligence can estimate the distances from town to town by the time his steady-going steed consumes, and the mountainous nature of the country permits many a bird's-eye view; then, the features of the land are so varied and

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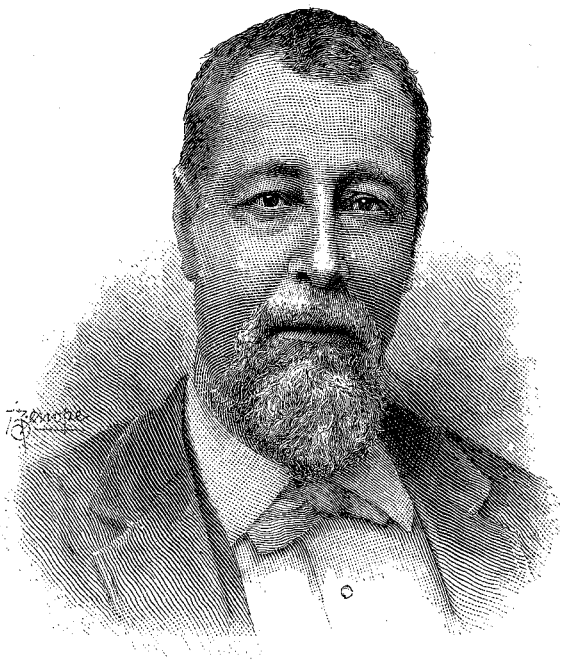

General Y. Rufino Barrios, Late President.

distinct that, once seen, they are not easily forgotten.

It is sad to think that when commerce opens this country its charm will be lost. Years ago I crossed the Nevadas in the overland stages; and, as the six or eight horses rattled over the long grades, it was quite possible to put one's self *en rapport* with the country—every gulch, every cañon, every sink, every divide, had an individuality; even the dust of each valley seemed distinct, and the whole way was a panorama sharply drawn and vividly colored. Now commerce has removed these slow coaches; and the traveller of the present day is whirled through miles of snow-sheds, and scarcely less dismal tunnels, losing thus some of the finest scenery on the whole line, and one day of his journey becomes much like another. So will it be in Guatemala; a single day will take one from Livingston to the capital, where now five days must be spent on horseback and in canoe, and all will take the shorter and cheaper way, although they lose every bit of the national flavor. We earnestly advise all genuine travellers to see Guatemala before the projected railroads are built. Arcadia cannot always remain Arcadia, and the new life infused into the republic by the late President Barrios will be felt yet more widely. Even now the inland people of Guatemala want to get out; the fever of business has infected them from the North, and they have already planned far beyond their means. It is interesting, however, to see how this Eden is to be modernized, civilized, and spoiled. I have been over the routes in Guatemala most likely to be laid with rail, and found no difficulties that would be considered formidable in the way of engineers—the greatest, perhaps, being the ravages of the *comajen*, an insect that rapidly destroys dead timber, as ties, piles, trestles, etc.

First in importance may be placed a line from Livingston to Coban, perhaps one hundred and twenty miles, which would open the fine coffee-region of Alta Verapaz, and so encourage the extension of plantations, or *cafetals*, that crops would sometimes come to our markets (now all goes to England). This road would pass through the mahogany and pine-forests north of the Lago de Izabal, and would be comparatively easy to construct, and sure to pay its way from the first train. To-day all the coffee of this region is taken by ox-carts to Pansos, and shipped to Livingston by river steam-boats at a very heavy freight; but in a few years the traveller will miss the picturesque camps of the ox-drivers by the road-side at night, for he, and the coffee, and other freight, will pass rapidly through the fine scenery in railway-carriages.

From Coban the line will some day extend to the Mexican system, and then the luxurious dweller in the North will have his winter home, his tropical villa on the shores of the Rio Dulce. Second in importance I place the Ferrocarril del Norte, already mentioned as commenced, on the line from Puerto Barrios to the capital, a distance of about two

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hundred and twenty-five miles. The route through the valley of the Motagua is already surveyed, and most of it graded; thence it extends to Zacapa, Chiquimula, and Jutiapa, a dry route, easy of construction; from the last place a branch might descend sixty miles among the volcanoes to San Salvador, and the main line continue over a broken mountain-chain to Escuintla, where it would join the road now in operation between Guatemala City and San José.

The third road needed will extend from Ocós, the new port on the border of Soconusco, to Escuintla, which promises to become the railroad-centre of the Pacific coast; and this shore-line would gather in the finest *cacao* known, now not exported because so costly, and, besides this, much sugar. From the highlands between Escuintla and Antigua one can see this entire route extending, over level or gently rolling ground, among little plantations that might be enlarged a hundredfold, over streams easily bridged with iron, and through forests that would furnish an abundance of timber. A road from the capital due north through the sugar-region of San Geronimo, Salamá to Coban, would complete the interior net-work. Among other advantages in constructing the Coban line first, would be the exploitation of the coal-deposits in the limestone-ranges of Alta Verapaz, thus furnishing fuel for the whole system.

So much for the internal circulation of Guatemala as hoped for in the future, when the *caminos de herradura* (bridle-paths), now the general ways of communication in Central America, have given place to the *ferrocarril*. Let us glance at the connections with her neighbors. The people of British Honduras are about to build a road from Belize to Peten, about one hundred and fifty miles, opening a vast timber-region and extensive logwood-ranges, as well as fine fruit-land. At present the traveller goes by *pitpan* up the Belize River to Garbutt's Falls, on the boundary of Guatemala, and thence by bridle-path to the lake, a journey of two weeks. Every winter the Indios come down to Belize, bringing their few native products and manufactures; among the latter, huge mahogany bowls or platters, even five feet in diameter, which serve the Hondureñans for wash-tubs. It is no common thing for a white man to make this journey now, for the forests about Peten are deserted and the roads in the wet season execrable. The mail for Peten usually goes by way of Coban, and is carried by a *mozo* on foot, not always a safe way, for once, no mail arriving for weeks, a search was made, and the remains of the unfortunate carrier were found in his hammock, high between two trees.

President General Don Manuel Lisandro Barillas.

Snake or insect poison had been his bane.

British Honduras cannot be called a progressive colony. She concentrates herself on Belize and other shore-towns, and has left the interior unexplored, and has not even a *camino de herradura*

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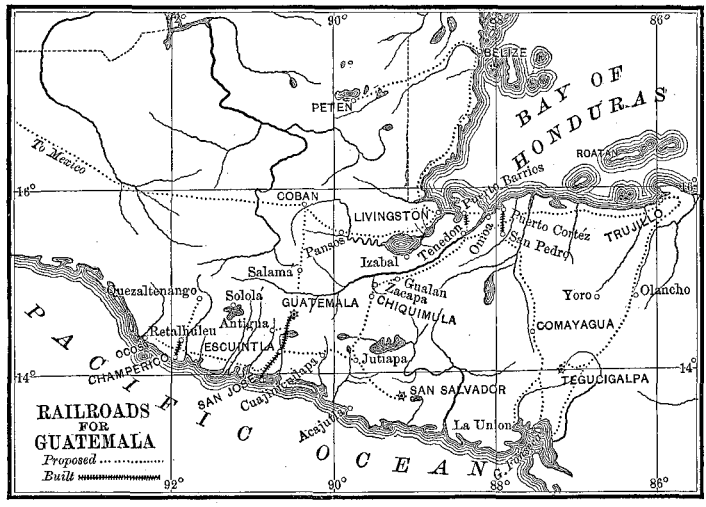
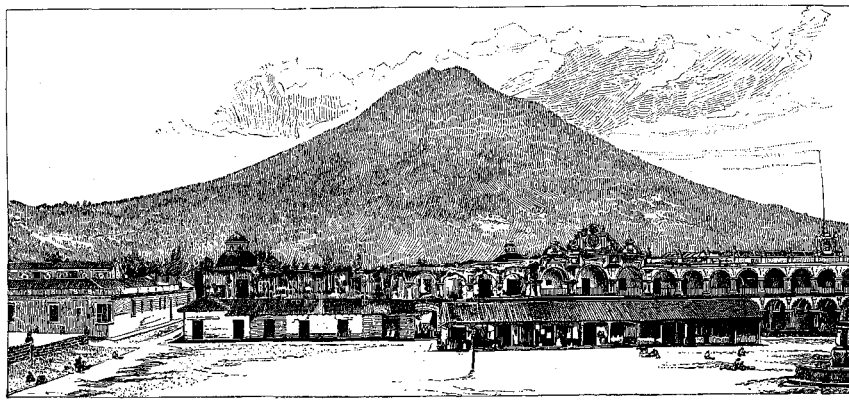
to connect these various shore-towns. Stann Creek, a large Carib settlement, Monkey River, Allpines and Punta Gorda, are quite as isolated as Livingston, and only the fruit trade with New Orleans keeps them alive. The distance between Belize and Livingston by water is one hundred and twenty-five miles, by land fifteen miles farther, with several rivers of depth to bridge.



Spanish Honduras is far behind her more northern namesake in some respects, but she exports more fruit, and had it not been for the fiasco of the Interoceanic Railway, over which many an English or French investor still feels sore, she might have had the first rail communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Now the wretched toy road, thirty-five miles long, between Puerto Cortez and San Pedro Sula is all she has to show for a debt of $27,000,000. It is but fair to say that plans are matured for a line to carry out this original way to the capital Tegucigalpa, and thence to the Gulf of Fonseca, on the Pacific coast. A more practicable line is partly surveyed from Trujillo to Puerto Barrios, and this would take all the fruit from the Hondureñan coast to Livingston, where the facilities for shipping are far greater than at the ancient port of Trujillo. Coco-nuts, plantains, bananas and limes seem here in their native soil, and the line of New Orleans steamers that contracts for the fruit of this region does a most profitable business.

With such schemes even partly developed the Republic of Guatemala cannot long enjoy her present hermit-like life; greater riches than Cortez and Alvarado dreamed of will attract new invaders, and at no very distant day our Uncommercial Republic will be like any other republic, busy, prosperous, and—commonplace.



Antigua Guatemala and Volcan de Agua.

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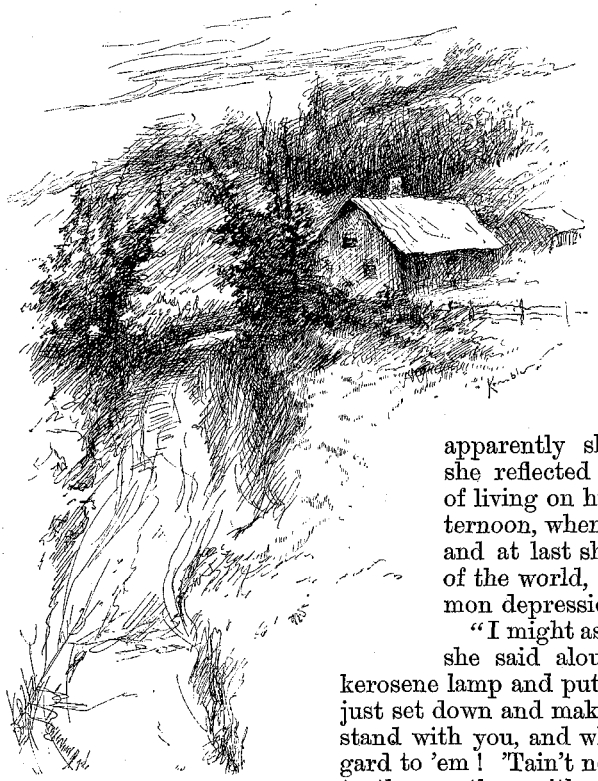
MISS PECK'S PROMOTION.

By Sarah Orne Jewett.



Miss Peck had spent a lonely day in her old farm-house, high on a long Vermont hill-side that sloped toward the west. She was able for an hour at noon to overlook the fog in the valley below, and pitied the people in the village whose location she could distinguish only by means of the church steeple which pricked through the gray mist, like a buoy set over a dangerous reef. During this brief time, when the sun was apparently shining for her benefit alone, she reflected proudly upon the advantage of living on high land, but in the early afternoon, when the fog began to rise slowly, and at last shut her in, as well as the rest of the world, she was conscious of uncommon depression of spirits.

"I might as well face it now as any time," she said aloud, as she lighted her clean kerosene lamp and put it on the table. "Eliza Peck! just set down and make it blazing clear how things stand with you, and what you're going to do in regard to 'em! 'Tain't no use matching your feelin's to the weather, without you've got reason for it." And she twitched the short curtains across the windows so that their brass rings squeaked on the wires, opened the door for the impatient cat that was mewing outside, and then seated herself in the old rocking-chair at the table-end.

It is quite a mistake to believe that people who live by themselves find every day a lonely one. Miss Peck and many other solitary persons could assure us that it is very seldom that they feel their lack of companionship. As the habit of living alone grows more fixed, it becomes confusing to have other people about, and seems more or less bewildering to be interfered with by other people's plans and suggestions. Only once in a while does the feeling of solitariness become burdensome, or a creeping dread and sense of defencelessness assail one's comfort. But when Miss Peck was aware of the approach of such a mood she feared it, and was prepared to fight it with her best weapon of common-sense.

She was much given to talking aloud, as many solitary persons are; not merely talking to herself in the usual half-conscious way, but making her weaker self listen to severe comment and pointed instruction. Miss Peck the less was frequently brought to trial in this way by Miss Peck the greater, and when it was once announced that justice must be done, no amount of quailing or excuse averted the process of definite conviction.

This evening she turned the light up to its full brightness, reached for her

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knitting-work, lifted it high above her lap for a moment as her favorite cat jumped up to its evening quarters; then she began to rock to and fro with regularity and decision. "'Tis all nonsense," she said, as if she were addressing someone greatly her inferior—"'tis all nonsense for you to go on this way, Elizy Peck! you're better off than you've been this six year, if you only had sense to feel so."

There was no audible reply, and the speaker evidently mistook the silence for unconvinced stubbornness.

"If ever there was a woman who was determined to live by other folks' wits, and to eat other folks' dinners, 'twas and is your lamented brother's widder, Harri't Peck—Harri't White that was. She's claimed the town's compassion till it's good as run dry, and she's thought that you, Elizy Peck, a hard-workin' and self-supportin' woman, was made for nothin' but her use and comfort. Ever since your father died and you've been left alone you've had her for a clog to your upward way. Six years you've been at her beck an' call, and now that a respectable man, able an' willing to do for her, has been an' fell in love with her, and shouldered her and all her whims, and promised to do for the children as if they was his own, you've been grumpin' all day, an' *I'd* like to know what there is to grump about!"

There was a lack of response even to this appeal to reason, and the knitting-needles clicked in dangerous nearness to the old cat's ears, so that they twitched now and then, and one soft paw unexpectedly revealed its white, curving claws.

"Yes," said Miss Peck, presently, in a more lenient tone, "I s'pose 'tis the children you're thinking of most. I declare I should like to see that Tom's little red head, and feel it warm with my two hands this minute! There's always somethin' hopeful in havin' to do with children, 'less they come of too bad a stock. Grown folks—well, you can make out to grin an' bear 'em, if you must; but like's not young ones'll turn out to be somebody, and what you do for 'em may count towards it. There's that Tom, he looks just as his father used to, and there ain't

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a day he won't say somethin' real pleasant, and never sees the difference betwixt you an' somebody handsome. I expect they'll spile him—you don't know what kind o' young ones they'll let him play with, nor how they'll let him murder the king's English, and never think o' boxin' his ears. Them big factory towns is all for eatin' and clothes. I'm glad you was raised in a good old academy town, if 'twas the Lord's will to plant you in the far outskirts. Land, how Harri't did smirk at that man! I will say she looked pretty—'tis hard work and worry makes folks plain like me—I believe she's fared better to be left a widder with three child'n, and everybody saying how hard it was, an' takin' holt, than she would if brother had lived and she'd had to stir herself to keep house and do for him. You've been the real widder that Tom left—you've mourned him, and had your way to go alone—not she! The colonel's lady," repeated Miss Peck, scornfully—"that's what sp'ilt her. She never could come down to common things, Mis' Colonel Peck! Well, she may have noble means now, but she's got to be spoke of as Mis' Noah Pigley all the rest of her days. Not that I'm goin' to fling at any man's accident of name," said the just Eliza, in an apologetic tone. "I did want to adopt little Tom, but 'twas to be expected he'd object—a boy's goin' to be useful in his business, and poor Tommy's the likeliest. I would have 'dopted him out an' out, and he shall have the old farm anyway. But oh dear me, he's all spoilt for farming now, is little Tom, unless I can make sure of him now and then for a good long visit in summer time.

"Summer an' winter; I s'pose you're likely to live a great many years, Elizy," sighed the good woman. "All sole alone, too! There, I've landed right at the startin' point,"—and the kitchen was very still while some dropped stitches in a belated stocking for the favorite nephew were obscured by a mist of tears like the fog outside. There was no more talking aloud, for Miss Peck fell into a revery about old days and the only brother who had left his little household in her care and marched to the war whence for him there was to be no return. She had remembered very often, with a great sense of comfort, a message in one of his very last letters. "Tell Eliza that she's more likely to be promoted than I am," he said (when he had just got his step of Major); "she's my superior officer, however high I get, and now I've heard what luck she's had with the haying, I appoint her Brigadier-General for gallantry in the field." How poor Tom's jokes had kept their courage up even when they were most anxious! Yes, she had made many sacrifices of personal gain, as every good soldier must. She had meant to be a school-teacher. She had the gift for it, and had studied hard in her girlhood. One thing after another had kept her at home, and now she must stay here—her ambitions were at an end. She would do what good she could among her neighbors and stand in her lot and place. It was the first time she had found to think soberly about her life, for her sister-in-law and the children had gone to their new home within a few days, and since then she had stifled all power of proper reflection by hard work at setting the house in order and getting in her winter supplies. "Thank Heaven the house and place belong to me," she said in a decisive tone. "'Twas wise o' father to leave it so—and let her have the money. She'd left me no peace till I moved off if I'd only been half-owner; she's always meant to get to a larger place—but what I want is real promotion."

The Peck farm-house was not only on a by-road that wandered among the slopes of the hills, but it was at the end of a long lane of its own. There was rarely any sound at night except from the winds of heaven or the soughing of the neighboring pine-trees. By day, there was a beautiful inspiriting outlook over the wide country from the farm-house windows, but on such a night as this the darkness made an impenetrable wall. Miss Peck was not afraid of it; on the contrary, she had a sense of security in being shut safe into the very heart of the night. By day she might be vexed by intruders, by night they could scarcely find her—her bright light could not be seen from the road. If she were to wither away in the old gray house like an unplanted kernel in its shell, she would at least wither undisturbed. Her sorrow of loneliness was not the fear of

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molestation. She was fearless enough at the thought of physical dangers.

The evening did not seem so long as she expected—a glance at her reliable timekeeper told her at last that it was already past eight o'clock, and her eyes began to feel heavy. The fire was low, the fog was making its presence felt even in the house, for the autumn night was chilly, and Miss Peck decided that when she came to the end of the stitches on a certain needle she would go to bed. To-morrow, she meant to cut her apples for drying, a duty too long delayed. She had sent away some of her best fruit that day to make the annual barrel of cider with which she provided herself, more from habit than from real need of either the wholesome beverage or its resultant vinegar. "If this fog lasts, I've got to dry my apples by the stove," she thought, doubtfully, and was conscious of a desire to survey the weather from the outer doorway before she slept. How she missed Harriet and the children!—though they had been living with her only for a short time before the wedding, and since the half-house they had occupied in the village had been let. The thought of bright-eyed, red-headed little Tom still brought the warm tears very near to falling. He had cried bitterly when they went away. So had his mother—at least, she held up her pocket-handkerchief. Miss Peck never had believed in Harriet's tears.

Out of the silence of the great hill-slope came the dull sound of a voice, and as Miss Peck sprang from her chair to the window, dropping the sleeping cat in a solid mass on the floor, she recognized the noise of a carriage. Her heart was beating provokingly; she was tired by the excitement of the last few days. She did not remember this, but was conscious of being startled in an unusual way. It must be some strange crisis in her life; she turned and looked about the familiar kitchen as if it were going to be altogether swept away. "Now, you needn't be afraid that Pigley's comin' to bring her back, Elizy Peck!" she assured herself with grim humor in that minute's apprehension of disaster.

A man outside spoke sternly to his horse. Eliza stepped quickly to the door and opened it wide. She was not afraid of the messenger, only of the message.

"Hold the light so's I can see to tie this colt," said a familiar voice; "it's as dark as a pocket, 'Liza. I'll be right in. You must put on a good warm shawl; 'tis as bad as rain, this fog is. The minister wants you to come down to his house; he's at his wits' end, and there was nobody we could think of that's free an' able except you. His wife's gone, died at quarter to six, and left a mis'able baby; but the doctor expects 'twill live. The nurse they bargained with's failed 'em, and 'tis an awful state o' things as you ever see. Half the women in town are there, and the minister's overcome; he's sort of fainted away two or three times, and they don' know who else to get, till the doctor said your name, and he groaned right out you was the one. 'Tain't right to refuse, as I view it. Mis' Spence and Mis' Corbell is going to watch with the dead, but there needs a head."

Eliza Peck felt for once as if she lacked that useful possession herself, and sat down, with amazing appearance of calmness, in one of her splint-bottomed chairs to collect her thoughts. The messenger was a good deal excited; so was she; but in a few moments she rose, cutting short his inconsequent descriptions of affairs at the parsonage.

"You just put out the fire as best you can," she said. "We'll talk as we go along. There's plenty o' ashes there, I'm sure; I let the stove cool off considerable, for I was meanin' to go to bed in another five minutes. The cat'll do well enough. I'll leave her plenty for to-morrow, and she's got a place where she can creep in an' out of the wood-shed. I'll just slip on another dress and put the nails over the windows, an' we'll be right off." She was quite herself again now; and, true to her promise, it was not many minutes before the door was locked, the house left in darkness, and Ezra Weston and Miss Peck were driving comfortably down the lane. The fog had all blown away, suddenly the stars were out, and the air was sweet with the smell of the wet bark of black birches and cherry- and apple-trees that grew by the fences. The leaves had fallen fast through the day, weighted by the dampness until their feeble stems could keep them in place no longer; for

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the bright colors of the foliage there had come at night sweet odors and a richness of fragrance in the soft air.

"'Tis an unwholesome streak o' weather, ain't it?" asked Ezra Weston. "Feels like a dog-day evenin' now, don't it? Come this time o' year we want bracin' up."

Miss Peck did not respond; her sympathetic heart was dwelling on the thought that she was going, not only to a house of mourning, but to a bereft parsonage. She would not have felt so unequal to soothing the sorrows of her every-day acquaintances, but she could hardly face the duty of consoling the new minister. But she never once wished that she had not consented so easily to respond to his piteous summons.

There was a strangely festive look in the village, for the exciting news of Mrs. Elbury's death had flown from house to house—lights were bright everywhere, and in the parsonage brightest of all. It looked as if the hostess were receiving her friends, and helping them to make merry, instead of being white and still, and done with this world, while the busy women of the parish were pulling open her closets and drawers in search of household possessions. Nobody stopped to sentimentalize over the poor soul's delicate orderliness, or the simple, loving preparations she had made for the coming of the baby which fretfully wailed in the next room.

"Here's a nice black silk that never was touched with the scissors!" said one good dame, as if a kind Providence ought to have arranged for the use of such a treasure in setting the bounds of the dead woman's life.

"Does seem too bad, don't it? I always heard her folks was well off," replied somebody in a loud whisper; "she had everything to live for." There was great eagerness to be of service to the stricken pastor, and the kind neighbors did their best to prove the extent of their sympathy. One after another went to the room where he was, armed with various excuses, and the story of his sad looks and distress was repeated again and again to a grieved audience.

When Miss Peck came in she had to listen to a full description of the day's events, and was decorously slow in assuming her authority; but at last the house was nearly empty again, and only the watchers and one patient little mother of many children, who held this motherless child in loving arms, were left with Miss Peck in the parsonage. It seemed a year since she had sat in her quiet kitchen, a solitary woman whose occupations seemed too few and too trivial for her eager capacities and ambitions.

The autumn days went by, winter set in early, and Miss Peck was still mistress of the parsonage house-keeping. The cider was brought to the parsonage, and so were the potatoes and the apples; even the cat was transferred to a dull village existence, far removed in every way from her happy hunting-grounds among the snow-birds and plump squirrels. The minister's pale little baby loved Miss Peck and submitted to her rule already. She clung fast to the good woman with her little arms, and Miss Peck, who had always imagined that she did not care for infants, found herself watching the growth of this spark of human intelligence and affection with intense interest. After all, it was good to be spared the long winter at the farm; it had never occurred to her to dread it, but she saw now that it was a season to be dreaded, and one by one forgot the duties which at first beckoned her homeward and seemed so unavoidable. The farm-house seemed cold and empty when she paid it an occasional visit. She would not have believed that she could content herself so well away from the dear old home. If she could have had her favorite little Tom within reach, life would have been perfectly happy.

The minister proved at first very disappointing to her imaginary estimate and knowledge of him. If it had not been for her sturdy loyalty to him as pastor and employer, she could sometimes have joined more or less heartily in the expressions of the disaffected faction which forms a difficult element in every parish. Her sense of humor was deeply gratified when the leader of the opposition remarked that the minister was beginning to take notice a little, and was wearing his best hat every day, like every other widower since the world was made. Miss Peck's shrewd mind had

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already made sure that Mr. Elbury's loss was not so great as she had at first sympathetically believed; she knew that his romantic, ease-loving, self-absorbed, and self-admiring nature had been curbed and held in check by the literal, prosaic, faithful-in-little-things disposition of his dead wife. She was self-denying, he was self-indulgent; she was dutiful, while he was given to indolence—and the unfounded plea of ill-health made his only excuse. Miss Peck soon fell into the way of putting her shoulder to the wheel, and unobtrusively, even secretly, led the affairs of the parish. She never was deaf to the explanation of the wearing effect of brain-work, but accepted the weakness as well as the power of the ministerial character; and nobody listened more respectfully to his somewhat flowery and inconsequent discourses on Sunday than Miss Peck. The first Sunday they went to church together Eliza slipped into her own pew, half-way up the side aisle, and thought well of herself for her prompt decision afterward, though she regretted the act for a moment as she saw the minister stop to let her into the empty pew of the parsonage. He had been sure she was just behind him, and gained much sympathy from the congregation as he sighed and went his lonely way up the pulpit-stairs. Even Mrs. Corbell, who had been averse to settling the Rev. Mr. Elbury, was moved by this incident, but directly afterward whispered to her next neighbor that "Lizy Peck would be sitting there before the year was out if she had the business-head they had all given her credit for."

It gives rise to melancholy reflections when one sees how quickly those who have suffered most cruel and disturbing bereavements learn to go their way alone. The great plan of our lives is never really broken nor suffers accidents. However stunning the shock, one can almost always understand gratefully that it was best for the vanished friend to vanish just when he did; that this world held no more duties or satisfactions for him; that his earthly life was in fact done and ended. Our relations with him must be lifted to a new plane. Miss Peck thought often of the minister's loss, and always with tender sympathy, yet she could not help seeing that he was far from being unresigned or miserable in his grief. She was ready to overlook the fact that he depended upon his calling rather than upon his own character and efforts. The only way in which she made herself uncongenial to the minister was by persistent suggestions that he should take more exercise and "stir about out-doors a little." Once, when she had gone so far as to briskly inform him that he was getting logy, Mr. Elbury showed entire displeasure; and a little later, in the privacy of the kitchen, she voiced the opinion that Elizy Peck knew very well that she never did think ministers were angels—only human beings, like herself, in great danger of being made fools of. But the two good friends made up their little quarrel at supper-time.

"I have been looking up the derivation of that severe word you applied to me this noon," said the Reverend Mr. Elbury, pleasantly. "It is a localism; but it comes from the Dutch word *log*, which means heavy or unwieldy."

These words were pronounced plaintively, with evident consciousness that they hardly applied to his somewhat lank figure; and Miss Peck felt confused and rebuked, and went on pouring tea until both cup and saucer were full, and she scalded the end of her thumb. She was very weak in the hands of such a scholar as this, but later she had a reassuring sense of not having applied the epithet unjustly. With a feminine reverence for his profession, and for his attainments, she had a keen sense of his human fallibility; and neither his grief, nor his ecclesiastical halo, nor his considerate idea of his own value, could blind her sharp eyes to certain shortcomings. She forgave them readily, but she knew them all by sight and name.

If there were any gift of Mr. Elbury's which could be sincerely called perfectly delightful by many people, it was his voice. When he was in a hurry, and gave hasty directions to his housekeeper about some mislaid possession, or called her down-stairs to stop the baby's vexatious crying, the tones were entirely different from those best known to the parish. Nature had gifted him with a power of carrying his voice into the depths of his sympathetic being and recovering it again gallantly. He had

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been considered the superior, in some respects, of that teacher of elocution who led the students of the theological seminary toward the glorious paths of oratory. There was a mellow middle-tone, most suggestive of tender feeling; but though it sounded sweet to other feminine ears, Miss Peck was always annoyed by it and impatient of a certain artificial quality in its cadences. To hear Mr. Elbury talk to his child in this tone, and address her as "my motherless babe," however affecting to other ears, was always unpleasant to Miss Peck. But she thought very well of his preaching; and the more he let all the decisions and responsibilities of every-day life fall to her share, the more she enjoyed life and told her friends that Mr. Elbury was a most amiable man to live with. And when spring was come the hill-side farm was let on shares to one of Miss Peck's neighbors whom she could entirely trust. It was not the best of bargains for its owner, who had the reputation of being an excellent farmer, and the agreement cost her many sighs and not a little wakefulness. She felt too much shut in by this village life; but the minister pleaded his hapless lot, the little child was even more appealing in her babyhood, and so the long visit from little Tom and his sisters, the familiar garden, the three beehives, and the glory of the sunsets in the great, unbroken, western sky were all given up together for that year.

It was not so hard as it might have been. There was one most rewarding condition of life—the feast of books, which was new and bewilderingly delightful to the minister's house-keeper. She had made the most of the few well-chosen volumes at the farm-house, but she never had known the joy of having more books than she could read, or their exquisite power of temptation, the delight of their friendly company. She was oftenest the student, the brain-wearied member, of the parsonage-family, but she never made it an excuse, or really recognized the new stimulus either. Life had never

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seemed so full to her; she was working with both hands earnestly, and no half-heartedness. She was filled with reverence in the presence of the minister's books; to her his calling, his character, and his influence were all made positive and respectable by this foundation of learning on his library-shelves. He was to her a man of letters, a critic, and a philosopher, besides being an experienced theologian from the very nature of his profession. Indeed, he had an honest liking for books, and was fond of reading aloud or being read to; and many an evening went joyfully by in the presence of the great English writers, whose best thoughts were rolled out in Mr. Elbury's best tones, and Miss Peck listened with delight, and cast many an affectionate glance at the sleeping child in the cradle at her feet, filled with gratitude as she was for all her privileges.

Mr. Elbury was most generous in his appreciation of Miss Peck's devotion, and never hesitated to give expression to sincere praise of her uncommon power of mind. He was led into paths of literature, otherwise untrod, by her delight; and sometimes, to rest his brain and make him ready for a good night's sleep, he asked his companion to read him a clever story. It was all a new world to the good woman whose schooling and reading had been sound, but restricted; and if ever a mind waked up with joy to its possession of the world of books, it was hers. She became ambitious for the increase of her own little library; and it was in reply to her outspoken plan for larger crops and more money from the farm another year, for the sake of book-buying, that Mr. Elbury once said, earnestly, that his books were hers now. This careless expression was the spark

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which lit a new light for Miss Peck's imagination. For the first time a thrill of personal interest in the man made itself felt, through her devoted capacity for service and appreciation. He had ceased to be simply himself; he stood now for a widened life, a suggestion of good and growth, a larger circle of human interests; in fact, his existence had made all the difference between her limited rural home and that connection with the great world which even the most contracted parsonage is sure to hold.

And that very night, while Mr. Elbury had gone, somewhat ruefully and ill-prepared, to his bible-class, Miss Peck's conscience set her womanly weakness before it for a famous arraigning. It was so far successful that words failed the defendant completely, and the session was dissolved in tears. For some days Miss Peck was not only stern with herself, but even with the minister, and was entirely devoted to her domestic affairs.

The very next Sunday it happened that Mr. Elbury exchanged pulpits with a brother-clergyman in the next large town, a thriving manufacturing centre, and he came home afterward in the best of spirits. He never had seemed so appreciative of his comfortable house, or Miss Peck's motherly desire to shield his weak nature from those practical cares of life to which he was entirely inadequate. He was unusually gay and amusing, and described, not with the best taste, the efforts of two of his unmarried lady-parishioners to make themselves agreeable. He had met them on the short journey, and did not hesitate to speak of himself lightly as a widower; in fact, he recognized his own popularity and attractions in a way that was not pleasing to Miss Peck, yet she was used to his way of speaking and unaffectedly glad to have him at home again. She had been much disturbed and grieved by her own thoughts in his absence. She could not be sure whether she was wise in drifting toward a nearer relation to the minister. She was not exactly shocked at finding herself interested in him, but, with her usual sense of propriety and justice, she insisted upon taking everybody's view of the question before the weaker Miss Peck was accorded a hearing. She was enraged with herself for feeling abashed and liking to avoid the direct scrutiny of her fellow-parishioners. Mrs. Corbell and she had always been the best of friends, but for the first time Miss Peck was annoyed by such freedom of comment and opinion. And Sister Corbell had never been so forward about spending the afternoon at the parsonage, or running in for half-hours of gossip in the morning, as in these latter days. At last she began to ask the coy Eliza about her plans for the wedding, in a half-joking, half-serious tone which was hard to bear.

"You're a sight too good for him," was the usual conclusion, "and so I tell everybody. The whole parish has got it settled for you; and there's as many as six think hard of you, because you've given 'em no chance, bein' right here on the spot."

It seemed as if a resistless torrent of fate were sweeping our independent friend toward the brink of a great change. She insisted to the quailing side of her nature that she did not care for the minister himself, that she was likely to age much sooner than he, with his round, boyish face and plump cheeks. "They'll be takin' you for his mother, Lizy, when you go amongst strangers, little and dried up as you're gettin' to be a'ready; you're three years older anyway, and look as if 'twas nine." Yet the capable, clear-headed woman was greatly enticed by the high position and requirements of mistress of the parsonage. She liked the new excitement and authority, and grew more and more happy in the exercise of powers which a solitary life at the farm would hardly arouse or engage. There was a vigorous growth of independence and determination in Miss Peck's character, and she had not lived alone so many years for nothing. But there was no outward sign yet of capitulation. She was firmly convinced that the minister could not get on without her, and that she would rather not get on without him and the pleasure of her new activities. If possible, she grew a little more self-contained and reserved in manner and speech, while carefully anticipating his wants and putting better and better dinners on the parochial table.

As for Mr. Elbury himself, he became more cheerful every day, and was almost

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demonstrative in his affectionate gratitude. He spoke always as if they were one in their desire to interest and benefit the parish; he had fallen into a pleasing, home-like habit of saying "we" whenever household or parish affairs were under discussion. Once, when somebody had been remarking the too-evident efforts of one of her sister-parishioners to gain Mr. Elbury's affection, he had laughed leniently; but when this gossiping caller had gone away the minister said, gently, "We know better, don't we, Miss Peck?" and Eliza could not help feeling that his tone meant a great deal. Yet she took no special notice of him, and grew much more taciturn than was natural. Her heart beat warmly under her prim alpaca-dress; she already looked younger and a great deal happier than when she first came to live at the parsonage. Her executive ability was made glad by the many duties that fell upon her, and those who knew her and Mr. Elbury best thought nothing could be wiser than their impending marriage. Did not the little child need Miss Peck's motherly care? did not the helpless minister need the assistance of a clear-sighted business-woman and good house-keeper? did not Eliza herself need and deserve a husband? But even with increasing certainty she still gave no outward sign of their secret understanding. It was likely that Mr. Elbury thought best to wait a year after his wife's death, and when he spoke right out was the time to show what her answer would be. But somehow the thought of the dear old threadbare farm in the autumn weather was always a sorrowful thought; and on the days when Mr. Elbury hired a horse and wagon, and invited her and the baby to accompany him on a series of parochial visitations, she could not bear to look at the home-fields and the pasture-slopes. She was thankful that the house itself was not in sight from the main road. The crops that summer had been unusually good; something called her thoughts back continually to the old home, and accused her of disloyalty. Yet she consoled herself by thinking it was very natural to have such regrets, and to consider the importance of such a step at her sensible time of life. So it drew near winter again, and she grew more and more unrelenting and scornful whenever her acquaintances suggested the idea that her wedding ought to be drawing near.

Mr. Elbury seemed to have taken a new lease of youthful hope and ardor. He was busy in the parish and very popular, particularly among his women-parishioners. Miss Peck urged him on with his good work, and it seemed as if they expressed their interest in each other by their friendliness to the parish in general. Mr. Elbury had joined a ministers' club in the large town already spoken of, and spent a day there now and then, besides his regular Monday-night attendance on the club-meeting. He was preparing a series of sermons on the history of the Jews and was glad to avail himself of a good free-library, the lack of which he frequently lamented in his own village. Once he said, eagerly, that he had no idea of ending his days here, and this gave Miss Peck a sharp pang. She could not bear to think of leaving her old home, and the tears filled her eyes. When she had reached the shelter of the kitchen she retorted to the too-easily ruffled element of her character that there was no need of crossing that bridge till she came to it; and, after an appealing glance at the academy-steeple above the maple-trees, she returned to the study to finish dusting. She saw, without apprehension, that the minister quickly pushed something under the leaves of his blotting-paper and frowned a little. It was not his usual time for writing—she had a new proof of her admiring certainty that Mr. Elbury wrote for the papers at times under an assumed name.

One Monday evening he had not returned from the ministers' meeting until later than usual, and she began to be slightly anxious. The baby had not been very well all day, and she particularly wished to have an errand done before night, but did not dare to leave the child alone, while, for a wonder, nobody had been in. Mr. Elbury had shown a great deal of feeling before he went away in the morning, and as she was admiringly looking at his well-fitting clothes and neat clerical attire a thrill of pride and affection had made her eyes shine unwontedly. She was really beginning to like him very much. For the

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first and last time in his life the minister stepped quickly forward and kissed her on the forehead. "My good, kind friend!" he exclaimed, in that deep tone which the whole parish loved; then he hurried away. Miss Peck felt a strange dismay, and stood by the breakfast-table like a statue. She even touched her forehead with trembling fingers. Somehow she inwardly rebelled, but kissing meant more to her than to some people. She never had been used to it, except with little Tom—though the last brotherly kiss his father gave her before he went to the war had been one of the treasures of her memory. All that day she was often reminded of the responsible and darker side, the inspected and criticised side, of the high position of minister's wife. It was clearly time for proper rebuke when evening came; and as she sat by the light, mending Mr. Elbury's stockings, she said over and over again that she had walked into this with her eyes wide open, and if the experience of forty years hadn't put any sense into her it was too late to help it now.

Suddenly she heard the noise of wheels in the side-yard. Could anything have happened to Mr. Elbury? were they bringing him home hurt, or dead even? He never drove up from the station unless it were bad weather. She rushed to the door with a flaring light, and was bewildered at the sight of trunks and, most of all, at the approach of Mr. Elbury, for he wore a most sentimental expression, and led a young person by the hand.

"Dear friend," he said, in that mellow tone of his, "I hope you, too, will love my little wife."

Almost any other woman would have dropped the kerosene-lamp on the doorstep, but not Miss Eliza Peck. Luckily a gust of autumn wind blew it out, and the bride had to fumble her way into her new home. Miss Peck quickly procured one of her own crinkly lamplighters, and bent toward the open fire to kindle a new light.

"You've taken me by surprise," she managed to say, in her usual tone of voice, though she felt herself shaking with excitement.

At that moment the ailing step-daughter gave a forlorn little wail from the wide sofa, where she had been put to sleep with difficulty. Miss Peck's kind heart felt the pathos of the situation; she lifted the little child and stilled it, then she held out a kindly hand to the minister's new wife, while Mr. Elbury stood beaming by.

"I wish you may be very happy here, as I have been," said the good woman, earnestly. "But, Mr. Elbury, you ought to have let me know. I could have kept a secret"—and satisfaction filled Eliza Peck's heart that she never, to use her own expression, had made a fool of herself before the First Parish. She had kept her own secret, and in this earthquake of a moment was clearly conscious that she was hero enough to behave as if there had never been any secret to keep. And indignation with the Reverend Mr. Elbury, who had so imprudently kept his own counsel, threw down the sham temple of Cupid which a faithless god called Propinquity had succeeded in rearing.

Miss Peck made a feast, and for the last time played the part of hostess at the minister's table. She had remorselessly inspected the conspicuous bad taste of the new Mrs. Elbury's dress, the waving, cheap-looking feather of her hat, the make-believe richness of her clothes, and saw, with dire compassion, how unused she was to young children. The brave Eliza tried to make the best of things—but one moment she found herself thinking how uncomfortable Mr. Elbury's home would be henceforth with this poor reed to lean upon, a townish, empty-faced, tiresomely pretty girl; the next moment she pitied the girl herself, who would have the hard task before her of being the wife of an indolent preacher in a country town. Miss Peck had generously allowed her farm to supplement the limited salary of the First Parish; in fact, she had been a silent partner in the parsonage establishment rather than a dependant. Would the First Parish laugh at her now? It was a stinging thought; but she honestly believed that the minister himself would be most commiserated when the parish opinion had found time to simmer down.

The next day our heroine, whose face was singularly free from disappointment,

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told the minister that she would like to leave at once, for she was belated about many things, not having had notice in season of his change of plan.

"I've been telling your wife all about the house and parish interests the best I can, and it's likely she wants to take everything into her own hands right away," added the uncommon housekeeper, with a spice of malice; but Mr. Elbury flushed, and looked down at the short, capable Eliza appealingly. He knew her virtues so well that this announcement gave him a crushing blow.

"Why, I thought of course you would continue here as usual," he said, in a strange, harsh voice that would have been perfectly surprising in the pulpit. "Mrs. Elbury has never known any care. We count upon your remaining."

Whereupon Miss Peck looked him disdainfully in the face, and, for a moment, mistook him for that self so often reproved and now sunk in depths of ignominy.

"If you thought that, you ought to have known better," she said. "You can't expect a woman who has property and relations of her own to give up her interests for yours altogether. I got a

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letter last night from my brother's boy, little Tom, and he's got leave from his mother and her husband to come and stop with me a good while—he says all winter. He's been sick, and they've had to take him out o' school. I never supposed that such stived-up air would agree with him," concluded Miss Peck, triumphantly. She was full of joy and hope at this new turn of affairs, and the minister was correspondingly hopeless. "I'll take the baby home for a while, if 'twould be a convenience for you," she added, more leniently. "That is, after I get my house well warmed, and there's something in it to eat. I wish you could have spoken to me a fortnight ago; but I saw Joe Farley to-day—that boy that lived with me quite a while—he's glad to come back. He only engaged to stop till after cider-time where he's been this summer, and he's promised to look about for a good cow for me. I always thought well of Joe."

The minister turned away ruefully, and Miss Peck went about her work. She meant to leave the house in the best of order; but the whole congregation came trooping in that day and the next, and she hardly had time to build a fire in her own kitchen before Joe Farley followed her from the station with the beloved little Tom. He looked tall and thin and pale, and largely freckled under his topknot of red hair. Bless his heart! how his lonely aunt hugged him and kissed him, and how thankful he was to get back to her, though she never would have suspected it if she had not known him so well. A shy boy-fashion of reserve and stolidity had replaced his early demonstrations, but he promptly went to the shelf of books to find the familiar old "Robinson Crusoe." Miss Peck's heart leaped for joy as she remembered how much more she could teach the child about books. She felt a great wave of gratitude fill her cheerful soul as she remembered the pleasure and gain of those evenings when she and Mr. Elbury had read together.

There was a great deal of eager discussion in the village; and much amused scrutiny of Eliza's countenance, as she walked up the side-aisle that first Sunday after the minister was married. She led little Tom by the hand, but he opened the pew-door and ushered her in handsomely, and she looked smilingly at her neighbors and nodded her head sideways at the boy in a way that made them suspect that she was much more in love with him, freckles and all, than she had ever been with Mr. Elbury. A few minutes later she frowned at Tom sternly for greeting his old acquaintances over the pew-rail in a way that did not fit the day or place. There was no chance to laugh at her disappointment; for nobody could help understanding that her experience at the parsonage had been merely incidental in her life, and that she had returned willingly to her old associations. The dream of being a minister's wife had been only a dream, and she was surprised to find herself waking from it with such resignation to her lot.

"I'd just like to know what sort of a breakfast they had," she said to herself, as the bride's topknot went waving and bobbing up to the parsonage-pew. "If ever there was a man who was fussy about his cup o' coffee, 'tis Reverend Wilbur Elbury! There now, Elizy Peck, don't you wish 'twas you a-setting there up front and feeling the eyes of the whole parish sticking in your back? You could have had him, you know, if you'd set right about it. I never did think you had proper ideas of what gettin' promoted is; but if you ain't discovered a new world for yourself, like C'lumbus, I miss my guess. If you'd stayed on the farm all alone last year you'd had no thoughts but hens and rutabagys, and as 'tis you've been livin' amon'st books. There's nothin' to regret if you did just miss makin' a fool o' yourself!"

At this moment Mr. Elbury's voice gently sounded from the pulpit, and Miss Peck sprang to her feet with the agility of a jack-in-the-box—she had forgotten her surroundings in the vividness of her revery. She hardly knew what the minister said in that first prayer; for many reasons this was an exciting day.

A little later our heroine accepted the invitation of her second-cousin, Mrs. Corbell, to spend the hour or two between morning and afternoon services. They had agreed that it seemed like old times and took pleasure in renewing this custom of the Sunday visit. Little Tom was commented upon as to health and

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growth and freckles and family resemblance; and when he strayed out of doors after such an early dinner as only a growing boy can make vanish with the enchanter's wand of his appetite, the two women indulged in a good talk.

"I don't know how you viewed it this morning," began Cousin Corbell; "but, to my eyes, the minister looked as if he felt cheap as a broom. There, I never was one o' his worshippers, you well know. To speak plain, Elizy, I was really concerned at one time for fear you would be over-persuaded. I never said one word to warp your judgment, but I did feel as if 'twould be a shame. I——"

But Miss Peck was not ready yet to join the opposition, and she interrupted at once in an amiable but decided tone. "We'll let by-gones be by-gones; it's just as well, and a good deal better. Mr. Elbury always treated me the best he knew how; and I knew he wa'n't perfect, but 'twas full as much his misfortune as his fault. I declare I don't know what else there was he could ha' done if he hadn't taken to preaching; and he has very kind feelings, specially if anyone's in trouble. Talk of 'leading about captive silly women,' there are some cases where we've got to turn round and say it right the other way—'tis the silly women that do the leadin' themselves. And I tell you," concluded Miss Peck, with apparent irrelevancy, "I was glad last night to have a good honest look at a yellow sunset. If ever I do go and set my mind on a minister, I'm goin' to hunt for one that's well settled in a hill parish. I used to feel as if I was shut right in, there at the parsonage; it's a good house enough if it only stood where you could see anything out of the windows. I can't carry out my plans o' life in any such situation."

"I expect to hear that you've blown right off the top o' your hill some o' these windy days," said Mrs. Corbell, without resentment, though she was very dependent, herself, upon seeing the passing.

The church-bell began to ring, and our friends rose to put on their bonnets and answer its summons. Miss Peck's practical mind revolved the possibility of there having been a decent noonday meal at the parsonage. "Maria Corbell!" she said, with dramatic intensity, "mark what I'm goin' to say—it ain't I that's goin' to reap the whirlwind; it's your pastor, the Reverend Mr. Elbury, of the First Parish!"

SEPARATION.

By Ellen Burroughs.

Along the Eastern shore the low waves creep,
Making a ceaseless music on the sand,—
A song that gulls and curlews understand,
The lullaby that sings the day to sleep.
A thousand miles afar, the grim pines keep
Unending watch upon a shoreless land,
Yet through their tops, swept by some wizard hand,
The sound of surf comes singing up the steep.

Sweet, thou canst hear the tidal litany;
I, mid the pines land-wearied, may but dream
Of the far shore; but though the distance seem
Between us fixed, impassable, to me
Cometh thy soul's voice, chanting love's old theme,
And mine doth answer, as the pines the sea.

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SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NIGHT: MASTER AND MAN.

ALBERT walked across the yard toward the larger of the new stable buildings. It was a dry, warm, luminous night, radiant overhead with the glory of a whole studded heaven of stars. The moon, the full, shining-faced moon of October, would rise in an hour or so, and then would come pale mists along the valley bottom-lands, and perhaps clouds in the eastern sky. But one could walk bareheaded in this soft starlight now, without a fear of cold.

The lawyer paid no sort of attention to the night, but strode across the grass, swung himself over the stile, and pulled back the great stable door, creaking shrilly on its rollers, with angry energy. He stopped upon the threshold of the darkness, through which the shapes of carriages covered with white sheets vaguely loomed, and called out:

"Milton!"

There was the answering sound of footsteps overhead. A door at the top of the stairs was opened, and a flood of light illumined the staircase.

"Oh, you've got back, ay?" said a voice from the top.

Albert's answer was to climb the short, upright flight of stairs and enter the room above.

It had been Milton's idea, when the new buildings were erected, to achieve complete domestic autonomy by arranging for himself a residential room above the carriage place. The chamber was high and commodious. It had been lathed and plastered, and, in lieu of wall-paper, the sides were decorated with coarsely colored circus bills, or pictures from sporting weeklies, all depicting women in tights. There was a good corded bed in one corner. Two chairs, a stained pine-table, on which, beside the lamp, were some newspapers, a little wood stove, and a mantle-shelf covered with tin-types and cheap photographs, completed the scene. Milton enjoyed living here greatly. It comported with his budding ideas of his own personal dignity, and it freed him from the disagreeable supervision which the elder Miss Fairchild was so prone to exercise over all who lived in the house. Only the Lawton girl, Melissa, came across the yard each forenoon, to tidy up the room and chuckle over the pictures and the tastes which these, and the few books Milton from time to time brought home from a sporting library at Thessaly, indicated.

"It's lucky you hadn't gone to bed," said the lawyer, curtly, pulling his hat over his eyes to shade them from the flaring light, and sitting down. "I was going to wake you up. What's your news?"

"I've been over to Tyre twice to see Beekman, 'n' no use. Once he wouldn't talk at all—jis' kep' his ole lantern-jaws tight shet, 'n' said 'Ef Albert Fairchild wants to see me, he knaows where I kin be faound.' Th' other time he was more talkative—tried his best to fine aout what I was drivin' at, but I couldn't git no satisfaction aout o' him. He wouldn't bine himself to nothin'. He jis' stood off et arm's lenth, 'n' sized up what I was a-sayin' in that dum sly way o' his. I couldn't make head nor tail of him. He wouldn't say he would take money, 'n' he wouldn't say he wouldn't. He wouldn't say yes or nao to th' post-office scheme, or anythin' else. He jis' kep' his big eyes on me, as much as to say, 'You ketch a weasel asleep!' 'n' listened. Naow yeh knaow th' hull of it. If yeh want anythin' more done, yeh better do it yerself."

The lawyer looked attentively at his hired man, and drummed with his fingers on the table. "So that's all, is it? You are no further ahead with Beekman than when the convention adjourned? You've got no proposition from him—no

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statement as to how he takes my proposals?"

"That's it, Albert—jest it!"

Something in Milton's tone seemed to annoy Albert even more than his confession of failure had done. He rose to his feet abruptly. "Don't 'Albert' me!" he said, raising his voice out of its accustomed calm; "I don't like it! You take too much upon yourself. But—I am to blame for it myself. I've let you run things with too free a hand, and trusted affairs to you that I ought to have kept to myself. It is always my way," he went on, in petulant self-criticism. "I never did trust anybody who was worth the powder to blow him up. I ought to be used to it by this time. But to encounter two such fools in one evening—and this evening of all others, too—by George! it's enough to make a man strike his mother!"

"I ain't no fool, Mister Fairchild"—the hired man was standing up too, and his harsh tones gave the title an elaborate, almost ridiculous, emphasis—"'n' I'll thank yeh to keep yer tongue civil, tew! Ef yeh don't like my style, yeh kin git sum'un else to do yer dirty work for yeh. I've no hankerin' fer it. I'm hired to manage this farm, I am. Nothin' was said 'baout my hevin' to run a Congresshn'l campaign into th' bargain. I ain't sayin' but what I kin do it's well's some other folks. I ain't sayin' that it's beyon' me. P'raps I've got my pull 'n this caounty, 's well's some other people. P'raps 'f I was amine to, I could knock somebuddy's game sky-high, jis' by liftin' my little finger to-morrer. I ain't sayin' I'm goin' to dew it. I ain't findin' no fault with yeh. All I say is I ain't goin' to take one ioty o' slack from you, or anybody else, about this thing. You hear *me!*"

The hired man had spoken aggressively and loudly, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, and his shaggy head well up in the air. He knew his employer pretty well, and had estimated with some precision the amount of impudence he would bear. This full measure he was not disposed to abate one atom. He had failed to buy the Jay County boss, or even to satisfactorily gauge his intentions, it was true, but that was no reason why he should submit to being called a fool by Albert Fairchild, who couldn't run his farm, let alone his Congressional campaign, without him. So the mean-figured, slouching countryman, with his cheap, ill-fitting clothes, frowsy beard, and rough, red hands truculently spread palm outward on his breast, stood his ground before the city lawyer and grinned defiance at him.

The lawyer did not immediately reply. He was not ordinarily at a loss for words or decisions in his dealings with men, but this rude, uncouth rustic, with his confident air and his fund of primordial cunning, puzzled him. There was some uneasiness in the feeling, too, for he could not remember the exact limits of his confidences with Milton. Moreover, he could not afford, at any price, to quarrel with him now on the eve of the convention. "After the election we'll clip your wings, my fine fellow," he thought to himself, but he gave the words upon which he finally decided a kindlier turn.

"Yes, I hear you. Almost anybody on the side-hill could, the way you are talking. There is no reason why you should lose your temper. If you couldn't fix Beekman, why, that's all there is to it. We must go at it in a different way. I can see through him. He's standing out for a cash payment. The old fox wants money down."

"Well, you've got it fur him, hain't yeh? Go 'n' give it to him, straight aout!"

"But that's it—I wanted you to bring back an idea of his figure."

"His figger. How much hev yeh got?"

"Never mind that—it's a d—d sight more than the office is worth; but when a man gets into a fight of this sort, he's got to force his way through, cost or no cost."

"Air yeh sure it can't be traced? Wuz yeh careful to raise it so nobuddy cud spot yeh, and give aout that yeh got so much money together for purposes o' bribery?"

"Yes, it is perfectly safe. There is no record."

"'N' nobuddy on airth knaows yeh've got th' money?"

"Not a living soul!"

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The two men communed together as to the importance of immediate action. The convention was to reassemble at Tyre, fifteen miles away, at eleven the following forenoon. The political master of Jay County, Abe Beekman, who held in his hands the deciding power, lived near Tyre, but in the valley some miles farther on. The first train from Thessaly in the morning would be too late, for Beekman would have already arrived on the ground at Tyre, coming from the opposite direction, and would have begun work on his own hook. He must be seen at his home, early in the morning. The question was—how to encompass this.

"You might drive across to-night," Albert suggested; "it can't be more than twenty miles. It's a bad, uphill road, but four or five hours ought to do it, easily enough. By George—I believe I'll go myself—start at once, see Beekman about daybreak, and then come back to Tyre by breakfast-time, as if I had just driven over from here. No one will suspect a thing."

"Yes, thet's a fust-rate idee," assented Milton; "only be keerful 'n' put yer money in a safe place."

The lawyer again slapped his breast with a confident "Never fear about that," and went to the house to get some wraps for the night ride, leaving Milton to harness the grays and drag out the side-bar buggy with the pole. The hired man hummed to himself as he moved quietly, dexterously, in the semi-darkness in the performance of this task.

Albert returned, just as the hame-straps were being buckled.

"Everybody seems to be asleep in the house," he said. "If they ask any questions in the morning, mind you know nothing whatever. That brother of mine is no friend. Be careful what you say to him. Let him walk to the depot in the morning. It'll do him good. Oh yes, by the way, better let me have one of those revolvers of yours—you have 'em upstairs, haven't you?—give me the one that strikes fire every time."

Milton came down and out presently, saying that he just remembered having lent the weapon. "'Tother's no good," he added; "yeh don't need no pistol anyway. Th' moon'll be up direc'ly."

Albert gathered up the lines and drove out slowly toward the road.

"Yeh better save th' beasts till after yeh git over Tallman's Hill, 'n' rest 'em there by th' gulf!" Milton called after him, as a last injunction.

The hired man stood at the stable door, and watched the buggy pass the darkened, silent house, turn out on the high-road, and disappear beneath the poplars. The moon was just coming up, beyond this line of trees, and it made the gloom of their shadow deeper. His eyes, from following the vehicle, ranged back to the house, which reared itself black against the whitening sky. There was there no sound, nor any sign of life. He took a revolver out of his pocket, and examined it in the starlight, cocking it again and again to make sure that there had been no mistake. Satisfied with the inspection, he put it back in his side coat-pocket. He went upstairs, changed his hat, took a drink out of a flat brown bottle in his cupboard, and spent a minute or two looking at one of the tin-type portraits on the mantle-shelf. He held the picture to the light, and grinned as he gazed—then put it in his breast-pocket, blew out the lamp, and felt his way softly down stairs.

A few minutes later he came out from the stable, leading the swift black mare. She was saddled and bridled, and seemed to understand, as he led her over the grass, that he wanted no noise made. The man and beast, throwing long, grotesque shadows on the lawn, in the light of the low moon, stole past the house, and out upon the road. Milton here climbed into the saddle, and with an exultant little cluck, started in the direction his master had gone, still keeping the black mare on the grass. They, too, disappeared under the poplars.

The moon mounted into the heavens, pushing aside the aspiring clouds which sought to dispute her passage, then clothing them in her own livery of light, and drawing them upward after her, in a glittering train of attendance. All over the hill-side the calm radiance rested. The gay hues with which autumn's day-brush painted the woods, the hedge-rows, the long stretches of orchard, stubble, and field, sought now to only hint at their beauty, as they yielded new

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outlines, mystic suggestions of form and color, in the soft gray picture of mezzotint. Thin films of vapor rose to enwrap the feet of the dark firs, nearer to the sky, and in the valley below the silver of the moonlight lost itself on the frost-like whiteness of the gathering mist. It was a night for the young to walk together, and read love's purest, happiest thoughts in each other's eyes—for the old to drink in with thankful confession the faith that the world was still gracious and good.

Milton was walking the mare now, still on the grass. He could hear the sound of wheels, just ahead.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NIGHT: THE LOVERS.

SETH had gone up to his room in a state of wretchedness which, seeming insupportable at the outset, had grown steadily worse upon reflection. He said to himself that he had never before in his whole life been so humiliated and unhappy, and then smiled with pitying contempt for the inadequacy of such a statement of the case. One's career must have been Titanic in its tragic experiences to warrant such a comparison. "I have never known before what suffering was," he thought, as he paced up and down his little room, scourging himself with the lash of bitter reflections.

To try to sleep did not enter his head. He sat for a long time on the side of the bed, seeking to evolve something like order from the chaos of his wits, but he could not think. Had he tried to write, to discuss the thing in a letter, the simple familiar operation of the pen might have led him out of the *cul-de-sac*. As it was, whichever turn his mind sought to take, there rose an impassable barrier of shame or rage or self-recrimination. In whatever light he tried to view the situation, it was all pain. He had been curtly, cruelly thrown off by his brother—the man to whom he owed everything—and he had had to listen to the most cutting, insulting language from this brother before they parted. Then, as he clenched his fists and fumed with impotent anger at the recollection of this language, there would come to divert this wrath, and turn it back upon himself, the facts that he had interposed his own boyish vanity and conceit to balk this brother's purposes, and had been caught trembling on the very brink of making love to this brother's wife. Did he not richly merit Albert's scorn? He could remember—should he ever forget?—the exact words of Albert's contemptuous characterization: "A conceited, presumptuous, offensive fool." Did he not deserve them all? He owed this brother everything: the honest boy insisted upon saying this to himself over and over again, as the basis of all argument on the subject; the opportunity came for him to repay something of this debt. How had he improved it? By setting himself up to oppose this brother in the chief object of his life, and, as if this were not enough, by yielding weakly to the temptation to rob him of his domestic honor as well! "I must be a villain as well as a fool, must I!" the youngster growled between his set teeth, as he threw himself from the bed, and began the gloomy pacing up and down again.

He had not lighted his lamp. The soft half-darkness of the starlight, sufficing barely to render objects visible in the room, suited his mood. He heard the sound of wheels now on the gravel below. Looking out, he could see that the grays were being driven out; as they turned the corner of the house, the full moonlight fell upon them and the carriage, and Seth saw distinctly that it was his brother who was driving, and that he was wrapped as for an all-night ride.

"He won't even stay under the same roof with me!" he said, half-aloud, with a fresh bitterness of self-accusation—and then the torment of reproaching voices began in his breast again.

As he turned from the window he heard a low rapping at his door; a minute later, he heard Isabel's voice, almost a whisper:

"Seth! Don't open the door, but tell me, who was it that went out with the carriage just now? I heard it, but from

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my window I could see nothing. Was it *he?*"

Seth answered, as calmly as he could: "Yes, I am sure of it. I recognized him." He stood close to the door, and the thought that only the thin pine-panels divided him from her was uppermost in his mind.

There was a little pause. Once his hand involuntarily moved toward the latch, but he drew it back. Then she spoke again:

"You had a terrible quarrel, didn't you, and all for me! I heard your answer, Seth, 'way up here. How nobly you spoke! It went straight to my heart, to hear his brutality rebuked in that manly way. I sha'n't forget it."

There was a moment's silence; then she whispered, with a lingering softness, "Good-night!" and he heard the faint rustling of her garments down the hall.

Brief as the interruption was, it had changed the whole spirit of his thoughts. The vindictive accusing demons had vanished, and left no more than a numbing sense of past torture in his breast. The anguish of self-condemnation, the crushing burden of self-humiliation, had passed away. The moonlight, as it spread over the slope toward Thessaly village, seemed to bring healing in its peaceful radiance. His own provocation grew mountain high; his brother's justification for his insults and barbarity diminished. "I was doing only my duty in opposing him," he said, confidently, and there was no voice of dissent now. "Still more was I right in defending poor Isabel from his unmanly imputations. If a man is incapable of appreciating such a wife——"

He did not follow out his thought, but surrendered himself instead to calling up, and enjoying in detail, the sweet scene which Albert's coming had so rudely broken into. How delicious it all was, as fancy now limned its outlines—yet not all the dainty graces of imagination and memory could reproduce in its full charm the original. He could think, and think, until the whole room seemed instinct with her presence, but how poor a counterfeit it all was, lacking the perfume of her hair and laces, the deep, languorous glow of her eyes, the thrilling melody of her low voice. The tender, caressing prolongation of syllables in that whispered "good-night" made soft soul-music still in his ears. The insane thought—he did not dare ask himself if it were also a hope—that she might come again, took possession of him, and he stood for a long time close by the door, listening, waiting.

It was while Seth stood thus, seeing only with the eyes of the mind, that Milton stole past on the grass below, with the black mare, on his mission of murder. Had the young man been at the window instead, much that followed might have been different.

Seth stood at the door for what seemed to him a long time, until gradually the futility of the action became apparent to him. "Of course she would not come!" he said, and resumed his pacing once more.

The Faust-like vision began to dance before his eyes again, but with a witchery now which was uncanny. The calm of waiting had brought him enough strength of control to feel the presence of the cloven hoof in it all. The temptation was more urgent, strenuous than ever, but he was conscious of a deeper, more dogged spirit of resistance within him than ever, as well. There was no renewal of the savage, chaotic war of emotions under which he had suffered at the outset, groaning in the self-infliction of purposeless pain. This was a definite, almost scientific, struggle between two distinct forces, and though they fought their battle with all manner of sophistical weapons, and employed feints, pretended retreats, and false advances in highest strategical form, he was never deceived for a moment as to which was the bad and which the good.

The issue forced itself upon him, with a demand for decision which was imperative. He could stay no longer in his room. There was neither sleep nor rest of any kind there for him.

He went to the door, and opened it. Through the blackness he could see a faint vertical line of light at the front end of the low hall, as of a lamp burning, and a door left ajar. The yellow ray gleamed as he looked at it, and seemed to wave itself in fascinating motions of enticement. He stood for a moment undecided, all his impulses strongly

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swaying toward the temptation, all his resisting reasons growing weaker in their obstruction, and some even turning coward, and whispering, as they laid down their arms, "After all, youth has its rights." Then he squared his shoulders, with the old gesture of resolution, and walked steadily away from the line of light, down the stairs, and out of the door, bareheaded under the stars.

He had walked for a long, long time before he became conscious that he had left his hat behind. The night air was exceptionally mild for the season, but it grew cool enough to bring this fact to his notice. As he put his hand to his head, and stopped short at the discovery, his whole mind seemed to clarify itself. He had been walking aimlessly, almost unconsciously—it must have been for much more than an hour. In a vague way, he knew where his steps had led him. He had walked through the orchard to his mother's grave, and stood for some time by the brier-clad wall and fence which surrounded it, thinking of his boyhood, and of her. Then he had struck across through Sile Thomas's pasture, to the main road; thence by the way of the school-house, and skirting the hill, to the Burfield road, at the farthermost end of the line of poplars.

As he stopped here now, collecting his thoughts, awakening himself as it were, the sound of chorus-singing reached him, faint at first, then growing more distinct. A wagon-load of young people were returning from Leander Crump's husking, enjoying themselves in the fair moonlight. From the sounds, they must have been about in front of the Fairchild homestead, and they were coming rapidly toward Seth. If he remained in the road, they must pass and recognize him.

There was a division line of thorn hedge, long since grown into tall young trees, coming to the road here, and a path beside it leading to a rude stile in the turnpike fence. This path went straight to Mrs. Warren's house, as Seth had known from boyhood, but he gave this no thought as he stepped over the stile, and moved along in the shadow of the thorns. He walked a score of yards or so, and then stepped closer into the obscurity of the hedge, to wait till the hay-wagon and its carolling crew had passed by on the road outside. He was feeling very cold now, and tired to boot, and said to himself that as soon as the road was clear he would go home and go to bed.

To his surprise the singing came to an abrupt halt, just as the wagon approached the end of the hedge. There was a chorus of merry "whoas!" as the horses drew up, and through the clear air Seth could hear a confused babel of voices, all jovially discussing something. One male voice, louder than the rest, called out:

"You'd better let me come along with you!"

There was some giggling audible, out of which rose a clear, fresh, girlish voice which Seth knew:

"No, thanks! I can cut across by this path in less than no time. I'm not afraid. The tramps are all abed and asleep by this time, like other honest people."

With more laughter, and a salvo of "good-nights!" the wagon started off again, and Annie Fairchild, singing lightly to herself the refrain of the chorus, and holding her face up to catch the full radiance of the moonlight, came walking briskly down the path.

Despite her valiant confidence the young woman gave a visible start of alarm as Seth stepped out from the shadows to speak to her. She threw herself forward as if to run, then looked again, stopped, and then gave a little tremulous laugh, and cried:

"Why, Seth! is that you? Mercy! How you frightened me!"

He could think of nothing better than a feeble parody of her words: "Yes, it is time all honest people were abed and asleep."

He said this with a half-smile, but the girl's face grew more serious still as she looked at her cousin. She spoke eagerly:

"Why, what's the matter with you to-night? Where is your hat? You look as white as a ghost! Oh—have you come from our house? Is it something about grandmother?"

"No, it's nothing about her. I haven't been nearer your place than this. I only stepped in here so as to avoid the

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wagon. I didn't want them to see me like this."

"But why should you *be* like this? Now, Seth, I know something *has* happened. What is it? Am I wanted? Can I do anything?"

"Let me walk with you to your house," he said, and they turned together down the path. "Something *has* happened. I don't know that I can tell you what it is, but only to be with you like this rests and comforts me."

He was walking in the shadow; the strong light, which only tipped his shoulder occasionally, enveloped her. He watched her furtively as they moved along, and, just in proportion as he found relief and solace in the contemplation of her clear, frank, serene face, he shrank from confiding his own weak woes to her. But, as he said, it was a comfort to be with her.

They had walked almost to within sight of the Warren farm-house before he broke the silence. She had scarcely looked at him since they started, but kept her gray eyes straight ahead, as if viewing some fixed, distant object. Her lips were tightly pressed together—the only sign of emotion on her face—and this proof that she was hard at work thinking tended further to embarrass him.

"I truly don't know how to tell you, Annie," he said at last. "But Albert and I have—have had words together; in fact—we've quarrelled."

Her lips quivered a little. She did not turn her face toward him, but said, nervously: "I have been expecting that."

Seth did not ask himself the cause of his cousin's anticipatory confidence, but went on gloomily:

"Well, it has come. We had it out this evening, to the very last word. And then, as if that were not enough, the devil himself got hold of me afterward, and tugged and tore at me to—but I can't tell you *that*. I can scarcely realize myself what I've been through this night. Why, I've been wandering about here on the hill-side for hours, not knowing where I was going, or even what I was thinking of, like a madman. You can see how my hands are scratched and my clothes torn; that is from the berry-bushes, I suppose, up by mother's grave. I remember being there. I didn't even know that my head was bare until just before the wagon came up."

Before this remarkable recital of insane things, Annie was properly silent.

Seth added, after a pause: "But it is all over now. And I can't tell you, you can't begin to guess, how it brings me to my senses, and soothes and restores me to have met you like this."

As he paused suddenly, they both turned to listen and look. From the knoll to the east, where the turnpike ran through a cutting, there came a curiously muffled sound, like yet unlike the first measured drumming of a partridge. It swelled a second later into something more definite, as they saw a dark horse, the rider crouching low over its neck, galloping like the wind along the high-road toward Thessaly. The pace was something prodigious—the horse had vanished like an apparition before they could look twice. But there had been nothing like a commensurate volume of sound.

"The horse was running on the grass beside the road," Seth remarked.

"Probably going for a doctor," was her comment. "I wonder who is ill."

"It looked to me more like the headless horseman than a sick-messenger."

As he said this, and they turned to walk again, his face lighted up once more. The thought seemed to please him, and he smiled on her as he added:

"Let me be superstitious enough to fancy that the thing which just flashed by, in a rumble of low thunder, was the demon that has been torturing me all this while. We will say that he has been defeated, baffled, and has fled in despair, and that"—he looked still more smilingly at her—"the fiend has been beaten and driven away by you. Do you know, Annie, that here in this lovely light you are the very picture of a good angel? Perhaps angels don't wear seal-skin cloaks, or have such red cheeks, but if they knew how becoming they were, they would."

Annie's face, which had been immobile in thought, softened a little. She was accustomed to her cousin's hyperbole.

"I am delighted if you feel better,"

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she laughed back. "But it is no credit specially to me. Contact with any other rational human being would probably have had the same effect upon you. If I had helped you in any way, or advised you, perhaps I might own the angelic impeachment. But I don't even know the first thing about your trouble, except that you have quarrelled with Albert, and—and had a temptation."

She had begun gayly enough, but she uttered the last words soberly, almost gravely. Instinct and observation alike told her that Seth's experiences had been of a deeply serious nature.

He sighed heavily, and looked on the ground. How much could he tell her? —in what words should he put it? Even as he sought in his mind for safe and suitable phrases, an Idea—a great, luminous, magnificent Idea—unfolded itself before his mental vision. It was not new to him—years ago he had often entertained and even nourished it—yet it had been hidden, dormant so long, and it burst forth now so grandly transformed and altered, that for an instant he stopped abruptly, and put his hand to his breast as if to catch his breath. Then he walked on again, still with his eyes on the ground. He fancied that he was meditating; instead, he was marvelling at the apotheosized aptness of the Providence which had sent this Idea at just this time, and swearing grateful fealty to it with all the earnestness of his being.

He looked up at last, and drew her arm through his. They were near the house now. "I am going to make a clean breast of it, Annie," he said. "If I have not finished when we get to the bars, shall we turn back? I want you to hear it all."

"It is pretty late, Seth," she said, but neither in tone, nor in the manner in which she allowed her arm to be taken, was there the kind of refusal which dismays.

There was no need now to seek words. They came fast, keeping pace with the surge of his thoughts.

"Annie," he began, "I have been as near the gates of hell to-night as it is given to a man to go, and bring back his soul. I have fancied all this while that I was strong because I was successful; that I was courageous because I happened to be clever. I found myself put to the test to-night, and I was weak as water. I am afraid of myself. More, I have been making a fool of myself. I know now the measure of my weakness. I have the brains, perhaps, but I have no balance-wheel. I fly off; I do insensate things; I throw myself away. I need a strong, sweet, wise nature to lean upon, to draw inspiration from. Oh, if you could realize the peace, the happiness, your simple presence brought me this evening! I haven't said it yet, Annie, but you have guessed it—I want to pledge myself to you, to swear that you are to be my wife."

The girl had drawn her arm from his before the last sentence was finished, and stood facing him. They were within call of the house, but she did not offer to renew the walk. She answered him with no trace of excitement, looking him candidly in the face:

"I am not sure just how to answer you, Seth. Hardly any girl would know, I think, how to treat such a declaration as that. Wait a moment—let me finish! In the first place, I am in doubt whether I ought to treat it seriously at all. You are disturbed, excited, to-night; when we first met you looked and acted like a madman. And then again—understand, I am trying to talk to you as a friend of all your life, instead of a mere girl acquaintance—I would not marry any man who I did not firmly believe loved me. You have not even pretended that you love me. You have simply complimented me on my disposition, and pledged yourself to a partnership in which I was to be a balance-wheel."

"You are laughing at me!"

"No, Seth, my dear cousin, not at all. I am only showing you the exact situation. You are too excited, or too unpractical, to see it for yourself. You talk now about being at the gates of hell, and expressions like that—wild words which signify only that you have had trouble during the evening. I fancy that all men are apt to exaggerate such things—I *know* you are. Why, do you even know what trouble is? Have *I* had no trouble? Have I not lived a whole life of trial here with a bed-

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ridden invalid? And there are other things that — that I might speak of, if I chose to complain. For instance" —her face brightened as she spoke, now, and a suggestion of archness twinkled in her eyes—"was it not a terrible thing that I should have waded into the water, that day of the fishing party, and got you out all by myself, and then heard the credit coolly given to another—person, who never got so much as the soles of her shoes wet?"

Annie had begun seriously enough, but the softness of her real mood toward her cousin, together with the woman's natural desire to have justice done her in affairs of the heart, had led her into a half-playful revelation of pique. Seth would have answered here, but she held up her hand, and went on:

"Wait till I am through. You didn't know the truth in that matter of the log-jam. I understand that. There are a good many other things the truth of which you don't know. You don't, for instance, know the real facts about your own mind. You have had trouble to-night—for all your talk about making a clean breast of it you haven't told me yet what it was—and your imagination makes a mountain out of what was probably a mole-hill, and you straightway rush off bareheaded to wander about like a ghost, and frighten people out of their wits; and then, happening to meet a girl who, by the deceptive light of the moon, looks as if she had some sense about her, you take without consideration the most important step a man can take in his whole life. Isn't that a fair statement of the case? And, thinking it all over, don't you agree with me that you would better tie my handkerchief about your head and go home and go to bed?"

Seth laughed—a reluctant, in-spite-of-himself laugh. "You always would make fun of me when I tried to be serious. But if I ever *was* serious in my life, it is now. Listen to me, Annie! It is not my fault if I see you now, truly as you are, for the first time. I have been a fool. I know it. I said so at the start. But a man is the creature of circumstances, you know. Things have happened to-night which have opened my eyes. I realize now that you have been closest to my heart all the while, that I have loved you all——"

Annie stopped him, with her hand upon his arm.

"I don't want you to finish that to-night. Please don't, Seth. It would not be fair to me—or to yourself. Perhaps some other time when you have thought it over calmly—we will talk about it—that is, if you are of the same mind. If you are not, why, everything shall be just as it was before. And more than that, Seth, you—you mustn't feel in the least bound by what has been said to-night. You know that I am older than you—two whole months! That isn't as much as four years"—the meekest of her sex could scarcely have foregone that shaft—"but it gives me some sort of authority over you. And I am going to use it for your good. If it becomes necessary, I shall treat you like a perverse little boy, who doesn't in the least know what is good for him."

There was no discouragement to Seth in the tones of her speech, however non-committal its text might be. He put his arm about her and murmured:

"To think that I never *knew* until now! Ah, you make me very happy, Annie. And shall you be happy, too, do you think—happier than if we hadn't met?"

She smiled as she disengaged herself, and gave him both hands to say that they must separate: "Happier at least than on the night of the fishing party. I cried myself to sleep that night."

Seth found the house wholly dark upon his return. He had no difficulty in getting to sleep, and his heavy slumber lasted until long after the breakfast hour the following forenoon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CONVENTION: THE BOSS.

Tyre had seen better days. In the noble old time of stage-coaches it had been a thriving, almost bustling place, with mills turning out wares celebrated through all the section, with a starch factory which literally gave the name of

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the town to its product as a standard of excellence, and with taverns which were rarely left with a vacant room more than a day at a time. In those days it had been a power in politics too. The old Court-House which frowned now upon the village green, elbowing the more modern brick jail out of public sight, was supposed to have echoed in its time about the tallest eloquence that any court-house in the State had heard. From Tyre had come to Albany, and Washington as well, a whole cluster of strong, shrewd, stalwart-tongued politicians, who forced their way to speakerships, and judgeships, and even senatorships, like veritable sons of Anak. It was a Tyre man who had beaten Aaron Burr in such and such a memorable contest. It was another Tyre man who, by assuming lead of the distracted Bucktails at a certain crucial period, had defeated sundry machinations of the Clintonians, and sounded the death-knell of their hopes. There was a Tyre man in the Regency, of course, and he is popularly believed, at least in Jay County, to have held that storied syndicate up by the tail, so to speak, years after it would otherwise have collapsed. At every State Convention, in this fine old time, inferior politicians from other sections dissembled their appetites until Tyre had been fed to satiety. And in the sowing season of politics, when far-seeing candidates began arranging for a share in the autumn harvest of offices, no aspirant felt that his seed had a chance of sprouting until he had paid a pilgrimage to Tyre, and invoked the mercy, if he could not have the smiles, of the magnates there.

It was due doubtless to the traditions of these visits, when Judge Gould, the hero of the great Biggs murder case, would be at the Nedahma House, and Senator Yates, who unravelled and dragged to the pitiless light the masonic plot to blow up Mount Vernon, was to be found at the turnpike tavern, and both would keep pretty well indoors toward evening, because Colonel DeLancey, who had shot four men before Hamilton's death discredited duelling, was in town on private business—it was no doubt due to these memories that Tyre kept up its political tastes and, in a faded way, its political prestige, long after its material importance and interest had vanished. The mills were remembered now only by the widened reaches in the stream where their dams had once been; the starch factory was a dismantled ruin, from which what wood-work the lightning had spared had long since been abstracted for fuel; one of the taverns was now a private dwelling, and the other two neither profited themselves nor pleased the wives of the village by their dependence upon local custom. But the men of Tyre were still intense politicians. Indeed, their known virulence had given to their county sobriquet of Jayhawker an almost national fame. Nowhere else in the State, proportionately, were so many weekly partisan papers taken—not tame, dispassionate prints, but the fire-eaters of both party presses, with incessant harrowing accounts of peaceful and confiding negroes being massacred in the South, on the one side, answered regularly on the other by long, imposing tables of the money stolen by notorious criminals in the public service. This was the meat Tyre fed on, and contending editors could not serve it out too rank or highly peppered for its taste.

The one excitement of Tyre, too—far transcending the county fair, which had only interested them casually, and which they had seen moved over to Sidon, on the line of the newly extended railroad, without a protest—was a political convention. There would be such a crowd about the Court House then as scarcely the spectacle of its being consumed by flames could draw at another time. The freeholders of Tyre paid much more than their fair share of county taxes; they knew it, and did not grumble at the injustice. In fact, it rather pleased them than otherwise to see their town rated on the supervisor's assessment-rolls according to its ancient wealth; the amercement was a testimonial to their dignity. Upstart towns like Sidon might wrangle over a few hundred dollars, and cheapen their valuation in the public eye by unworthy tricks; Tyre would have none of such small doings; it would preserve a genteel exterior, even if it had to eat pork grease on its

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buckwheat cakes in domestic seclusion. But if there had been so much as a hint about holding a county convention anywhere else than in the Tyre Court House —then, to use Abe Beekman's homely expression, you would have seen the fur fly! Other towns might indulge their modern and mercenary tastes in county fairs, railroads, gas, reservoirs, and the like to their hearts' content, but they must keep their hands off political conventions. He would be a brazen Jayhawker indeed who should question Tyre's monopoly of these!

So new generations of county politicians followed precedent without thought of murmuring, and accepted the discomforts of jolting in crowded democrat wagons over the stony, bleak hills to Tyre, of eating cold, bad dinners in the smoke-dried, draughty barracks which had once been hotels, of drinking limed well-water with the unspeakable whiskey—as natural consequences of being interested in the public affairs of the nation. This resignation of other Jay County towns to the convention claims of Tyre swelled into a spirit of truculent defence every two years, when the question of a joint Congressional gathering for all three counties of the district came up. Precisely what would have happened if the bigger shires of Dearborn and Adams had combined in a refusal to come to Tyre, I am not bold enough to guess. The general feeling would probably have been that a crisis had arisen in which Jay County could do no less than dissolve her relations with the Federal Union.

Fortunately no such menace of secession and civil war was ever suffered to rise glowering on the horizon. Abe Beekman, the boss of Jay County, always managed to have Tyre designated by the district committee, and the politicians from Dearborn and Adams amiably agreed to console themselves for the nuisances of the trip by getting as much fun out of it as was possible—which, reduced to details, meant bringing their own whiskey, sternly avoiding the dangerous local well-water, and throwing at each other during the dinner scramble such elements of the repast as failed to attract their metropolitan tastes. This procedure was not altogether to the liking of the Tyre landlords, who, however, compensated themselves for the diminution of the bar traffic and the havoc wrought in the dining-room, by quadrupling their accustomed prices; and the invasion of boisterous aliens had its seamy side for the women of the place, who found it to the advantage of their dignity to stop in-doors during the day which their husbands and fathers consecrated to the service of the Republic. But Tyre as a whole was proud and gratified.

On the morning when the adjourned district convention was to reassemble, political interest throbbed with feverish quickness in all the pulses of Tyre. The town could remember many a desperate and stirring combat on its well-worn battlefield, but never such a resolute, prolonged, and altogether delightful contest as this. The fight had its historic side, too. Every voter in Tyre could remember, or had been taught in all its details about, the famous struggle of the wet fall of '34, when Hiram Chesney, the Warwick of Jay County then, locked horns with the elder Seth Fairchild of Dearborn, and, to pursue the local phraseology, they pawed up more earth in their fierce encounter than would dam the Nedahma Creek. Poor Hiram had finally been worsted, falling ignobly on his native stamping ground, before the eyes of his own people. He had long since passed away, as Warwicks should when their king-making sinews have lost their strength. But another boss, perhaps in some ways a greater boss, had arisen in Jay County, in the person of Abram K. Beekman, and now, nearly half a century later, he was to try conclusions with a second Fairchild of Dearborn—a grandson of the hero of '34. They had grappled once, a fortnight before, and had had to separate again, after an all-day tug, with a fall credited to neither. Now, in a few hours, they were to confront each other once more. What wonder that Tyre was excited!

The two gladiators had been the observed of all observers during the preliminary skirmish. Tyre was almost disposed to fancy the Dearborn man. In his portly, black-clad figure, his round, close-shaven, aquiline face, and

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his professional capacity for oratory, he had recalled pleasantly the days when the Jay County Bar was famous. The local magnate, Beekman, was not a lawyer; he could not make a speech; he didn't even look as if he could make a speech. He had none of the affable, taking ways which Albert Fairchild used to such purpose, but was brusque, self-contained, prone to be dogmatic when he was not taciturn. Thus the balance turned enough in Fairchild's favor to about offset Beekman's claims to local sympathy as a Jayhawker, and put Tyre people in excellent mental trim to enjoy all the points of the duel.

For in the minds of these practical politicians, it *was* a duel. There was a third candidate, named Ansdell, it was true, supported by nearly all the Adams delegation, but then he was a reformer, and had not even come to the convention, and Tyre had no use for him. A county boss who had got a machine, and purposed doing certain definite things with it, either to build up himself or crush somebody else, was natural and comprehensible; but a man who set himself up as a candidate, without the backing of any recognized political forces, who came supported by delegates elected in a public and lawless manner without reference to the wishes of leaders, and who pretended that his sole mission in politics was to help purify it—who *could* make head or tail out of that?

Thus Tyreans talked with one another, as the village began to take on an air of liveliness after breakfast, and groups slowly formed on the sidewalks in front of the two hotels. There were many shades of diverging opinion as to the merits and the prospects of the approaching contest, but on one matter of belief there was a consensus of agreement. The fight lay between Beekman and Fairchild, and the third man—it was interesting to note that ignorance of his name was fashionable—wasn't in the race. Steve Chesney, whose right to speak oracularly on politics was his sole inheritance from the departed Warwick, his father, summed up the situation very clearly from the stand-point of Tyre when he said, leaning comfortably against the post-office hitching-post, and pointing his arguments in the right places with accurate tobacco-juice shots at a crack in the curb:

"The hull p'int's this: Dearborn's got seventeen votes, ain't she?—solid for Fairchild. Then he's got two 'n Adams, ain't he?—makin' nineteen 'n all. Th' dude, he's got what's left of Adams, fifteen 'n all. Jay County's only got ten votes, ain't she? Very well, they're solid for Abe. *Now!* Twenty-three's a majority of the convention. Git twenty-three 'n' that settles it. Th' reformer, he needs eight votes. Kin he git 'em? Whair frum? Frum Dearborn? Not much! Frum Jay? Well, not *this* evening! Count him out then. Of th' other two, Fairchild wants four votes, Abe needs thirteen. Thet looks kind o' sickly for Abe, mebbe yeh think. But bear in mine thet th' Adams men air pledged agin' Fairchild by th' same resolution which bines 'em to th' other chap. Abe wasn't a candidate then 'n' he didn't git barred out. But they made a dead set agin Fairchild all through Adams, on 'count of his funny work at th' State Convention. *So,* Adams kin go to Abe, 'n' she can't go to Fairchild. I tell yeh, Jay can't be beat, ef she's only a mine to think so—thet is, of course, ef Dearborn fights fair. Ef she don't, p'raps she may win to-day, but I tell yeh, in thet case ther won't be enough left of her candidate come 'lection night to wad a hoss-pistol with."

The Jay County delegates had begun to straggle into town, and percolate aimlessly through the throngs in and about the bar-rooms, listening to the discussions, and exchanging compliments and small talk with acquaintances. Pending the appearance of their leader there was nothing else for them to do. There was a rumor that Abe Beekman was in town, sending for men as he wanted to see them, one by one, but nobody professed to be in the secret of his hiding-place, and nobody dreamed of attempting to find out what Abe wished to keep dark.

The Adams County men, delegates and others, came over the hill from the Spartacus station in a carryall, with four horses, and created a genuine sensation as they drew up with a great clatter and splashing of mud in front of

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the Nedahma House, and descended jauntily from the rear step to the curb-stone. The natives eyed them all with deep interest, for upon their action depended the issue of the day, but there was a special excitement in watching the nine delegates with stove-pipe hats and gloves, and tight-rolled umbrellas, who came from Tecumseh itself. Tecumseh was the only city in the district, or the whole section, for that matter, and Jay County people timidly, wistfully dreamed of its gilded temptations, its wild revels of sumptuous gayety, its dazzling luxuriance of life, as shepherd boys on the plain of Dura might have dreamed of the mysteries and marvels of Babylon. It was something, at least, to touch elbows with men whose daily life was passed in Tecumseh.

Such of the younger Tyreans as had been introduced to these exalted creatures on their previous visit crowded around them now, to deferentially renew the acquaintance, and shine before their neighbors in its reflected light.

Then the news filtered through the groups round about that Ansdell himself had come up this time, and was the short, wiry little man with the drab overcoat and the sharp black eyes. This aroused a fleeting interest, and there was some standing on tip-toe to get a good view of him, but it could not last long, for Ansdell as a politician was not a tangible thing on which the tendrils of Tyre's imagination could get a real grip.

It was of more importance to learn whether the views of the Adams delegates had undergone any change—whether a new light had dawned upon them in the interim. They submitted graciously to the preliminary test of drinks at the bar, and pretended with easy affability to remember distinctly the various Tyre men who came up and recalled their acquaintance of a fortnight ago, but they had nothing to say that was to the purpose. They were waiting; they would see what turned up; they would certainly vote for Ansdell on the first ballot; further than that they couldn't say, but they saw no reason now why they shouldn't keep on voting for him; still, perhaps something might happen—this and nothing more.

Meanwhile there was an uneasy whisper going the rounds to the effect that the two Adams men who had previously voted for Fairchild were now for Ansdell, having succumbed to local pressure during the fortnight. The story could not be verified, for the two gentlemen in question had secreted themselves upon their arrival, and the other Adams men only grinned bland mystery when interrogated on the subject. This worried the Tyre men a good deal more than they would have liked to admit, but there was a certain element of pleasure in it, too, for it added piquancy to the coming fight.

The wooden minute-hand of the old clock on the Court House cupola had laboriously twitched along to the zenith of the dial once more, marking ten o'clock; only half an hour remained now before the time for the convention to reassemble, and the Dearborn delegates were still absent. People began to stroll toward the Court House, and casually attach themselves to the outskirts of the cluster of saturnine, clean-shaven, thin-featured old villagers, in high, black stocks and broad-brimmed soft hats, who stood on the steps, behind the fluted columns of the building's ambitious Grecian front, and chewed tobacco voraciously while they set up the rival claims of Martin Van Buren and Francis Granger, or mumblingly wrangled over the life and works of De Witt Clinton. These old men, by reason of the antiquity and single-heartedness of their devotion to their country, had two inalienable and confirmed rights: to sit on the platform close by the speakers when the Declaration of Independence was read each Fourth of July and to have the first chance for seats when the doors were opened at a political convention.

At last the eyes of those who had lingered about the Turnpike Tavern were gladdened by the sight of the Dearborn crowd, driving furiously up in three or four vehicles. Milton Squires was in the foremost wagon, and he was the first to alight.

He trembled and turned around swiftly as a man laid a hand on his shoulder.

"What d'yeh want?" he demanded, with nervous alertness.

The man whispered in his ear: "Abe

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Beekman is over in the back settin'-room at Blodgett's, 'n' he wants to see your man Fairchile *right off*."

Milton had regained his composure. "So do I want to see him. Whairabaouts is he? I was to meet him here."

"There ain't been no sign of him here, this mornin'. Nobuddy 'n Tyre's laid eyes on him, so far's I kin fine aout."

"Thet's cur'ous," said Milton, reflectively. "He started to drive over early enough. We cum by train, expectin' to fine him here. P'raps he's seen Beekman by this time, on th' quiet."

"No, he ain't!" The messenger's tone was highly positive.

"Then mebbe I'd better go 'n' see Beekman myself. Whair is Blodgett's?"

The man led the way off the main street, to a big, clap-boarded, dingy white house, fronting nowhere in particular, and stopped at the gate.

"Ain't you comin' in?" Milton asked him.

"I dasen't."

(To be continued.)

PREPARATION.

By Mrs. Fields.

Lay thy heart down upon the warm soft breast
Of June, and take thy rest;
The world is full of cares that never cease,
The air is full of peace.

Lie thou, my heart, beneath the burnished leaves;
What though the sad world grieves!
Is not the green earth joyous and at play
Upon this ripe June day?

Yet eager dost thou watch the building birds,
The busy brooding herds,
The pauseless journey of the sunlit days,
The joy that never stays.

O heart for whom these summer days are bright,
Wouldst thou, too, gather light?
Art thou astir with every leaf that moves
And the first bird that roves?

Art thou abroad with the white morning star,
Scaling the heights afar?
Ceaselessly mounting, O thou heart, some hill
The springs of life to fill?

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As midnight to the dawn, as dark to day,
As sun and shade at play,
So do the hours exchange and tempests tune
Their awful harps in June.

This is the hour when buds prepare to break,
When blossoms fruitage take;
This is the hour of breathing ere the heat
O'ertake our wearied feet.

Ye ships that lie afloat on stirless seas,
Are ye then all at ease?
Thou robin, singing from yon walnut-tree,
Dost thou not call to me?

Storm, rain, and dark, frost, snow, and chill, must be
Ere thou the end shalt see;
Reap thou! Nor all for thee, but for their need
Who gather not the seed.

TWO RUSSIANS.

By Nora Perry.

I.

NO, I don't wish to become acquainted with him. I suppose an American woman may be permitted to decline an introduction to a man she dislikes, even in a despotic country like this, if she has no diplomatic relations to embarrass her."

"Yes, of course; but if you continue to refuse to know General Siebeloff, things may, after a while, get to be a little awkward for you."

"Things—what things?"

"Well, the General is an acquaintance—an old acquaintance—of several of our friends here, and you are liable to meet him in a way that will make your refusal to know him rather marked, won't it?"

"And what if it does? I think it will be a good thing for this Russian despot to see that one person dares to show him that cruelty and tyranny and cold-bloodedness are detestable."

"Now, Helena, I'm acquainted with General Siebeloff, and he isn't at all cold-blooded or cruel. You've heard and read so much of this nihilistic doctrine that you have come to believe that every government officer who obeys his orders with the least appearance of firmness is a tyrant. The General is a good fellow."

"A good fellow! If he is a good fellow he couldn't remain in the service of tyrants, where he would be obliged to carry out such orders."

"I don't suppose you would believe me if I should tell you that a less humane man in his place would make

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things a great deal worse for offenders. General Siebeloff holds a firm hand, but I am confident that he tempers justice with mercy whenever he can possibly do so."

"What do you think of that case of young Nirovieff?"

"Nirovieff was a fool. He had warning after warning, yet he went on with his plots and plans, and flourished them right under the noses of the officials. His best friends told him he was a fool. He wanted to show himself off, to get talked about. He is a regular braggadocio. Do you think that any government is going to sit still and let such fellows openly insult it?"

"That's your side. Norovieff was only twenty-one. He and his father and brothers had all served Russia, and some of them lost their lives in that service."

"Served Russia! They have all of them, Tchernay tells me, been malcontents and fanatical nihilists, who believe in the destruction of everything, from the marriage law to the state; and they called themselves patriots! That's all *blague*."

"It's you who are prejudiced. Mr. Vodjeska may well say that Americans find it hard to understand oppression, and are inclined to side with those in power—they themselves are so prosperous."

"Oh, he said that, did he? He seems to have spoken very freely to you."

A flush, partly of anger, rose to Helena Wetherby's cheeks at this, but she vouchsafed no reply; instead, she took particular pains to show the young man, who stood in rather an inelegant attitude, leaning against the mantel and jingling the loose coins in his pocket, that she considered his remark as unworthy of reply. There were a few moments of silence, which the gentleman broke by saying:

"Well, I suppose there is no use in our discussing the point, but I sincerely hope that you won't be noticeably stiff to the General if somebody should happen to present him to you."

"You were going to say 'rude,' Dick. I think I'm sufficiently a lady not to be rude to people."

A queer little half-smile sent the ends of Dick Wetherby's yellow mustache curling up.

His cousin saw it, and was by no means made more placable in her mood. Another two or three minutes sped by in silence; then the young man took his hands from his pockets and turned to leave the room. Just as he was about to open the door his cousin asked:

"Has General Siebeloff requested you to present him to your cousin, Dick?"

"Requested me! Do you think I'd beat about the bush like this if he had? I haven't become so intimately associated with conspirators as to try to manage people by tricks. General Siebeloff has never mentioned your name to me, and I dare say he has never observed you," blunderingly added her cousin, his temper suddenly getting the better of him.

Helena flushed.

"Then I don't see why you should trouble yourself about this matter of introduction," she retorted.

"Because I see that it can't but become noticeable. The General is acquainted with our friends here, and Tchernay asked me the other night, at the Dorival dinner, how it happened that he didn't seem to be also acquainted with you."

"Tchernay! Another of General Siebeloff's admirers."

"A much safer man to admire than Vodjeska."

"Safe!" Helena's lip curled contemptuously. Then she burst out vehemently:

"Yes, that is like Tchernay and his set. They have no patriotism, no courage; they have no idea of self-sacrifice; everything is for self-interest. Oh, I have no patience with such people."

"Good heavens, Helena, how you talk! One would think you were a nihilist of the most rabid order. You may get yourself into difficulty if you talk like this abroad, American though you are; and let me tell you one thing, these educated Russians understand English as well as their own language, pretty nearly."

"Oh, don't be alarmed; I am perfectly *safe*."

"Helena!"

But Helena had said enough, had

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heard enough, and with a little nod over her shoulder, half of defiance, she went out by another door-way almost before her companion was fairly aware of her intention.

Three hours after this conversation a gay party of skaters, of which Helena Wetherby was a conspicuous figure, were flying on their steel-shod feet over the lake of ice, where the rank and fashion of St. Petersburg society daily assembled.

Two gentlemen, who had arrived rather late, were balancing themselves with an easy, sauntering step, a little withdrawn from the gay groups, while they discussed graver matters. The elder of the two, a tall, well-built man, with dark hair, and mustache slightly touched with gray, and a pair of keen gray eyes, suddenly turned to his companion and asked abruptly:

"Who is that lady with Vodjeska?"

"It is the little American. She is here with her aunt and cousin. They have taken the Lotoffs' house for the season. You know the cousin, Mr. Richard Wetherby, who is interested in the Ural railroad project. The young lady herself is also, I believe, interested in it—that is, she is going to put some money into it. I thought at first she was to marry the cousin, but they have been brought up together like brother and sister by the aunt, Mrs. Iverson, since their parents' death, and quite look upon each other in that fraternal light, I understand. She is a remarkably intelligent girl, and very handsome, don't you think?"

"She is attractive, certainly. She has a distinguished air."

"She is getting to be quite the fashion."

"Yes, I judged so," and a quick smile, a little satirical in expression, showed the white teeth of the speaker.

"Oh, because of Vodjeska?"

"Yes, Vodjeska is always in the front of the fashion."

The two laughed good-humoredly here, and struck off side by side at a more rapid pace, resuming again their graver conversation.

"There go Siebeloff and Tchernay," said more than one of the skaters, looking after the two as they sped along.

General Siebeloff was always an object of attention. He had won distinction in the war with the Turks by his sagacity and courage, and later these qualities had been put to a severer test in the duties that had devolved upon him in connection with the office of military inspector—an office he had accepted, it is said, with reluctance, but having once accepted he proceeded to fill with an energy and determination that caused him to be both admired and hated. Tchernay was one of the admiring, as Helena Wetherby had truthfully, though scornfully, declared. Much younger than Siebeloff, a man of good family, and educated in England principally, he had conceived a strong attachment for the elder man, which nothing ever served to weaken or disturb. In a country of political plots and intrigues people found it difficult to believe that simple friendliness arising from congenial tastes could be the sole reason for such a close intimacy; hence, when the two appeared together, as they frequently did, there would not be wanting those who would speculate upon the bond, until at last it came to be generally believed that Ivan Tchernay himself held some unacknowledged office under his friend, and the remark, "There go Tchernay and Siebeloff," was always accompanied by a look of sudden curiosity and question, as if the two were the embodiment of some mysterious unknown force.

Nicolas Vodjeska, who was one of the skaters that day, and for the moment Helena Wetherby's companion, was also one of those who made the usual exclamation, as he caught sight of the two men:

"There go Siebeloff and Tchernay."

Helena lifted her head at this exclamation and her gaze followed Vodjeska's. Some spirit of contradiction prompted her to say:

"My cousin is a great admirer of General Siebeloff's. He told me this morning that he believed he tempered justice with mercy."

"Justice and mercy united in the character of Alexis Siebeloff. Ah!"

Helena felt a little frightened at the angry vehemence her escort expressed in these few words. But in an instant the anger seemed to vanish and the

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young man turned toward the girl with a deprecating look in his handsome face, and with a, "Pray forgive me," uttered in a voice of entreaty. The next moment he was laughing and talking again with an evident attempt to regain his former manner, but there was an under-current of pre-occupation and excitement that cast a shadow over his face. Helena, with her imagination and sympathy all ready to be fired at a touch, watched these indications with self-forgetful interest. Perhaps it was because of this that she lost sight of the place and the course that they were pursuing.

"Yes, as I was telling you," Vodjeska was saying, "a bear-hunt is very exciting sometimes. Our English visitors are extremely fond of it. Last year I brought down a tremendous fellow. Am I a good shot? Well, I can bring down a beast or an enemy when I get a fair chance."

Helena looked up and again saw the fiery gleam of her companion's eyes, and she saw nothing else. Neither of them, in fact, was looking ahead. They were not in the least aware that they were rushing on at a tremendous pace until all at once they were aroused by a great shout.

Vodjeska was the first to understand. They were going at a tremendous pace, and they were going directly toward the spot marked by a danger signal, for the season was late and the ice began to show signs of weakness in some directions. Overwhelmed with horror, the young Russian flung out his hands to arrest his companion's progress; but he had involuntarily veered a little when he had heard the shout of warning, and she was already beyond him.

"Ah, great heaven, if he were only upon the other side! If he were only —" but he could do nothing but fling up his hands and cry hoarsely:

"To the left! to the left!"

Bewildered and entirely uncomprehending, entirely unsuspicious of danger, Helena gave a backward glance—and kept straight on!

Vodjeska struck out frantically to the left. If he could for one instant gain her attention, swerve or stay her impetus! But her speed increased with his. The signal of danger to her meant merely a goal that for some reason he desired her to reach. Everything was strange to her in this strange country, and this was only one of the strange customs, perhaps.

Another backward glance and he saw her golden hair shine in the sunlight, her dark eyes sparkling like jewels, her cheeks, her lips rosy with the lovely color of youth and health. And all this exuberant life in the next instant would be—where?

He uttered another despairing cry. This time he called "Helena! Helena!"

Then, suddenly she saw—there just before her—a narrow, yawning gulf. But too late, too late, for that headlong impetus. A wild prayer broke from Vodjeska. As the words were upon his lips, something came between him and the white glare of ice—a dark object that seemed to cleave the sunshine like a black shadow, then drop to the earth. Was he losing his senses? Was he going mad? He drew a panting breath of horror. In another breath he saw what had taken place. Someone, some intrepid soul on the other side had been brave enough to fling himself as a barrier across the yawning gulf, and, swift as the swift action, the girl had seen, had understood on the instant, and as one foot struck the solid prostrate figure, with the other she was enabled to make a side movement that bore her away to the left and out of danger.

But how was it with him who was lying there motionless in that interval?

The hundreds of spectators near and far waited silent and eager for his first movement. When they caught it, when they saw him swing himself expertly from one side to the other, then with a swift, elastic leap rise to his feet, and almost at the same moment strike boldly out, they sent up a loud cheer both of relief and admiration.

"But who is he? who is he?" questioned one and another from the distance.

Vodjeska had asked this question of himself in the fraction of time that elapsed before the man rose up, and leaning forward, stretching forth eager hands to assist this hero who needed no

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assistance, he was confronted with the tranquil, inscrutable face of Alexis Siebeloff.

II.

Helena Wetherby was more the fashion than ever. Everybody wanted to see the young American who had been so bravely rescued by General Siebeloff. The social gossips at once had a romance in speculation. The General was a bachelor, the lady was accounted an heiress and a beauty. More than one Russian had taken to himself an American wife. Yet, oddly enough, the romantic conditions did not seem to tend toward romantic conclusions, but rather the contrary.

Helena could scarcely turn the cold shoulder to a man who had saved her life. But after her first grateful acknowledgments, the curiosity that pursued her, the constant ringing upon the one theme of her debt, and the splendid courage and presence of mind of General Siebeloff, began to irritate her. The General also got heartily tired of the subject. Whatever else he might or might not be, he was not a vain man, and he hated to be put forward as a hero. Unlike Helena, however, he did not take on a personality of irritation. Yet he could quite understand how a woman might be rendered embarrassed and uncomfortable in the position of obligation in which the young lady found herself placed, and he therefore cherished no resentment when she responded to him with rather chill politeness on the occasions when they met. Once only had he spoken frankly and freely of his action. It was the day after the event, when Richard had insisted upon taking him to see his cousin, and Helena had spoken, almost tearfully, her words of gratitude; her feelings and her manner intensified, probably, by the remembrance of her bitterly expressed prejudice against this man a few hours before.

"Don't speak of the matter, Miss Wetherby," he said to her at once; "I assure you it was no great risk, no great deed. I knew what I could do, and I did it. If I had seen one of the muzhiks in the same danger, I should just as instinctively have interposed myself as a barrier to his destruction. No, I beg that you will not speak of it, that you will not think of it again—at least as any burden of special obligation."

The Russians are rather renowned for their gallantry of speech. But this was certainly not very gallant, and Helena may be pardoned, perhaps, for feeling as if she had been reproved for overmuch warmth in the expression of her gratitude.

"He is a Russian bear, a perfect Russian bear," she exclaimed, half laughingly, to her cousin when the General had taken his departure.

"He's a soldier and a gentleman, that's what he is. If you want a carpet knight, send for Vodjeska," her cousin retorted.

"Don't get angry, Dick, and abuse Nicolas Vodjeska because he has tact and graciousness, and your dear General Siebeloff has not."

"Tact? I call it the finest tact to try to relieve you at once from a feeling of special obligation. He spoke as he did to make you comfortable, as he would have spoken to a man."

"I don't want to be spoken to as if I were a man, if you please."

"No, you want to be flattered, like all other women. Vodjeska would have said the thing to suit you, if he had been in Siebeloff's place."

"I haven't a doubt of it. Nicolas Vodjeska generally knows what to say."

"But he doesn't always know what to do. If he had been looking about him, taking proper care of you, you would never have run into such danger. He was talking, talking, talking, as he always is. I saw him when he started off away from the rest with you; he was in the full tide of talk then."

A little blush rose to Helena's cheeks.

"Confound the fellow, he was talking sentiment to her," was her cousin's immediate conviction as he noted that red signal of consciousness. With this conviction had come a disturbing suggestion that had once before presented itself to Dick Wetherby's mind—"that that fellow Vodjeska might get Helena mixed up with some political fracas. Helena was always sympathizing with

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somebody's wrongs, spelled with a capital W; was always spending her money —flinging it away," young Wetherby called it—"upon Causes." But he did hope she wouldn't be such a fool as to be taken in by that plausible Vodjeska. How or in what way Vodjeska himself might be mixed up with political entanglements, Dick Wetherby could not have answered. He had got an idea that this handsome young man with the gracious tact was something more than the liberalist he acknowledged himself, and that, while he talked smoothly and eloquently of progress and privilege, he took great care to keep within the prescribed bounds in this general talk; and while thus careful, was perfectly willing to make use of others, in any way he saw fit, to further the plans —Dick called them nihilistic plans— that lay beneath. In the reign of the Emperor Nicholas the liberalism which Vodjeska was free to talk could not have been lisped without the talker suffering banishment or worse. But things have changed in Russia since the iron rule of Nicholas. Everybody is free to talk liberalism, loyal liberalism, as the government would say. It is nihilism, the nihilism of the terrorists that is under the ban, that is watched and guarded against and punished. Dick Wetherby had heard enough here and there to make him suspicious. One day he said bluntly to his friend Tchernay:

"Is Vodjeska suspected of nihilism?"

Tchernay laughed at his American acquaintance's frankness and his ignorance of the fact that blunt questions were not answered bluntly in Russia. His own answer was a specimen of Russian caution.

"Who can tell who is suspected of nihilism in these days?" Then a moment after he remarked:

"Nicolas Vodjeska is a mercurial youth fond of excitement. He is not very wise, but I should hope he was wise enough not to make a fool of himself by getting beyond his depth."

These words somehow consoled Richard Wetherby. It seemed to him that Vodjeska was understood, by those who ought to know him, to be more a feather-brained youth who liked to pose as rather a mysterious personage, than a really dangerous individual; and thus consoled he put aside his uneasiness, and said to himself, "Helena won't be influenced by a feather-brain; she's too bright for that."

While he was making this comfortable conclusion this was the way Helena was being influenced, by the man he called "a feather-brain:"

"And is there no way to save them—no way?"

"Yes, there is one way."

"There *is* a way? Then why don't you set about it at once; why do you delay?"

"I say there is a way—there is—but it is for another and not for me to take it."

"And that other—does he shrink, is he afraid? Oh, how can one shrink from using a power, if one has it, to save human beings from such a fate?"

It was Helena Wetherby who spoke thus. Her companion, Nicolas Vodjeska, did not at once respond, not indeed until she had repeated her question; then he said, a little lower of tone:

"It is not a man, it is a woman who has this power."

"A woman! and is it a real, a definite, a sure power?"

"It is."

"And she refuses to use it?"

"I do not know—no one has asked her."

"Would it sacrifice her in any way—put her in peril?"

"No, no, there would be no sacrifice, no peril—she would only need to be skilful and careful."

"Then if you can trust her why do you not venture to ask her?"

"I will, I will ask her now. Miss Wetherby, you are that woman."

"I!" Helena grew red, then white.

Vodjeska's face also changed. His color came and went, his lips twitched nervously, while his eyes, which had usually a dreamy, speculative expression, were darkened with suppressed excitement, and full of vigilant watchfulness. He bent forward at Helena's exclamation and replied:

"Yes, you, Miss Wetherby. We have a statement drawn up, not a petition,

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which only needs one signature to effect the release of the prisoners."

"One signature? Whose?"

"General Siebeloff's."

Helena stared at the speaker in astonishment.

"I — I — to procure this signature? We are only acquaintances—the most formal. I could not ask him for so important a favor, nor would he think of granting it."

Vodjeska smiled involuntarily. Then, with a sudden grave earnestness—

"Listen to me, Miss Wetherby; you must always bear in mind that you are in a country where secrecy is the rule and not the exception; where the government itself employs spies and stratagems. What I ask of you is this." He paused and drew a deep breath, then went on: "The other evening, do you remember, after the charming little dinner which your friends gave, that the conversation turned upon autographs, and the General obligingly assented to Mrs. Iverson's request to write his name upon one of the pages of her album? Why should you not ask the General for his autograph?"

"I have no autograph album."

Again Vodjeska smiled.

"I recollect that you confessed you had not, then and there, with some little scorn and derision of those valuable volumes. But you have something more to the purpose."

With the smile still upon his lips the young man rose and fetched from a shelf of bric-à-bric a large cabinet photograph, such as had been sold in the shops since the Servian War. Taking it from the light easel frame Vodjeska deftly placed at the back a folded paper which was longer than the margin of the picture, coming well down below and filling in the square-cut slip which had been arranged for an autograph. The paper was also of smooth, heavy texture—one could not have told it from the photograph card when it was once adjusted.

"You can see it is a very easy matter," said Vodjeska, lightly.

"Easy! It is a terrible matter," Helena ejaculated. "Oh, why do you not ask someone else—some Russian woman, who is accustomed to such stratagems? But I — I hate all lies and tricks. How could you expect an American——"

Vodjeska rose from his seat. Someone had once said of Nicolas Vodjeska that he possessed the power to express anything that he chose, to absolute perfection, whether he felt it or not. Whether he felt fully the pained, reproachful disappointment that shone in his face as he rose there, it is difficult to say; but as Helena caught the expression of his eyes, as she saw the fine, mobile mouth settle into a look of sad severity, she felt as if she had been tried and found wanting. Before he left her he took care that this feeling should become fixed and not fleeting; that she should condemn herself for selfishness and cowardice, and to atone for all this should be ready to do his bidding precisely as he had planned. Helena was not one to falter, once having given her word; but when she was no longer under the immediate influence of that impassioned, persuasive voice, what she had pledged herself to do again assumed a most hateful aspect. But none the less was she determined to do it. He had convinced her that no Russian of either sex could ask the favor of that signature without suspicion, and surely, however distasteful, she should be willing to take this upon herself to save from a banishment, perhaps worse than death, the three prisoners of whom Vodjeska had told her. Willing? she should be proud to do it, she reasoned, as she walked up and down the floor of her bedroom that night. With such reasoning and going over the pitiful details of the story Vodjeska had told her of these prisoners—three young men who had from mere boyish talk incurred the displeasure and suspicion of the government and been thrown into prison, whence they were to be taken to Siberia—Helena fortified herself as that long night wore through. And while she was thus occupied Vodjeska was slumbering peacefully, untroubled by any misgivings. He had gone straight from her presence to his club, where, in a small card-room, supposed to be devoted to lansquenet, he had a brief conference with a party of young men about his own age, all members of a secret society. A game was in progress as he opened the door, but

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it ceased at his appearance, and one of the men, after a moment of waiting, asked:

"Have you succeeded?"

"I have."

"There will be no delay?"

"Siebeloff dines there to-morrow. She will find an opportunity then to carry out my plan. I have no fears; she is quick, skilful, and dramatic."

"You have not trusted her too much?"

"I have not trusted her with the secrets of the society, if that is what you mean, nor with our methods. She reads the Volmer essays and is enthusiastic about them! I do not discuss them with her."

A faint smile lightened the faces of his listeners. When Vodjeska spoke again it was to say:

"She is truth itself and remarkably discreet. She would not betray a friend—and she is our friend. She would always espouse the cause of the downtrodden."

His listeners were too well-bred to smile at this, but there was an involuntary exchange of glances, which told Vodjeska that the warmth of his last words had revealed too plainly his personal feeling, if not his personal hopes and plans. When, soon after, he left the room, the first speaker remarked to the others:

"It is as I suspected—the girl is in love with him, and he will marry her. That is good news for us."

III.

A LITTLE dinner-party that Richard Wetherby had arranged as an acknowledgment of certain courtesies turned out very differently from the original plan. At the last moment Helena had insisted upon his inviting a young Englishman and his sister—recent acquaintances that her aunt Iverson had made.

"But we are to have Russian whist after dinner, and they will be two too many," objected Dick.

"Oh, I will take care of them—you will see," responded Helena.

Dick offered no further objection.

"Perhaps Helena is pleased with this Englishman," he thought, and the thought was such a relief from his fears that Vodjeska had been occupying his cousin's mind in that sentimental direction that he became quite content to give in to her rearrangement. But he was not a little surprised at the way things turned out. Instead of Helena's undertaking the Englishman *en tête-à-tête*, as Dick had supposed she would do, he found that by some accident or other it was General Siebeloff who had been left as the odd one to Helena's care.

"I am very sorry, but—it couldn't be helped—I suppose you will think I have made a great blunder, but perhaps General Siebeloff won't care; I hope he will not," whispered Helena hurriedly to her cousin at the eleventh hour. Her color rose in a hot flame to her cheeks as she made this, her first move in Vodjeska's strategic game. When she went forward with an attempt at apology and explanation to General Siebeloff, the brilliancy of her appearance quite startled him. He had rather demurred at the adjective "beautiful" when he had heard it applied to her; he himself was quite ready to apply it now, as she stood before him, her dark eyes looking darker than ever beneath that crown of gold hair and, above all that rosy bloom. There was a deprecating smile upon her lips as she addressed him, and a wistful sort of timidity, which did not detract from her charm as she excused herself for "such mismanagement."

The General bowed gallantly, and assured her smilingly that he was only too happy to be thus mismanaged. Vodjeska would have made a far finer speech than this—would have pointed the whole by a delicate compliment, which would have conveyed to her the fact that nothing could make him so happy as a *tête-à-tête* of this kind. But General Siebeloff spoke only with simple friendliness of courtesy. He was not a vain man, and it did not occur to him to pay vain compliments. He would have thought it worse than vain on this occasion to suggest, by word or manner, to the rather embarrassed girl, anything that might further embarrass her. This was his interpretation of that deprecating smile and that look of wistful timidity. With

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a flash of intuition, Helena felt and understood this interpretation; it did not make her next move any easier for her; but the move must be made—she had given her word.

Vodjeska had said truly that she was dramatic. The small table, covered with the collection of European photographs, toward which she led the way, was not arranged near the shelves of bric-à-brac by accident, and General Siebeloff, who obeyed her invitation to take a seat directly in front of this table, had little idea that he was being led by premeditated stratagem. Photographs are of endless interest, and the General was soon absorbed in the examination of those that lay before him. The grim face of Bismarck held his attention for a few minutes. He made no remark concerning it, however. But when Helena handed him a likeness of Victor Emmanuel, taken in his earlier days—the immortal days of '48—the guarded silence gave way.

"Ah, he was a great soldier, a great patriot and statesman," he said, finally, summing up his admiration.

Helena smiled with frank responsiveness. She had read and studied sufficiently to know the story of this great soldier, and with her love for fine deeds she had long ago placed him in her gallery of heroes. Siebeloff caught the smile, and as he spoke, he took up the picture of General Menzikoff, whose autograph was written sprawlingly along the margin.

Helena flushed and paled—the time for her third, and by the mercy of Heaven, her last move, had come. Rising quickly, she lifted the easel picture from the shelf.

"I do not keep an autograph album, General, but—would you be so kind as to write your name here."

Her companion laughed lightly. "I hope I shall make better work of it than Menzikoff has," he said. "But I shall have no excuse if I do not, for I see you have given me ample space."

A gilded toy of an inkstand stood on the table beside a rack of pens. Helena pushed them toward him, then moved away, ostensibly to pick up a fan that had dropped from the bric-à-brac shelves. When she came back she saw the name of Alexis Siebeloff written in firm, even characters upon the space indicated. She murmured her thanks rather uncertainly, glanced a moment at the signature, then, with a nervous movement which she could not control, turned and replaced the picture upon the shelf. There was a look of glad, yet troubled, relief in her eyes as she came back again and resumed her seat. Siebeloff was not an unobservant man, and he had not been blind to the young lady's fluctuations of expression and manner, and it was scarcely strange if he misread the meaning. There was a feeling of surprise and pleasure when the girl, who had hitherto been somewhat cold in her reserve, had come forward with that deprecating air of timidity to ask him for his autograph. He quite recalled the few evenings previous when she had expressed herself as not only indifferent to, but rather scornful of, autograph collecting; and now he finds that the pictured semblance of his face has been specially set apart from the crowd of other pictures, and that the fair owner is shyly waiting for her opportunity to obtain his signature.

He had never forgotten those few terrible moments when he had seen the girl rushing blindly toward the yawning ice-gulf—those few moments when he had measured the distance that intervened, and his own power. He could never quite get her out of his thoughts after that. But he was a busy man, burdened with perplexing cares in troubled times. These cares overlaid everything else. In her presence again, however, and made to feel that some under-current of emotion was sending those swift changes to her face, it was not strange if his feeling of interest should reawaken with a quickening pulse. But the wistful trouble that seemed to lie beneath the girl's glances appealed to him against himself, and not by look or word did he betray his thought. Instead, he began talking to her of some of her heroes. Naturally that led to the scenes of heroic deeds, and he told her some stirring incidents connected with the fall of Plevna. Insensibly into his whole attitude and manner and voice, as he talked, there crept a gentleness and deference of which he was not

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aware. Helena, regarding him earnestly, thought:

"Is this the man who has no mercy—this the man who can be content to carry out the laws of tyranny?" A pang of fresh sorrow at her own deceit, her treachery, as she called her action, assailed her as she listened. "But, doubtless," she reflected instantly, "this is but the soft, polished surface of the drawing-room. He is showing me only the velvet glove." Consoled by this reflection in regard to her own perfidy, a sudden determination took possession of her, and turning toward him with rather abrupt swiftness, she said:

"What you tell me suggests, perhaps by contrast, something I read lately in a book I am very fond of—Volmer's essays."

She looked at him a little excitedly and defiantly.

"Now," she thought, "I shall see, if not feel, the hand of steel," for she supposed that Volmer's essays, a series of most eloquently liberal papers, was one of the books interdicted by the government party.

What was her surprise to see a smile steal round the corners of her companion's mouth.

"And you read Volmer's essays, then?" he asked.

She fancied a tinge of good-humored patronage in his tone, and lifted her head a trifle higher.

"I read Volmer, and I more than admire him—I am in thorough sympathy with him."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," he replied heartily.

"You are delighted?" Her face more than her tone showed her astonishment.

"Yes; did you suppose I would not be? Did you think I was an illiberal conservative of the old school?"

"Are you not a conservative? Do you not belong to the government party?"

A flash of intelligence went over his face.

"Miss Wetherby, you have evidently learned of Russia and Russian parties through her enemies. I am a Russian and I love my country, and wish to build it up by true progress, not by destruction. In short, I am a liberalist and not a nihilist—strangers sometimes confound the terms and think they are identical, but to quote from one of our writers:

"Nihilism is not liberalism. A liberal has a positive code of principles before him—a political religion, a stern national duty. A nihilist scorns and derides those who care either for their country or for those things which constitute the greatest blessings of all civilized countries. A nihilist is an anarchist in the widest sense of the word, and I may add that the nihilist believes and takes his way to his end by secret societies, and the liberalist, the true liberalist of this day, scorns secret societies as the tortuous path of the coward and the bully and the unintelligent. There is no longer any excuse, any need of such societies. The really brave man in this age can work bravely in the light, to elevate and educate and assist his fellows, ay, even here in Russia, poor, misjudged and betrayed Russia."

Helena's brain was in a whirl. Vodjeska had constantly spoken of himself as a liberalist, never as a nihilist, yet she knew that he not only believed in, but belonged to, secret societies, and that he lived two lives, as it were—one outward and superficial, the other mysterious and hidden. But the liberalism of Volmer—had he not sympathized with those large and noble utterances which directly attacked the nihilistic doctrine of destruction and assassination? As she asked herself this question, a counter-question arose. What definite utterance of sympathy had she heard him give? Had it not been merely a tacit agreement with her enthusiasm? Swift on the heels of this thought rushed another thought. If Siebeloff was a liberal after the pattern of Volmer why should Vodjeska hate him, if Vodjeska himself was what she supposed him to be? What answer could there be to this question but one? That Vodjeska was not a liberal, but a nihilist.

In the moments while these thoughts were coursing through her brain, General Siebeloff was regarding her with a half-absent look, his brows slightly drawn together, not with displeasure nor with any personality of feeling, but

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with the sadness born of the pain which a man with a strong love of country must feel when that country is not only beset with foes from without, but from within.

Helena, lifting her eyes, met this look. Something in it stabbed her to the heart. She bent forward eagerly.

"General Siebeloff, tell me, are not the Volmer essays frowned upon by the government?"

He seemed to bring himself back to the present with an effort, but he answered her readily,

"No, certainly not."

"Who besides yourself is permitted to read them?"

"Permitted!" in an astonished tone; "there is no question of that kind; everybody may read them. Where did you get your Volmer and these ideas?"

"I bought the book in Paris, and a French gentleman—a man of culture and ability—told me that I must not talk about Volmer much in Russia."

Siebeloff shook his head with a despairing gesture; then turning to Helena, he said, quietly:

"You may talk about Volmer, if you like, to the Emperor."

"The Emperor!"

"The Emperor is in entire sympathy with Volmer. Do you know what—who it is that prevents him from carrying out fully the liberal measures there spoken of? The nihilists."

As he spoke these last words there was a movement of chairs, a gay outbreak of talk and laughter from the whist-players, and Dick Wetherby came down the room with the suggestion that General Siebeloff should take his place and avenge his defeat. The General declined, and soon after took his departure. But before he went, he held Helena's hand for a moment in a friendly clasp, and asked if he might be allowed to send her two or three books upon Russia in which he was sure she would be interested.

It was late that night before the party broke up entirely. Helena waited, weary and impatient, for the last good-by to be said; but Dick had found an interested listener to his Ural railroad talk, and finally detaining this listener after the others had gone, to show him the various plans of the project, Helena and Mrs. Iverson felt themselves at last released from their duties. Yet it was with a perturbed spirit that the girl at length went to her room, leaving behind her the bold autograph of General Siebeloff shut in behind the easel frame. It had been her design to slip the paper from its place after the company had left, and thus make sure of it. But no opportunity to accomplish this had been given her. Her aunt, Mrs. Iverson, and her cousin had been constantly near her since the General's departure, rendering any secret movement impossible. When she found that she must leave the precious, not to say dangerous, document behind her, after all, a feeling of despair came over her What could she do? Nothing. Nothing but trust to circumstances. She had been careful in replacing the photograph to push it a little behind a Japanese vase. It was not likely that her cousin, that anyone would perceive it before she could get to it in the morning, and she would rise early. So she consoled herself. But the exciting events of the evening made her restless, and it was long before she fell asleep. Her sleep was deep and profound. When she woke the sunlight was streaming into her room. Instead of rising early she had slept late into the morning. Dressing as swiftly as possible, she found her way to the parlor. No one was there. Her aunt had not risen, and Dick had gone out. This was fortunate for the accomplishment of her design, and pulling aside the heavy window-curtains to give her more light, she reached up for the easel frame. But at that very moment she saw what had happened. The photograph was there, *but the autograph was gone!*

For a second her head swam, and a blinding mist seemed to shut out the day. Recovering herself with an effort she replaced the picture and rang the bell.

Had anyone called, she asked of the servant who answered it.

"Only Count Vodjeska"—the servants always insisted upon giving Vodjeska this title—"and he had said that he would wait, that the family were not to be disturbed."

In a flash Helena saw it all. Vodjeska

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had come for the paper, and finding she had not arisen, had sent the servant away with his tranquil declaration that he would await the family's appearance, and thus left alone had possessed himself of the document and departed with it.

It was unreasonable, she argued with herself, for her to feel as she did—a thrill of anger. This was no ordinary occasion for social etiquette. An hour, a few minutes might make a tragic difference. She had promised to secure for him the autograph—to give it into his hands that day. He had called, had found her not at her post, had seen the dangerous yet invaluable signature that meant life and liberty instead of imprisonment and death. It was not strange he should not wait her coming under such circumstances, when any moment might send fatal interruption. Yet, reasoning this over and over again, she still could not quite quell that thrill of anger, could not banish the sense of being somehow deceived and made an ignoble tool, even if for important ends. Later in the day a note was brought her from Vodjeska. It was guarded, but it conveyed to her a kind of subdued triumph, an exultation, which struck her as being in bad taste. The concluding sentence—a hope that he should see her at Madame Dorival's reception that night—was couched in his usual flattering form of expression, but the girl felt as if she had received an order for her presence, and her anger returned and scorched her proud spirit with a fire of humiliation. Then, repeating over again that fine array of formulated reasons, she scourged herself anew for her cowardice.

Vodjeska no doubt had deceived her upon one point—he was a nihilist. But was she not herself somewhat to blame for being thus deceived; had she not invited her fate by her rashness? And, after all, there must be varying shades of nihilism. Vodjeska was an enthusiast, a fanatic, but he was certainly not of those who would kill and destroy. Thus she argued.

IV.

At half-past eleven o'clock Madame Dorival's salon was crowded, and Madame Dorival herself was supremely delighted. Her reception would be the success of the season, would be quite equal to those former successes of hers in Paris, when all the fashionable world thronged to her little house.

"Ah," sighed Madame, even in this delight at her present success, "if I had only planned some little sensation, some surprise to make my success really great."

Without any effort of hers, Madame was to have her sensation. The French clock in her salon was pointing the quarter before midnight when an unusual stir seemed to pervade the vicinity near the doors. Gradually the light, gay hum of talk and laughter died out, the frou-frou of easy conversation became merged in a strange sound as of excited exclamation and response. Helena Wetherby, who was standing in a corner a little apart from the throng, listening to Nicolas Vodjeska's persuasive voice, and with her doubts and fears and anger already somewhat appeased, suddenly heard some one exclaim sharply, in a tone of horror:

"Siebeloff! It can't be!"

"What is it? what has happened?" asked another voice.

"General Siebeloff has been arrested—or, rather, he has put himself under arrest. Verzen and the two Berikoffs have been released from prison, before their examination, by an order signed by Siebeloff. Siebeloff was away, out of town, when they were released. When he came back to-night and found the matter under examination, he was, for a moment, thunderstruck, as he looked at the signature. He declared then and there: 'It is mine, or forged. If it is mine it has been secured by a trick,' and he immediately resigned his office and put himself under arrest until, as he says, his words can be proven. The Emperor has ordered all the clerks in Siebeloff's department to be arrested for examination. It is thought that one of them has played the traitor. There have been a great many papers connected with the military provisional department signed this week, and it is supposed the trick could have been played then."

As the speaker concluded, Helena

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lifted her eyes to Vodjeska's face. He was evidently waiting for her glance, and met it with a look at once deprecating and entreating. When, soon after, she was following her aunt to the carriage, he found a moment to say:

"I am going to Paris to-morrow by the afternoon mail train, on urgent business; may I see you in the morning?"

Neither the time nor place permitted her anything except the conventional assent, but with a swift foresight she added:

"I shall be engaged all the early portion of the morning."

Confident in his power still, Vodjeska sought that interview. He did not expect an easy triumph, but in the end he felt sure of success. Her first words startled him somewhat from his confidence:

"You have deceived me in everything from the beginning," in answer to his plausible expression of astonishment and regret at the startling results of the stratagem. "You solemnly assured me in our final talk on that day that no possible harm could come to General Siebeloff."

"No harm will come to him. This is a mere windy flourish—this arrest; it will soon blow over."

"I have seen his friend Ivan Tchernay this morning. He has told me a different story. My cousin confirms it; he has his reasons for doing so from twenty different sources. If General Siebeloff's words are not now proven he is ruined. His enemies, the extreme conservatists, will use this misfortune to weaken his influence and discredit him, and even if, finally, the government spares him active hostility, his career will be closed and a stigma will forever attach to his name. No, no, do not interrupt me—I said that you had deceived me from the beginning. You knew that when I discovered to you such warm sympathies for freedom and liberty, that it was not for the liberty of license—the liberty that permitted violence. You knew that I thought you a liberalist—a liberalist like Volmer, and you allowed me to think so; you led me on to believe that even liberalism like that was tabooed, when it is nihilism, the nihilism of the terrorists only that is tabooed. You told me that these three prisoners were foolish boys, and that foolish, boyish talk only was the cause of this imprisonment. These prisoners are conspirators whose deeds of violence are notorious. You have played upon my weakness, my weakness of unguarded sympathies, and made me thus a tool to work the very destruction I abhorred, against the man who saved my life. I might forgive you anything but this last."

He sprang from his seat and came toward her.

"Yes, yes," he cried, "I confess that I deceived you—that I am a nihilist; but I deceived you that I might lead you up to greater heights to serve the sacred cause of humanity. If I sacrificed you, I sacrificed you as I might sacrifice myself, for I love you, Helena, I love you."

"Do not speak to me of love," she cried, starting back. The horror in her face was like a blow to him. He had been sure up to that time that her heart was under his control.

"What right had you to suppose that I loved you?" she went on; "and even if you were self-deceived enough for that, what right had you to suppose that any human creature was yours to sacrifice? Love! this is not love but tyranny; and who are the true tyrants here now but those who, in the name of humanity, devote themselves to secret violence and destruction—the needless sacrifice of others. No, no; do not speak to me of love, do not speak to me of anything, but leave me to make what reparation is possible for what I have done."

He sprang up in alarm. "What are you going to do?" he asked, bluntly and breathlessly.

"Can you ask that question? What should I do but give the proof that General Siebeloff's words are true?"

His color came and went, his eyes blazed with excitement.

"And do you realize what that means for *you?* That it means making you the centre of a political scandal—dragging your name through all the clubs in the city, and in the end, perhaps, bringing down upon yourself the wrath and punishment of the government?"

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Her face glowed with indignation. "And the man who professes a supreme regard for me permitted me to run this risk!"

"No, no," he exclaimed, vehemently; "you choose the path yourself; but you cannot—you will not do this?"

"It is already done. My cousin has in his possession my written statement, which will be conveyed to General Siebeloff to-night—two hours after your departure for Paris."

"I shall not depart for Paris, Miss Wetherby;" and he folded his arms with a gesture of dignity and pride.

"But there is no need—you can do no good—you cannot help us by remaining."

"I am not a coward, whatever else I may be. I shall not run away."

For the first time since the revelation of the night previous, Helena felt something of her old admiration for the man before her. He saw the softening of her eyes, but he took no advantage of it. He made no further appeal, but simply said, rather low of tone:

"You will permit me to thank you for your generous desire to aid me, and to say that if I cannot accept it I am none the less grateful for your thought."

As he ceased speaking he bent before her for an instant, then turned to the door. As the door closed upon him Helena sank with a long, shuddering moan to the floor.

Twenty-four hours later, General Siebeloff stood in Mrs. Iverson's reception-room awaiting the appearance of Miss Wetherby. When she entered he started back in shocked surprise as he observed the change that had taken place since he last saw her, brilliant with life and bloom. Her face was pale and drawn, her eyes sunken and lustreless. She looked ten years older than the girl who had talked to him enthusiastically about Volmer's essays.

Helena mistook his movement and expression, and, stopping abruptly, said hurriedly:

"I deserve anything that you may say—any punishment."

"Punishment! Miss Wetherby, you deserve the gratitude of a lifetime, for you have saved more than my life by your generous courage in coming forward. But for this I should carry to my grave a dishonored name."

"And—Nicolas Vodjeska?"

The General's brow darkened. "Nicolas Vodjeska? What punishment do you think a man deserves, not merely for plotting to cheat the law—we will put that aside—but for dragging an innocent girl into these plots, by deceit and treachery?"

"You say I have saved more than your life; save *me* by not involving me in a tragedy of any kind for any human creature."

As she spoke she put out two trembling hands in supplication. For a second he looked pained and shocked, then coming forward he wheeled a chair to her side, and as she sank into it he seated himself before her with the words:

"Miss Wetherby, what monsters you must think we Russians are capable of being. I have told you that a lifetime of gratitude is your due for your noble courage in coming forward as you have, with a statement of facts that rescues my name from dishonor, and allows me to remain in the service of my country. Listen to me. I came here not only to express my personal gratitude, but with the Emperor's thanks likewise. Did you think that so poor a return would be made you, as to involve you in any tragedy—allow your name to be associated with criminal proceedings? The government has forgiven graver crimes than this trick of liberating state prisoners by fraud. When the assassin Mirzky attempted General Drenteln's life, at the General's intercession he was pardoned. Scores of assassins have been dealt with much more leniently than is generally known. We have a bad name, we Russians, because we are only now emerging from the darkness of Tartar domination. We are a young country—it is virgin soil here, as our own Tourgenieff has said. Let us have time to conquer the foes from within as well as those from without. In this time we commit many blunders, many sins, but we have to deal with crude and violent elements; one of the most violent is that of the terrorist, which does not believe in order of any description; which refuses to work with the most

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humane liberalists, or with any organized law. But pardon me. I wanted to tell you of Nicolas Vodjeska. He is safe from prosecution for this offence, but you have done us double service in proving what has been long suspected, that he is a member of a certain society of nihilists of the most violent and advanced ideas. Knowing this, we shall be trebly on our guard. He chooses now, however, to depart for Paris, where he will, no doubt, conspire with greater freedom. His next message to us may be a concealed explosive—a cowardly weapon which the terrorists delight in."

"But he did well—he was not a coward when he refused to leave, as he might have done before my statement reached you."

"He must have been a craven indeed to have left then—a craven and a fool. Why, such a course would have been his ruin in the eyes of all men, even the nihilists. He knew that perfectly—he knew after your decision that there was but one course for him—to remain in Petersburg."

Helena leaned back in her chair silent and shamed. How rash, how blindly credulous she had been. What more was there for her to learn here? she asked herself sadly, and at the question she heard her companion say:

"When you are able I want you to read a book I shall send you, called 'Russia and England.' It will tell you many truths, many facts, among which is the truth about Siberia, which will show you that it is not our policy to send criminals into the extreme north, as we should have to support them at a ruinous expense; that most of them are sent to the southern portion, which is fertile and healthful, and where a university is established for the education of the children. Only the worst criminals, and those are a small minority, are sent to the mines, and even that minority, as a humane liberalist, I hope to see otherwise dealt with. But remember we are struggling up amid the wild treachery of terrorism. It is part of the Tartar taint, but we shall attain our salvation yet, for 'the Slavs stand on the threshold of the morning.'"

"Ah!" cried Helena, "that is like Volmer."

"You like Volmer?"

A faint smile for the first time in this interview lighted Helena's face.

"If I were a Frenchwoman I should say I adored him," she answered. "He makes dark things clear to me."

"You overrate him. He is honest and in earnest, that is all."

"How can you speak so coolly of him?"

"Because I know him."

"He is your friend?"

"In a way, yes."

"I wish that he were my friend."

"He is."

"What?"

"Miss Wetherby, forgive me, I ought to have told you before"—he paused, hesitating and embarrassed. Helena lifted astonished eyes to the strangely moved face that confronted her. He had risen to his feet. She also rose.

He ought to have told her what?

Suddenly, as she regarded him, a light flashed into her mind.

"It is you—you are Volmer?" she asked, breathlessly.

"And your friend, your friend always."

She covered her face with her hands. And this was the man she had attempted to betray by a petty stratagem.

"No, no," she cried; "I am not worthy."

"Not worthy! You are worthy a king's homage, Miss Wetherby. Helena, look at me, listen to me."

He had her hands in his by this time, and she took courage to look up and meet his eyes.

"I am your friend always, always, but I have discovered that I am also something more than your friend. I think, from the time I saw you come down the lake that day, and I felt the thrill of thanksgiving as your garments brushed me, and I knew that you were saved—I think from that day I began to regard you with a feeling that was quite different from friendship; but—do not shrink from me, do not shrink from me"—she had started involuntarily, "I should not have spoken now, forgive me." He released her hands as he said this, and moved a few paces away. What was it

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that he saw in her face? what mute appeal as he moved away that brought him back to her with a sudden, kindling look?

"Helena, Helena, if I could hope that some time——"

"Oh, I am not worthy, I who betrayed you to your enemies. If I were"—her voice softly faltered and sank, and once again she lifted her eyes to his. They were full of tears, but through the tears, breaking up through the clouds of remorse and grief, he saw an adorable light shining upon him, and he knew then that Helena's heart, though half-unconsciously, was turning toward him, as a flower to the sun.

Ten months after this, on March 13, 1881, the whole civilized world was convulsed with horror by the news of the assassination of the Emperor, Alexander II. It was rumored at first that General Siebeloff was in the carriage with the Emperor at the time and had shared his fate. When this rumor was discovered to be unfounded, congratulations and exclamations of relief met the General at every turn. He received these somewhat absently and sadly, and with the secret hope that no hint of them should reach his wife's ears. But on the second day after the catastrophe, as he entered her drawing-room late in the afternoon, a blundering young Englishman, who had just preceded him, met him with question and congratulation. He replied with what courtesy he could command, but he looked beyond the visitor to the dark, dilating eyes that were fixed upon him with such an expression of anguish. The moment the door had closed upon the visitor Helena flung her arms about her husband's neck with a half-suppressed sob.

"Oh, my love, my love, let us go away out of this country where such dreadful deeds are done; let us go away where we can be safe and peaceful; where we shall not every hour, every instant be threatened with such a terrible fate," she cried brokenly.

He did not speak at once, he only held her silently against his breast, stroking her soft, bright hair, and now and then pressing his lips against it. Presently, when her nerves had become steadied a little under his soothing touch, he drew her to a seat beside himself, and said gently:

"Helena, I feel as if I had done you a great wrong, as if I had taken advantage of your generosity. I should have gone away in silence ten months ago, instead of speaking to you of my hopes. I had no right to have any hopes of that kind, no right to draw you on to share such a troubled existence."

His voice, his words of saddest tenderness yet of inevitable decision, were more eloquent than any appeal or argument. All the depths of Helena's nature were stirred. With a quick movement she bent and kissed the hand that held hers.

"Do not speak like this," she said, softly; "I had rather lead this troubled existence with you than any life of ease I might have had without you. Have patience with me; I shall learn courage from you by and by."

"Helena, trust me for one thing—I shall not run heedlessly into danger, but I cannot run away from it—I cannot desert my country while she needs me; and she needs every loyal, liberal Russian in her present distracted condition. I may be sacrificed"—he took both her hands in a firm clasp and looked steadily in her face—"to malice or wild misconception at any moment, but so long as I live I must stand up against the foes that beset my unhappy country. I have been denounced by the conservatists and the terrorists. The Emperor himself at one time criticised and reproached me for urging him forward; but, thank God, he never doubted my loyalty to Russia and her highest interests."

Hand in hand they sat in silence for awhile; then Helena, in a low voice, asks:

"Alexis, did Nicolas Vodjeska have a hand in this catastrophe?"

"Nothing can be proven against him."

"But you believe——"

"I believe he is more guilty than the wretches who have been detained."

"And he knew—he thought you were with the Emperor that day."

"I suppose that he did."

"And you—you who have power to send him away out of your path—you

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let him remain here to try again—perhaps to succeed in destroying you. Oh, Alexis, Alexis, is this not heedlessly inviting danger?"

"My love, listen to me; we government officials of Russia have been accused of using our power in utter disregard of any fixed law. Perhaps, however, in the limit of the law, I might send Vodjeska to Siberia, but there has been enough of this kind of thing, and it does not remedy matters; it does not insure safety; for one terrorist that is banished there are a dozen left behind. No, the only manly and wise method is to give even the cowardly terrorist the full benefit of the law, and prove his individual guilt before inflicting punishment."

"And if Nicolas Vodjeska has not merely the nihilist's enmity, if he has added a personal hatred since——"

"Since our marriage? Well, that may be, but I cannot bring in a personal motive here—I cannot work with Nicolas Vodjeska's tools of deceit and treachery—that is impossible."

Helena had no words of reply to this, but once again, with proud and loving humility, she bent down and kissed the hand that held her own, and as she did so she recalled what she had once heard Ivan Tchernay say of the friend he loved:

"And this man, full of the highest heroism, full of the noblest unselfishness, proud, pure, and enlightened—this man who shows what liberalism can mean in Russia—the nihilists in their blind and wilful ignorance denounce because he believes in the civilized methods of rehabilitation by patient progress, instead of the old ways of revolutionary riot and destruction."

FULFILMENT.

By Graham R. Tomson.

FULFILMENT mocks at Hope's foreshadowing,
  On ruined fruits her sullen lips are fed;
  Athwart the last-limned dream, the song last said,
She sweeps the leaden shadow of her wing,
A bitter burden of bare blight to bring,
  In sudden disenchantment, dull and dead.
  And so we waken—in our seraph's stead
To find a gaping goblin-changeling.

Sweet Hope is slain, come let us bury her;
  The dream is done, the labor lost, we say;
  But ofttimes, gazing on the lifeless clay,
The old fire fills our veins, our longings stir;
  And still, to strive anew, we turn away
From yet another dead Hope's sepulchre.

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THE MAGIC FLIGHT IN FOLK-LORE.

By H. E. Warner.

THE *origin* of myths and their *distribution* are two very distinct questions, which are nevertheless often confused. The latter, indeed, is of small importance except as it may be supposed to shed some light upon the origin of myths and their significance. Those who see in every wild tale current among primitive peoples a nature myth have two ways of accounting for its wide dissemination. Sir George W. Cox may be taken as the exponent of the one view, which is briefly as follows: Originally it was the highly poetic, allegorical representation of some operation of nature, originating in what he calls the cradle of the Aryan race, and the various tribes carried it with them as part of their mental furniture when they swarmed, as it were, from the parent hive. The stories should therefore be found only among peoples of Aryan race, since Sir George denies that there has been any "lateral transmission"—that is, from tribe to tribe—since their migrations.

Max Müller likewise regards the myth as an allegorical representation of some phenomenon of nature, but the popular tale, he thinks, has originated in defective etymologies. Our fathers told a certain story of the sun or the dawn, but their degenerate sons, misled by some similarity of sound in the names, applied it to a frog or a fox, for example. This is the celebrated "Disease of Language" theory.

In opposition to these theories, mythologists of the anthropological school hold that these tales are indigenous; that they have originated in the ideas, beliefs, and customs of primitive peoples, and that they are alike, the world over, because the savage mind is everywhere alike; that they are not nature myths at all except when they expressly undertake to account for natural phenomena, and are not allegorical and mean no more than they say. Mr. Andrew Lang may be taken as the exponent of this view. Among English writers, at least, no one has more clearly and forcibly presented it; and no one with such literary grace, such felicity of diction, such keen but kindly humor.

According to this view there is no distinction between the myth and the popular tale or Märchen, the former being the perfected form of the latter, with some new meaning imported into it by the philosopher or poet. I shall use the terms in this sense.

It is to be observed that the first theory throws no light at all on the origin of the myth, but merely shows the point from which it started. The second finds its origin in a mere mistake. The third points to the material out of which the myth is made. Of the first two theories it must be said that there is not a particle of evidence adduced to show that the myth *did* exist in its perfected shape among our far-off Aryan ancestors, nor is the very process of degradation into the folk tale ever exhibited; and when it comes to interpretation, members of the philological school differ very widely.

Now, it is not necessary to deny that tales may have originated sometimes through false etymologies. On the other hand, Mr. Müller, in his introduction to Gill's "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific," repudiates the claim that they have all originated thus. Certainly it must have been a highly contagious "disease of language" that would account for the facts. We find the same tales not merely among all Aryan-speaking peoples, but those speaking the Semitic, Tauranian, and unclassified tongues; not only in Europe and Asia, but among the aborigines of North and South America,

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the Pacific islands, New Zealand, Australia, and the African tribes. To explain these facts the theories of Müller and Cox are equally inadequate.

But when it comes to the class of stories covered by my title, Mr. Lang hesitates. He cannot think that these have been separately invented. Stories of the stars or heavenly bodies among peoples widely separated in race and speech are identical because they held a common animistic belief. Identical stories of the Cupid and Psyche type abound because they have been invented to illustrate or enforce a widely prevalent custom. "But in the following story (the Jason myth) no such explanation is even provisionally acceptable." This is because he appears to find a distinct and identical plot running through the entire class. Now, if we found the incidents of one of Mr. Charles Reade's stories repeated in the Chinese, we should at once conclude that the latter tale was borrowed directly from the English. For myself I see no plots in the sense meant by Mr. Lang, and find no difficulty in believing that these stories may have been separately invented. The plot Mr. Lang states as follows: "A young man is brought to the home of a hostile animal, a giant, cannibal, wizard, or malevolent king. He is put by his unfriendly host to various severe trials, in which it is hoped he will perish. In each trial he is assisted by the daughter of his host. After achieving the adventures (tasks) he elopes with the girl, and is pursued by the father. The runaway pair throw various common objects behind them which are changed into magical obstacles and check the pursuit of the father." He notes some variants of this tale, but says: "The events of the flight and the magical aids to escape remain little changed." Since this cannot be a nature myth, he thinks the only explanation of its wide diffusion is to be found in the slow transmission "from people to people in the immense, unknown, prehistoric past of the human race."

But if this were so it would in no way account for the origin of the story, but merely for its distribution. And if this class of tales has been thus disseminated, and it is as widely current as any, why may not nature and custom myths have been scattered in the same way? To me this seems to be an unnecessary concession, as it certainly is a fatal one, or would be if the other theories had any basis of facts on which to stand.

But I think Mr. Lang has not given the plot of any one story, but merely incidents gathered from the entire class. I cannot recall a story in which the incidents figure precisely as Mr. Lang gives them in his type. To start with, it unites two stories, neither necessary to the other, which are, as a matter of fact, widely current as separate tales. The one relates to the performance of difficult tasks by the aid of magic. The other, to the escape from a great peril by the same means. The magic formulas, the *dramatis personæ*, the incidents, are very dissimilar, but the belief in the efficacy of the magic is always present. In place of the task there is often a prohibition, which is the *taboo*, sometimes a reason appearing, but frequently not. I believe the only unity there is in these stories is due to the underlying belief in magic. To test this, let us examine a few of them. I will begin with one taken from the Dakota Indians, a people unrelated in race and speech to the Aryan tribes:

A certain chief, who is also a supernatural being, or deeply versed in magic, about to go on a journey, calls his son, a young lad, and gives him his keys, with permission to go where he will, except to a certain red house, of which he also gives the key. The boy, of course, opens the door, as Fatima opened the fatal closet. He finds there a red horse, red being a religious color, or fetich. The horse tells him his father will kill him for his disobedience. The one chance of escape is to leap upon his back. He must take with him a paper of *pins*, a *comb*, and a *looking-glass*. (The reader will please observe the modern properties.) As the father is about to overtake them the boy throws these articles behind successively. The glass becomes a lake or morass, the pins form an impenetrable thicket, and the comb extends itself from sky to sky, and sends its teeth, great bars, up to the clouds, cutting off further pursuit.

There are three variants of the story.

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One, "The Head of Gold," was written out in Dakota by Walking-Elk. In this a man and woman give their boy to a person who calls himself the Great Spirit. He has a house that "seems to stand up to the clouds." As in the other case, he goes away, giving his keys to the boy, forbidding one room. One of the horses, which the boy is directed to take good care of, tells him that the Great Spirit will bring back other men with him, and that "they will eat you, as they will eat me, but I am unwilling." He bids the boy go into the forbidden room and dip his head into something yellow standing in the middle of the floor. Doing this, his head "became golden, and the house was full of shining and light." Then he flees on the horse's back, taking only an egg, which at the proper time he casts behind. It becomes a lake, in which the pursuer is drowned. Walking-Elk applies the story to the dispute about the Black Hills country then going on between the Indians and the whites, and gravely concludes the narrative: "This is like Sitting Bull, I think."

In the story of "The Orphan Boy" the magic flight plays a very subordinate part. One adventure recalls the *sampo*, a mill to grind meal one day, salt the second, and money the third. Another is like the rescue of Sinbad from the Golconda mine. Two beautiful young women finally find him in a pitiful plight, and take him to their island home. They go away, leaving him the keys, prohibiting one room. He opens it, finds a horse, leaps on him, and is borne at once to the mainland, and dumped, wounded and unconscious, at the place where he had started upon his adventures months before. He is finally taken to the chief, and tells his story. It turns out that the young women are the chief's daughters who were carried off years before when they were swimming. The horse also belonged to the chief, and had come straight home the moment he was released.

The reader will note that the *taboo* here is without meaning, since its infraction is the very means of restoring the young women to their friends. There is the magic flight, but no means are used to prevent pursuit, and no pursuit is made. In fact the orphan marries both the girls.

In Leland's "Algonquin Legends" will be found the story of "The Water Fairies." There are very marvellous adventures in this, and any quantity of magic; but the maidens, who are weasels as well as fairies, escape the dreadful Lox, wolverine, and devil at the same time, by being ferried across the water by the Crane. They might have used the magic comb, brush, or hair-string which figure in the story, but here use only the magic of flattery to enlist the services of the Crane.

Among European equivalents the Russian tale, "Vasilissa, the Wise," may be taken as the most complete form. A king's son is, through his father's improvident vow, brought into the power of the water king, who first requires him to build a great crystal bridge in one night, then to plant a large garden in which shall be blossoming trees, singing birds, and "ripe apples and pears hanging from the boughs of the trees." These tasks he accomplishes by the aid of Vasilissa. Then he is to choose three times one of the king's twelve daughters, who are precisely alike in dress and person. If he chooses the same one each time he will marry her, but if not, off goes his head. These may, perhaps, be regarded as the normal tasks, but three more succeed, all of which are peculiarly Russian. Then he flees with Vasilissa, but instead of anything magical in the speed of their horses, or magical obstacles to throw behind, Vasilissa changes the horses to a well, herself to a bowl (she does not appear to have been the weaker vessel), and the prince to a very old man. The pursuers fail to recognize them. (This is surprisingly like Lox and the rabbit in the "Algonquin Legends.")

In the second pursuit they undergo a different metamorphosis. The third time the father himself, after killing those who had failed, undertakes the pursuit. This time she changes the horses to a river of honey with *kissel* banks, a kind of jelly or pudding, and herself and the prince to a duck and drake. The amiable father-in-law eats so much of the *kissel* that he bursts.

In another Russian story, "Mary Mo-

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revna," the prince opens the forbidden door and releases Koschkei the Deathless. In the first two flights there is no magic at all. They are simply overtaken and carried back. In the third the prince, after incredible adventures, has got a better steed than his pursuers, both being magical.

In the "Baba Yaga" there are *two* tasks and two *flights;* comb and towel are the magical obstructions. Otherwise the story is much like the ordinary pattern. In another, "The Sun's Sister," much of the incident in the foregoing is repeated. The obstructions to the pursuit are magical, but two of them at least are placed by outsiders—Vertodub, Tree-twister, and Vertogor, Mountain-leveller, whom the prince has befriended.

In still another Russian tale the escape is so differently managed that one does not at once think of it as belonging to the Jason cycle at all. Ivashko is not a prince, but a peasant boy, and his tasks are replaced by three fishing expeditions, made at his own request. He falls into the hands of a witch, who proposes to roast him, and make a banquet for her friends. Her daughter, Alenka, undertakes to heat the stove and bake him, while the mother invites the guests. By a clever stratagem, he gets Alenka into the oven, as Grethel did the old woman in the German story, slips out of the house, and climbs a tree. When the guests have comfortably dined, the old witch chances to spy Ivashko in the tree, and filled with rage, begins to gnaw it down. As it falls he springs into another tree, and finally to the third. The witch meantime has broken several teeth, and going to a smith has, by threats, procured iron ones. Johnny, that is his English name, is finally in a hard case. There are no more trees to jump to. So far there has not been a particle of magic. As the tree is about to fall he is borne away on the pinions of swans, two flocks having passed by refusing to take him. The foregoing are taken from Mr. Ralston's entertaining book, "Russian Fairy Tales."

Dr. Krauss's collection, "Sagen und Märchen der Süd Slaven," contains a large number of this class of stories. They vary in their incidents quite as much as the Russian. In No. 102, a maiden offers herself as the prize to anyone who should overtake her, she running on foot and her pursuers mounted. She first pulls a hair from her head, and throws it behind her, when it becomes a mountain. The second time, when nearly overtaken, she drops a tear, which becomes a flood, and sweeps away all but one of her pursuers. He captures her by *thrice abjuring her in the name of God*, which is clearly a counter charm.

In another, a man is pursued by a witch. He is prepared for it, and drops first an embroidered handkerchief, which the witch maiden stops to admire. At the red kerchief she stops again; and finally, at the looking-glass, she gazes so long that the man fairly escapes, a warning to maidens in all time that does not appear to have been much heeded. These two stories recall the well-known Greek tale, "Atalanta."

In the "Water Witch," a tale of Brittany, there is neither task nor flight, yet the story clearly falls into the class here considered. There is an abundance of magic, however; a magic bell gives warning to the heroine of the danger of her lover. She uses a magic staff, changed first to a horse and then to an eagle, not to escape from the witch, who has her lover, transformed to a fish, in her power, but to go to her. She gets hold of a magic net, changes the witch to a toadstool, and the lovers go leisurely and naturally away, after helping themselves to the inexhaustible treasures of the subaqueous palace.

Space will not permit an examination of Scandinavian, German, Italian, Rumanian, and other tales that would further show the immense diversity in the details of these stories. A fuller narration of those already cited would also greatly strengthen the point I make, that *there is no common plot.* There is a strong resemblance growing out of the one essential idea of the whole, that by mere formulas or trivial devices one may deliver himself from the power of a being more powerful than himself, or may accomplish stupendous results or tasks by the same magical devices. But if this be the basic idea then we bring into this class a multitude of stories which have not been recognized as belonging to it at all. In the "Arabian

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Nights" the fisherman persuades the jinn to go back into the copper vessel, which is an exercise of magic on the part of the jinn, but not of the fisherman. The same is true of the story of the "Tiger and the Brahmin," in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," where the fox gets the tiger back in his cage, there being no magic in the story at all beyond the fact of the animals talking. So of the Norwegian story where the boy gets the devil into a nut through a worm-hole, seals him up, and has him hammered on an anvil. The Norse abounds with tales of that kind. Trolls and huldres have their fingers or tails caught in a partly split log, out of which the hero knocks the wedge. But this precise story has been told of a noted Indian fighter in the West, who leisurely chopped off the heads of the braves and calmly resumed his rail-splitting. This seems to show that the myth-making age has not entirely passed even with civilized races.

It is not denied that some tales may have been handed down generation after generation, nor that some may have been disseminated in the manner mentioned by Mr. Lang. It is exceedingly unlikely that, by either process, they would retain their original form. Belief in magic, however, we know has prevailed almost universally among primitive peoples and is hardly extinct yet among the common people of the most enlightened countries. Nothing was so common in savage life as for one person to be in peril at the hands of another, or from wild beasts, storm, flood, lightning, or tornado, all of which were equally persons to the savage apprehension. Escape from danger, we may assume, was not rare. Why should not tales of his adventures be full of the savage belief of the story-teller? The reader has noted the modern air of most of these stories. Clearly there has been an adaptation of primitive beliefs to modern conditions. Has not the same process gone on among all peoples, in all times, until advancing civilization drove out the old beliefs? The origin of these beliefs I cannot here discuss. We know they existed, and that with people of a given development they have had a remarkable likeness the world over. My purpose is merely to show that these stories *may* have been separately invented, that there is no more reason to suppose a given people has borrowed them than their other tales. Is there not quite as much diversity in them as in our modern love stories? Have not the poor hero and wealthy heroine always existed and had before them the problem of outwitting the cruel parent? Has it been necessary for the Englishman to go to the Frenchman, Italian, Arab, or Persian for the simple materials of a story that is forever being acted out before his own eyes?

As to what may be called the typical form of the Jason myth, it may be said that so far from its being the original form from which all the others have been derived, it is probably the latest, the result of many experiments, and is the perfected form, as is the drama in five acts. We have seen that the tasks may vary from one to six, or be entirely wanting, or replaced by the *taboo*. The flights vary in number also. They are made by means of magical steeds, other animals, or birds, or inanimate objects. The pursuer is delayed by magical objects, produced by the fugitives or by friendly persons or beasts, by his own curiosity, his gluttony, or he is deceived by metamorphoses. Sometimes he is merely thwarted, sometimes he is destroyed, sometimes he is taken captive by a clever stroke of wit. In one case the fugitive is actually captured by a counter charm, but in that case she was in no danger except what is always risked in getting married. In one case the flight is *to* the cruel oppressor, and in the case of Fatima, if, as I think, this is to be classified with the rest, there is no attempt at flight at all, but the rescue comes from outsiders rushing in at the right moment. In all these I see but a single idea, growing out of a common belief, worked out in a great variety of ways. It is wide-spread as the ordeal is, which is another form of appeal to a superior power. There is no reason to think that the bow and arrow, in all their countless forms, or the universal flint implements, were borrowed by one race from another. In like manner, and like Topsy, folk-tales of all sorts, I am persuaded, just grew.

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THE STONE-CUTTER.

By Elizabeth Akers.

THERE dwelt in far Japan,
Long ages since, a man
Who earned, by hammering stone, his daily food—
But discontent and dole
Lay heavy on his soul,
Which craved great riches as the only good.

And so the gods on high,
Who sometimes bitterly
Punish a man by granting all his prayers,
Gave him a mine of gold,
And lands to have and hold,
And, by and by, breed feuds among his heirs.

But soon he, murmuring,
Desired to be a king;
To reign and rule—ah, that were perfect bliss!
He wearied earth and air
With his incessant prayer
Until the gods indulged him, even in this.

His courtiers fawned and lied,
And rival powers, outside
His realm, assailed his peace with fierce debate,
And heaviness and care
Bleached gray his youthful hair,
And made him weary of his regal state.

"Oh, change me to a rock!"
He cried, "that no rude shock
Can stir, nor any strife disturb or shake!"
And lo! he stood, ere long,
A boulder, fixed and strong,
Which torrents could not move, nor tempests break.

In vain the burning heat
Of fiercest sunshine beat
Upon his head; in vain the storm-wind smote
His rugged sides; in vain
Great rivers, swoln by rain,
Came roaring from their mountain caves remote.

He was at rest; and he
Rejoiced exceedingly,
Saying, "No more for me, oh, sweet release!
Will there be change and woe,
And wavering to and fro—
Since I am fixed in an eternal peace!"

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But on a summer day
A workman brought that way
A hammer and a chisel—these alone.
He measured here and there,
And then, with patient care,
Began to cut away the stubborn stone.

"Ah!" said the boulder-king,
"What means this wondrous thing?
This plodding workman smites and conquers me!
He cuts, as suits him best,
Huge blocks from out my breast—
He is more strong than I! Would I were he!"

And lo, the powers aloft,
Who had so long and oft
Laughed at his follies, craved and then outgrown,
Again his pleading heard;
He, taken at his word,
Became once more a hammerer of stone!

So, wiser than before
And asking nothing more,
Again about his olden toil he went;
Until he died from age
He toiled for scanty wage,
Nor ever spake a word of discontent!

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